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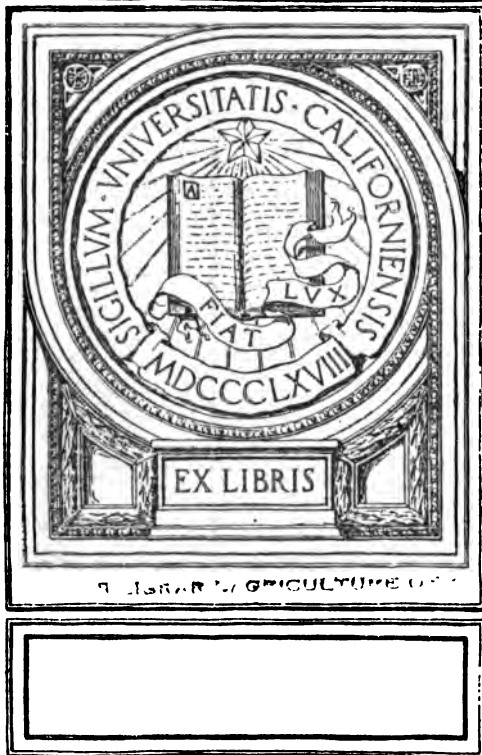


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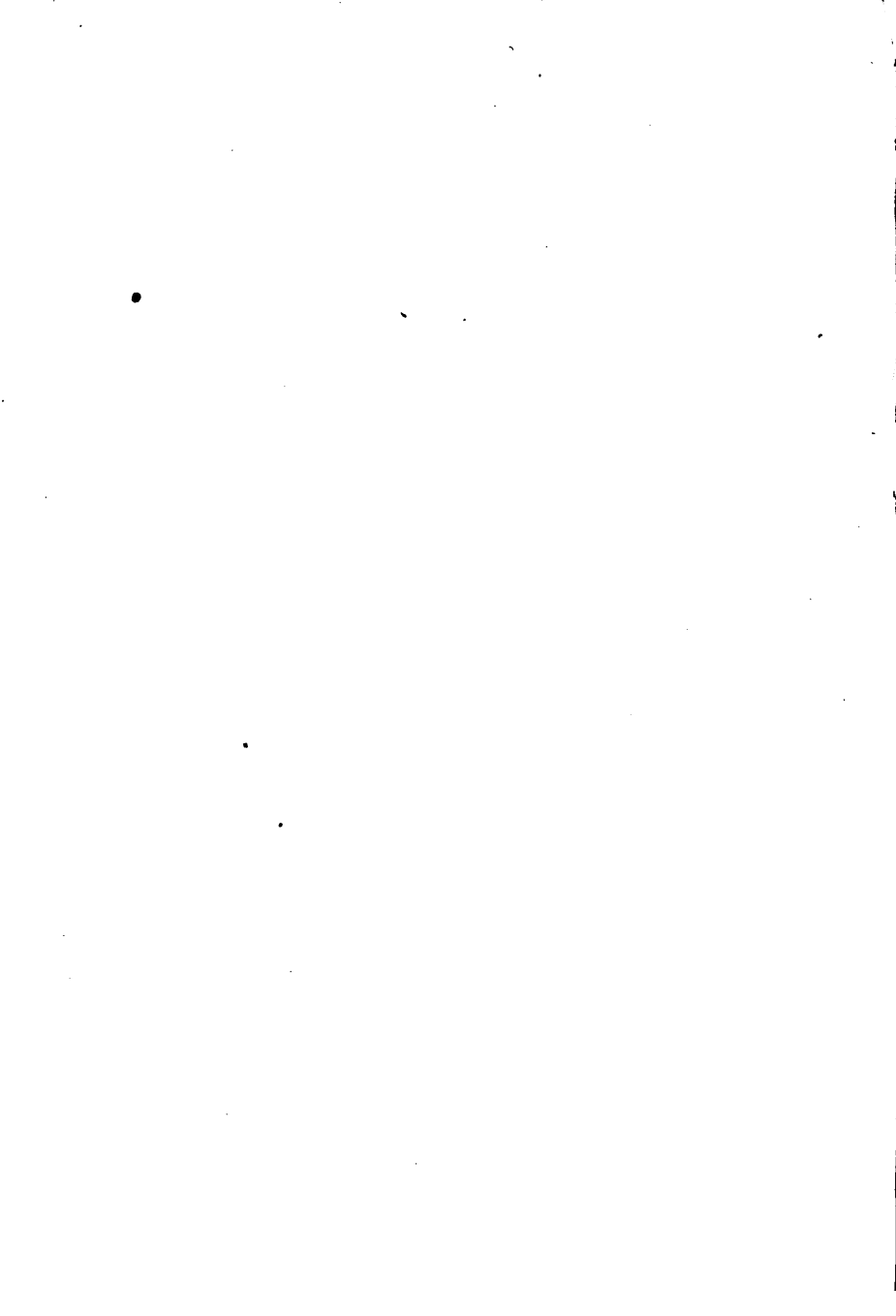


E. S. Bobcock

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Home Life in All Lands

Dept. of
California



From W. P. Cresson's "Persia, the Awakening East."

A Procession of Persian Penitents

HOME LIFE IN ALL LANDS

BY •

CHARLES MORRIS

Author of "Historical Tales," "History of the World,"
"History of the United States," etc.

BOOK II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
UNCIVILIZED PEOPLES

ILLUSTRATED



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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Published June, 1909

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The Washington Square Press, Philadelphia, U. S. A.*

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I KINGS AND THEIR COURTS AND CUSTOMS	11
West African Kings and Chiefs	13
Royalty Elsewhere in Africa.....	23
Monarchs of Asia and the Islands.....	29
Rulers of the American Indians.....	40
II LAWS AND PENALTIES AMONG SAVAGE PEOPLES ..	47
The Ordeal in Europe	48
Law and Crime in Africa	51
Witchcraft and Witch-finders.....	58
The Law of the Taboo.....	64
How Crime is Treated in Asia	70
III MODES OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.....	75
Courtship in Distant Lands.....	76
Marriage by Capture	82
Strange Wedding Customs.....	87
From Boyhood to Manhood	99
The Rice Bride of Java.....	105
IV THE TWO ENDS OF LIFE.....	108
The Cradle Era of Mankind.....	110
How Mothers Carry their Children.....	115
The Medicine-Man of Savage Tribes.....	117
The Last Rites to the Dead	123
How the Dead are Preserved	135
V THE ARTS OF TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION	139
Foot Travel and Burden Carrying	140
How Man Carries Man.....	146
Primitive Roads and Bridges	154
Modes of Land Travel	161
The Boat and the Ship	169

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
VI HOW MEN FIGHT FOR HOME AND COUNTRY.....	180
Martial Methods of the Savage.....	182
Tribal Arms and Armour.....	189
The Head Hunters of the Pacific.....	201
VII PRIMITIVE ARTS OF MANUFACTURE	208
Implements of the Stone Age.....	209
Weaving and Basket Making.....	216
Clay and its Domestic Uses.....	227
VIII HOW THE WORLD AMUSES ITSELF	239
Dances of Savage Peoples	241
Games and Contests of Skill	248
Cock and Cricket Fighting	254
Primitive Musical Instruments	260
The Smoker and His Pipe	268
Tales by the Tribal Fireside	277
IX AMONG THE WORLD'S WORSHIPERS	282
The Beginnings of Religion	284
Primitive Rites and Traditions	288
The Religions of Civilization.....	301
Temples of the Buddhists and Mohammedans	309
Ideas about the Future Life	315

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

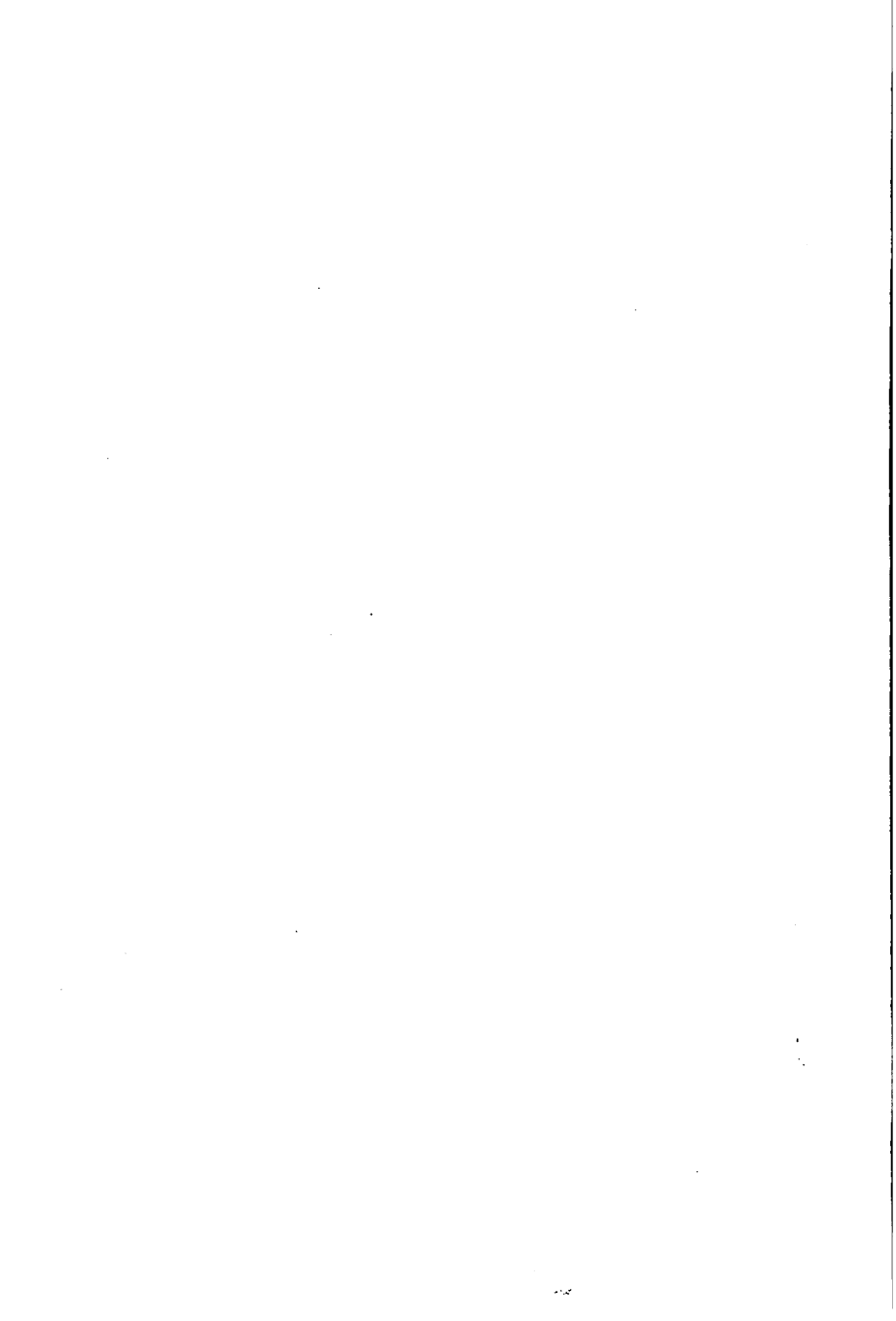
	PAGE
A Procession of Persian Penitents	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Sultan of Zanzibar and his Staff at the Palace	12
An African Ruler and his Palace	15
Natives of Dahomey	21
Convention of Congo Chiefs	23
An African Chief at Home with his Family	26
Drying a Chief's Body in Australia	30
A Fiji Chief	32
A Young Hindu Prince	35
The Peacock Throne in the Palace of the Shah of Persia	37
An Indian Chief	41
Pueblo Building and Indian Rain Dance	44
Ancient Inca Seat of Justice	49
Zulu Policemen	54
Zanzibar Prisoners going to Work on the Highways	57
Chinese Modes of Punishment	71
The Punishment of the Bastinado	73
A Peasant Wedding Procession	77
Norwegian Bride and Groom	79
A Wedding Procession in Egypt	81
A Syrian Bride with Elaborate Head-dress	85
A Wedding Procession in Peking, China	89
Courtship in Thibet	92
A Marriage Feast in Brittany	95
A Bride and Groom in a Shower	100
Indian Warriors at Rest and their Wives at Work	104
The Two Ends of Life	109
Admiring the Baby	113
Peruvian Indian Woman and Child	116
An Overladen Mother	118
Burial Ground, Constantinople	124
Exposure of the Dead	132
Burial in New Zealand	136

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
A Modern Locomotive	141
Emigrants Crossing the Prairie.....	144
Chair and Kago Carriers of Japan.....	147
Passenger Wheelbarrow, China.....	149
Chinese Lady in Palanquin	152
A Conestoga Wagon	155
A Rattan Suspension Bridge	158
Ox Team Down South	161
A Zebu Cart	163
A Buffalo Cart	165
A Lapland Reindeer	166
Ceylon Bullock Wagons.....	168
Strange River Craft on the Tigris	171
A Trapper's Canoe.....	173
A Siamese Ferryman.....	174
A Modern Steamship	177
Ships of the Northmen.....	181
Stone Axes and Hammers	187
Archer and Shield, New Guinea	190
Indian Implements of Shell.....	192
Australian Boomerangs.....	193
A Polynesian Warrior with Spear and Shield	197
A Zulu War Dance	200
Dyak Warrior and Shield	204
Within a German Kitchen	209
Stone Hoe and Axe.....	211
Indians Building a Canoe	213
Congo Blacksmith Shop	215
Basket Weaving by Hopi Indian Girls.....	218
A Spinning-wheel.....	224
An Indian Woman Weaving	225
Ancient Greek Bowl	230
A Vase of Moorish Spain.....	231
A Fire Drill in South Africa.....	233
String Fire Drill, Madagascar	234
Flailing Grain in Peasant Cottage.....	236
A Shepherd Boy Piper	240
The Devil Dance of the Congo	242
Hawaiian Dancer.....	244

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
The Ngoma Khu, the National Dance of Zanzibar	245
A Pole Dancer in Ceylon	246
An African Wrestling Match	250
Children Playing Hop Scotch, Cashmere	251
The Game of Valadoe	253
A Philipino Cock Fight	255
An Italian Dancing Party	258
A Dyak Drum	260
Tahitan Drum	261
A Loango Drummer	263
Signal Drums of the New Hebrides	265
Indian Finger Posts	267
Congo Musicians with Signal Drums and Wooden Pianos	269
Congo Religious Music, made by Blowing into Gourd and Empty Bottles	271
Checker Playing in Algiers	273
A Dance in a Swiss Inn	276
Turks enjoying a Holiday	279
A Fetish from the Gold Coast, Africa	283
The Holy Banyan Tree	286
Baptising a Barge	289
The Assyrian God Nergal	291
Entrance to the Temple of Dambula	295
Buddhist Temple at Kyoto, Japan	302
Bronze Image of Buddha	305
Pagoda at Tanjoe	309
Chinese Pagoda of Thirteen Stories	310
A Mohammedan Multitude at Prayer	312
Dai-Buts, the Japanese Buddha	313



HOME LIFE IN ALL LANDS

I KINGS AND THEIR COURTS AND CUSTOMS

Not long ago we—that is, myself and my young friends—took a journey over the earth, peering into people's houses and watching them at work or at play, in search of the curious things to be seen in "Home life in all lands." We looked at the dresses they wore, their weapons and ornaments, the houses or huts they lived in, and made ourselves so free as to go into their dwellings and peep into their kitchens, noting the queer kinds of food to be seen on their tables—where they had anything that could be called a table.

In that journey we saw so much and found so many things to interest us, that it may be worth our while to set out as travellers again, for, far as we went and closely as we looked about us at that time, we did not see nearly all the things that are worth seeing. In fact, there are hundreds of odd and interesting doings among the habits and customs of mankind which we had no time then even to look at. These will certainly make it of use for us to go

Home Life in All Lands

again among the clans and tribes of mankind who live off the tracks of civilized travel, making their homes, not on the great highways, but on the far-away byways, of the world.

I do not ask you just now to follow me in a walk among the huts and hovels of men and nations. Perhaps you saw enough of these homes of the poor



The Sultan of Zanzibar and his Staff at the Palace

in our former journey, and would now like to go into the palaces of the kings, the grand dwellings of the chiefs and rulers, the splendid halls in which courtiers and people gather to do homage to their head-men or chiefs, and see something of the style and grandeur in which these potentates live.

But I hope you will not expect to see any great glow or glory. For this we must seek the rulers of Europe and Asia; the emperors, kings, kaisers, czars

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

and sultans ; the dignitaries whose names it is almost a crime to write except in capital letters ; the great folks whose home life is passed in showy palaces, within which may be seen many of the choicest treasures of the earth. When we come from these to the President of our own country and those of the other American republics we find them dwelling in more modest homes, with less of show and stateliness than may be seen in the houses of some of the rich people of their own lands. And when we go among the barbarous and savage tribes of the earth we shall find chiefs and monarchs who live in an humbler way than many of our poor folks at home and whose ideas of grandeur and dignity we shall feel inclined to laugh at. But we must be careful not to do so before these ragged potentates, for they are not wanting in pride, and have more power over their people than many of the great monarchs of Europe. The lives of their people are often at their command, and a nod is enough to make a man's head fly off. And now, if you feel inclined to make the journey, we will turn away from the jewelled thrones of emperors and czars and seek the one-roomed palaces of these rulers outside the realms of civilization.

WEST AFRICAN KINGS AND CHIEFS

It is to West Africa I shall ask you to go first. And we must suppose we are back a number of years in the past, for in these days the French,

Home Life in All Lands

English, German and other nations have taken hold of those countries and much of the old state of affairs has passed away. So what we are going to see does not strictly belong to the present time, though the old rulers have not lost all their power, and some of them are still proud despots.

Let us go in the company of Mr. Bakie, a bold explorer, to visit the King of Abo, a country in the West African wilds. When we enter his dominions we find the people friendly and so glad to see us that they insist on shaking hands with us, just as if they were American voters and we were candidates for the Presidency. But they have their own way of doing this: they take hold loosely of the fingers of our right hand, and then slip their fingers away, at the same time making a snapping noise with the thumb-joint. This is a queer way of hand shaking, but I fancy our great men would prefer it to the bone-crushing clasp which they often endure.

After awhile we come in sight of the King's palace, and keep our eyes open for some of the splendor which the very name of palace suggests. What do we see? Nothing but a low house built of mud and thatch, not as dignified as one of our stables. Passing through the doorway we find a court about twenty feet square in the centre. This is all. Here are no courtiers, no throne, no show or display. Around the court is a kind of veranda with nothing for the King's guests to sit on except mats spread upon the ground.

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

Soon the King comes in dressed in his robes of state, which consist of a white shirt, homespun pantaloons, and a woolen night cap in place of a crown.



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An African Ruler and his Palace

His only throne is a mat of large size, on which he squats down, with his wives and women of the royal blood—queens and princesses shall we call them?—

Home Life in All Lands

around him. His courtiers consist of a crowd of the people, who fill the court and keep up such a chattering that not a word can be heard.

We ask the king to stop the noise, and up he jumps and tries in vain to silence the chatterers. Only when the queens and princesses come to his aid and scream out for silence is the uproar stilled and we can get a chance to talk with that high and mighty potentate, the King of Abo.

But we must not let King Ishukuma see a smile on our face, for that would be very impolite. And we will think his palace quite stately if we go on to the town of Issapoo, and pay a visit of ceremony to King Browowdi. This monarch's palace is a queer concern. The wall is made of boards standing side by side, and when the worthy king wishes to go in or out of doors he has only to push one or two boards to one side and walk through. He has no more need for windows than for doors, for there are cracks and crevices in walls and roof that let in all the light he needs, and all the wind too.

As for the king's throne, it consists of a dirty old stool, while his crown is a filthy old hat of bamboo leaf, with a monkey's tail hanging down from it. The king's stool is about the only piece of furniture to be seen inside this African palace, but there are poles stretched across, hung with old hats, skins, cloth, rusty guns and calabashes, these forming the treasure of the palace.

Yet this barefooted potentate is a crowned mon-

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

arch, and if we had been there at the proper time we might have seen the ceremony of his crowning. His people believe in a sort of god, but they believe in a sort of devil also, and it is the devil's high-priest that crowns the king. What he does is to shake over him a quantity of yellow powder, and then put on his head the hat worn by his uncle, the late king—for in this part of Africa it is not the king's son, but his nephew, that succeeds to the throne. The new king is then forbidden to eat cocoa, deer or porcupine, which form the ordinary food of the people, and therefore are not suitable food for His High Mightiness.

Such are a few samples of the rulers of Western Africa. Others might be described, who bear various names, such as the Mambo, the Jaga, and the like. The Mambo, who is monarch of Lunda, puts on far more state than the rulers we have so far visited, and fairly dazzles us with his splendor. Valdez, a traveller who went to call on him, tells this story of what he saw.

When he reached the home of the Mambo, he found this monarch seated on a stool covered with green cloth, and placed upon a huge lion skin, from which stretched out a number of tigers' skins, with tails spread out on the ground, forming a large star.

A gorgeous fellow was the worthy Mambo. On his head was a pyramid-shaped crown, made of bright red feathers, while the diadem that encircled

Home Life in All Lands

his forehead glittered with bright jewels. On his shoulders was a showy sort of cape, its lower part being covered with a large number of small mirrors and a row of glass jewels, so that he glittered in the sun until it was blinding to look at him. The remainder of his attire was equally striking, part of it being a leather girdle that was cut from the entire length of an ox's hide, and wound around him, the tail hanging down. Can you imagine a king of Europe or a president of America dressed in this style!

The Mambo had his prime minister, the Maata Cazembe, who was almost as gorgeous as the monarch, the only parts of him left uncovered being his face, hands and feet. Pearls in abundance adorned him, a string of them hanging at his waist with a small bell at the end, which knocked against his legs and rang as he walked. Over him, as he sat, were seven umbrellas, of different colors, to shield him from the sun. Twelve negroes attended him, each with an antelope's tail, used as a broom, and around were other negroes engaged in sweeping away everything unpleasant, and still others with baskets to carry away whatever might be overlooked. But the place was kept so clean that there was nothing for the basket men to do.

The best known ruler of this populous country, with its multitude of little monarchs, is the King of Dahomey, a region north of the Gulf of Guinea, whose king is an absolute monarch and a cruel mur-

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

derer. Every year in October, at what is called the "Grand Customs," about five hundred men are killed as if they were so many sheep or oxen, while the principal ornaments of his palace are human skulls. In this terrible realm blood seems ever flowing, while the device on the royal standard is a skull in a calabash standing on three other skulls. Others of the flags of Dahomey show men cutting off other men's heads, or taking prisoners, while a traveller who visited the King in his palace saw three human heads, just cut off, hanging on each side, and had to step over a pool of blood in crossing the threshold.

This is enough to say about the cruel customs of the Kings of Dahomey, who are looked upon as the most bloodthirsty monarchs of the earth. Fortunately these dreadful customs are passing away, for the nations of Europe are now gaining power in all parts of Africa and teaching the people some of the ways of civilization.

Do you not think that Dahomey would be a very unpleasant country to visit? I quite agree with you, and yet we cannot pass it by without saying something more about it. One thing we may see in Dahomey which we will not find anywhere else in the world, and that is an army of women.

The King is quite proud of his Amazons—as women soldiers are called—and delights in showing them off to visitors. One traveller tells us that three regiments of them were paraded before him, one wearing white caps, with a blue alligator painted

Home Life in All Lands

on them; the second distinguished by a blue cross, and the third by a blue crown. They ran in ranks about the field, they fired into the air, they marched up to salute the king; while their officers carried small whips, which they used freely in keeping order.

You must not imagine that these are handsome young black girls, playing at being soldiers. The most of them are old and ugly enough, and they are the bravest and most ferocious soldiers in the king's army. When fighting is to be done, the Amazons are ready, and the king looks upon them as the best part of his army.

One of the oddest things to be seen in Dahomey is the public display of the king's wealth. It is his aim to make his people believe that his riches are boundless, and that he is the most generous of monarchs. To show how rich he is he sends a procession of slaves through the streets of Abomey, his capital city, carrying on their heads the royal treasures. There are six or seven thousand people in the procession, but the things they carry are the queerest ever classed among royal treasures.

Among them are jars, washing pans, stools, toilet tables, the king's washing tub, dishes, goblets, and many other articles of kitchen and chamber ware, and a horrible part of the procession is made up of men bearing human skulls, carried in pans, on trays, in baskets, jars, and calabashes. One of the features of the procession is the king's grandmother,

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

richly arrayed in silver head-dress and crimson robe. There is money, too, plenty of it; but cash in Dahomey consists of cowries—a kind of small sea-



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Natives of Dahomey

shell—of which it would take bushels to make a few dollars' worth.

As for the king's generosity, it consists in occasional gifts of cowries, cloth, tobacco, rum, etc., to

Home Life in All Lands

his officers and people, in which a great display is made, though not much is really given.

This is enough to say about the King of Dahomey. But before we leave this part of Africa there is a story of how the people of one country there elected their king, which is too good to leave untold.

When old King Glass, of Mpongwe, died, his subjects, who had long been tired of him and were glad enough to get rid of him, wept and wailed for him for six days as if they had lost their best friend. Then the elders of the kingdom had his body secretly buried and met to make choice of a new king in strict secrecy. When they had decided on their man they made their choice known to the people.

Meanwhile the new monarch knew nothing at all of this. He was walking quietly along, when he found himself suddenly surrounded by a howling mob of half-naked negroes. These set upon him wildly, spat upon, hustled, and struck him, pelted him with refuse, cursed and reviled him and his forefathers to a remote time, and finally dragged him to the king's house, where they heartily cursed him again, as if they hated him above all men.

After this came a time of solemn silence and then the elders and people hailed him as their king, and took a kind of oath of allegiance to the man they had just reviled. The ceremony ended by crowning him with the royal emblem, the top hat of the late king. Then, dressed in a red robe, the new

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

monarch spent the following six days in welcoming and feasting all who came to offer him congratulations. What their first treatment of this new king meant we do not know, unless they wanted to make him understand that he was no better than other men.

ROYALTY ELSEWHERE IN AFRICA

Have you seen enough of the habits and customs of West Africa? If we go farther south in that



Convention of Congo Chiefs

continent we shall find the people in a more savage state, though everywhere they have their chiefs. Livingstone, the famous African traveller, tells us about some of these, and instead of going there ourselves, it will be enough to tell what he saw.

In the Makelolo country he called on Shinte, the great chief of that land, and was received by him in an open space, seated on a sort of throne covered

Home Life in All Lands

with the skin of a leopard. A brave show he made, with a checker jacket and scarlet kilt; and with many strings of large beads around his neck, and armlets and bracelets of iron and copper on his arms and legs. In place of a king's crown he wore a kind of helmet, made of beads woven together, with a great bunch of goose-feathers stuck in them by way of plumes.

Those who came near him saluted him by clapping their hands, while the head-men rubbed ashes on their chests and arms. Behind the chief sat about a hundred women dressed in red baize, his queen, or principal wife, wearing a curious red cap. Various military operations went on, and music was played on rude and noisy instruments.

While these ceremonies were going on a monarch of another sort appeared upon the scene. This was Manenko, the Chieftess or Queen of Balonda. A tall, sturdy woman was she, well covered with ornaments, and smeared all over with a mixture of fat and red ochre. You may imagine how queenly she seemed. The common mode of saluting their superiors in that country is to rub the arms and chest with sand or ashes, while some drum their ribs with their elbows, or touch the ground with one cheek and then with the other and clap their hands.

All countries have their special customs, and odd as they may seem it is very impolite to disregard them. One traveller in Abyssinia, who was invited to take breakfast in the royal tent, tells us that he

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

gave great offense by his manner of eating. When he asked why the guests were looking angrily at him, and if he had done anything out of order, he was answered :

“ Your conduct is so ungentlemanly that all the guests think you must be a very low fellow, one not used to good society.”

“ Why, how have I shown myself wanting in politeness? ”

“ By the way in which you eat. If you were a gentleman you would show it by smacking your lips over your food, as all well bred persons do.”

James Bruce, a well-known traveller of past times, when he called upon the King of Seenar, was treated to another example of royal customs. A servant was rubbing his majesty with butter or grease which had so strong a smell that the visitor could hardly stay in the room.

The king asked him if he ever greased himself, and he replied that he did not often do so, as he fancied it was very expensive.

The king then said that it was elephant's grease he was using, which made men very strong and the skin very smooth.

Bruce in his reply gave a hint that the strongest thing about it seemed to be the smell, but the king told him that this would soon be cured. It was done by rubbing him with a sweet-scented ointment, which banished the unpleasant odor and gave him an agreeable perfume.

Home Life in All Lands

Have you seen enough of the royalty of Africa, or will you care to go to the island of Madagascar, the large island in the East African seas, which is now under French rule, but not many years ago had a native queen? And here there was something a little more like real royalty. The Queen's palace



An African Chief at Home with his Family

was a large and showy building, three stories in height, with a very lofty roof. This was held up by wooden pillars, eighty feet high, and in the centre rested upon a pillar one hundred and twenty feet high.

How were these great posts got there, and how were they erected? The nearest woods, with trees of such size, are fifty or sixty miles away, the roads are of the most miserable kind, and they had all

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

to be dragged there and set up by hand. It took five thousand people to bring home the largest pillar and twelve days to set it up on end.

And now comes the cruel part of it. The people were forced to do all the work on the palace and were given neither wages nor food, and it is said that the toil and the lack of food sent fifteen thousand of them to the grave. But little the Queen cared for that—all she cared for was to get her palace.

Let us next speak of the great national festival of Madagascar, known as "the Feast of the Queen's Bath." This is held on New Year's Day. On New Year's Eve all the high officers, nobles, and chiefs seek the court at the queen's invitation, gathering in a great hall. But all that takes place at that time is to carry around a dish of rice, from which each guest takes a pinch and eats it.

Next morning they all meet in the same hall. When they have all come in, the Queen steps behind a curtain in a corner of the room and has water thrown over her. Then she dresses again, comes into the room with an ox-horn filled with the water that has been used, and throws part of it over her guests. Then, going to a gallery outside the room, she pours the rest of it over the soldiers assembled there for parade.

This act of the Queen gives rise to merrymaking everywhere. All day long nothing goes on in the country but dancing, singing, feasting, and rejoic-

Home Life in All Lands

ing, and for eight days the celebration is kept up. On the day of the bath the people kill as many oxen as they think will be needed, while those too poor to have any oxen, exchange rice, sweet potatoes, or tobacco for pieces of meat.

Among the festivals held at the queen's palace were court balls, in which the dresses worn were like those of Europe and the dances were also of European kinds. Mrs. Pfeffer, the noted woman traveller, who was present at one of these balls, tells us: "The whole of the festivities, which had occupied three hours, had not put the Queen to the slightest expense. The court-yard was the dancing floor, the sun provided illumination, and every guest was at liberty to take what refreshment he chose—*when he got home*. Happy Queen! How sincerely many of our ball givers must envy her."

Would you care to hear a funny story about the pride of the little kings of Africa? We look on these black or shady-colored potentates as very small samples of royalty, but they do not think that way about themselves. In their own opinion they are very great folks, the equal of the loftiest kings. This is the story.

Major Denham had made his way into the kingdom of Bornu, in North Central Africa, whose monarch bore the title of Sultan, for this was an Arab country. He was a young man, and when he found that the major spoke his native language, the Arabic, he took a great fancy to him.

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

"My Queen has heard of your Majesty," said the major, who thought a little flattery might be of use. "When I get back to England I shall tell my people that I have seen you and your rich country."

"She has heard of me!" cried the Sultan with delight. "Ah! that must be because I have just defeated the Begharmis." He put on an aspect of royal dignity.

The courtiers surrounding them called out, one after another:

"I, too, fought against the Begharmis; the English Sultana must have heard of me."

The major had never heard of the Begharmis, and for fear the questions might get too awkward, he now drew out a cheap music box and set it playing the air of "Rule Britannia." This new toy put an end to all questioning, the courtiers and Sultan alike listening with wonder and enjoyment.

MONARCHS OF ASIA AND THE ISLANDS

Lowest of the savages of the Pacific Islands are the natives of the great island of Australia, yet even these people have their head-men or chiefs. But these have to prove themselves worthy of the honor by their skill in fighting and ability to bear hard blows.

One of these chiefs, "King John" he was called, had a skull of such marvellous thickness that after his death it was kept as a natural curiosity. That he had to fight for his kingship we may judge from

Home Life in All Lands

the appearance of this skull, in which an observer counted fourteen cavities, each deep enough to hold a marble, these being dents made by the clubs of his enemies.

This may have been the skull of a well-known King John, chief of the great Adelaide tribe, who, after a long reign, was taken ill and died. This savage chief was not buried like a common mortal.



Drying a Chief's Body in Australia

His body was thoroughly washed and trussed like a fowl and then hung over a slow fire, which was kept up for three weeks, just hot enough to dry but not burn the corpse. It was thus turned into a sort of mummy, which for three months was carried to every part of the late king's dominions. Finally, a tall gum tree being picked out, the dead body was set in a fork of the topmost bough. But the Australians, while a body is visible, do not believe it is dead, so to keep the corpse of their chief from get-

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

ting cold they built over it a little tent of twigs and grass.

Whether the skull at length fell from the tree, and was picked up and was the thick skull we have spoken of, we are not able to state. Of course, you must understand that these savage tribes had no real king. It was the English who gave him that name. To them he was simply a head-man or leader of the tribe.

All the islands of the Pacific at one time had their chiefs, many of them known as sultans, but in our day nearly all these islands are under the rule of European countries and their old fashions have passed away. Thus the great island of Java is governed by the Dutch, and all their chief officers come from Holland. These insist on respect to all white people, and when any of them pass along the roads the natives squat down and hold out their hands. This was the old custom with their own chiefs. No native is permitted to smoke or wear his hat in the presence of a superior.

We have islands of our own in these seas, but they have long since lost their kings, except the Sulu islands, whose people are known as Moros or Moors, and who still have their sultans as of old. They were formerly bold and savage pirates, who gave the Spaniards no end of trouble, but they have now settled down as good American subjects.

If we take ship at Manila, the capital city of our Philippine province, and sail to the north, the first

Home Life in All Lands

land we reach will be some portion of the great island empire of Japan. But we need not land there to see how the government is conducted, for we will see little more than we might see in England,



A Fiji Chief

since the government of Japan is now very much like that of the kingdoms of Europe.

So it will be well to set sail again and seek the famous old empire of China, the most ancient on the face of the earth. We will find things going on there to-day much as they did two or three thousand years ago, for China has long been known as the

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

land of no change. But this cannot much longer be said, for China is beginning to take on new ways, much as Japan did half a century ago, and the time may soon come when we will call it the land of great changes.

If we make our way into the imperial city of Peking we will find this to be made up of three cities, the Chinese city, in which the natives of the country live; the Tartar city, the home of the Manchus, the ruling people of China; and the Imperial city, devoted to the Emperor and his palaces and courts, where he dwells out of sight of his people.

The palace is one of the grandest of Chinese buildings, and is covered with yellow tiles. This is the imperial color, which no one else can use. Yellow in China, the golden color, is not for poor folks to meddle with. If we visit Peking, we will be wise to keep out of the palace, for every one who comes near the Emperor is expected to throw himself down before him and touch the floor with his forehead. I do not think any of you would like to do that. It would not agree with American pride and dignity.

This is called the kow-tow or ko-tow, and many years ago, when a British minister first went to China, he was ordered to leave the city because he would not do this. In time the haughty Emperor learned that the ministers of foreign countries thought themselves as good as he was and since 1842 he has had to let them come into his presence on their feet and with their heads in the air.

Home Life in All Lands

But his own people have still to treat him like a god. When he goes out into the city of common folks the streets are covered with yellow clay, the royal color, and every person met in the streets has to drop down on his knees and bump his head on the ground. Most of them stay in their houses, and the side streets are closed with cloth screens, so that no one can see the mighty lord of men as he passes. When he travels in the country it is the same. Every one must bend his head to the earth, and any one caught peeping may be shot by the archers.

Luckily for us we are not Chinese subjects, for that sort of thing would not please us at all. The great Emperor of China is only a man, for all his royal robes and grand display, and we Americans are apt to think that one man is as good as another, if he behaves himself as well.

Getting out of China by the roads leading south, we reach the great country of India. Here we shall find no emperor to kow-tow before. India is divided up into a number of small nations, and nearly all of these are now brought together under the rule of England. Some of them have their own rulers still, called Rajahs, who make a grand show, but have very little power. If we should see the soldiers of some of them, mounted on camels and elephants instead of horses, we might think they were very great men indeed. But all this is a sort of circus parade, got up to amuse the people.

If we should enter the palace of one of these

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

rajahs we would be likely to find a magnificent show. Here we would be led into a room covered with the most splendid rugs; there into a broad hall on whose floor leopard and tiger skins are laid in hun-



A young Hindu Prince

dreds. And we would see other marks of imperial display, for some of the rajahs are very rich and very fond of pomp and parade.

But if we want to find the very centre of the Orient, the land of the "Arabian Nights," so far as there is any such land to-day, we must make our

Home Life in All Lands

way to Persia, and seek Teheran, the capital city in which the Shah—the King of Kings, as he likes to be called—dwells in all his glory. Here are mystery and misery, glory and squalor, dwelling side by side.

I fancy we will not go very far in Teheran before we begin to think it a very shabby place. We are told of the Boulevard of Diamonds, and make our way there, hoping now to see a glittering highway. We do find a wide street, but it is a very dirty one. And instead of being able to walk on the pavements, as we do at home, we find these taken up by the merchants and their wares, by eating booths and other industries, and are forced to walk in the street, the middle of which is filled with carriages and animals laden with burdens, so that foot passengers have to look out that they are not run over.

This is the principal street of the city, and near the end of it is the Ark, or Royal Palace, of whose wonders travellers tell surprising tales. It is not easy to get into this home of the Shah, but we, as invisible travellers, will be able to make our way into it without trouble. All we see at first is a high brick wall, within which are several acres of gardens and palaces, some of them very gorgeous in outside appearance.

We know where to find the place of wonder in these palaces. This is the Treasure House of the Shah, in which may be seen some of the most famous and splendid works of oriental art. Its very floor is covered with treasures, these being the rarest

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

of carpets, works of ancient Persian art such as are not to be found anywhere else in the world.

Of the marvels which meet our eyes the most gorgeous is the famous Peacock Throne, taken from



The Peacock Throne in the Palace of the Shah of Persia

the palace of the Great Mogul of India by a former Shah, who led his armies into and conquered that country. This is in the form of a tall couch or sofa, every inch of which is covered with thin sheets of gold. These are chased and enamelled in brilliant

Home Life in All Lands

colors, and glitter like shining stars with precious stones, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The throne gets its name from two jewelled peacocks, which hold in their golden beaks a diamond sun, as bright in its way as the real one. Clockwork at the back causes it to revolve and scatter its light on all sides with dazzling brilliancy.

After seeing all the splendors of this room we go on to the Room of Diamonds. What we really see there are walls covered with mirrors, and looking-glass cut in the shape of diamonds, which rise from the floor and hang from the ceiling like glittering stalactites, making the room very brilliant.

The most striking of the other wonders is a famous globe, whose frame is of solid gold, thickly inlaid with diamonds. The countries of the earth are laid out on the globe in jewels of various colors. Thus India is made of amethysts, Africa of rubies, England and France of diamonds, the seas of emeralds, and so on. Persia is made of turquoises, the national stone, and the city of Teheran is indicated by a big diamond once owned by a king of Afghanistan.

Going on, we are shown chests, finely carved and inlaid, which once were filled with heaps of pearls from the Persian Gulf and turquoises from the Shah's mines. Visitors used to be invited to plunge their arms to the elbows into these glittering treasures. Perhaps some of them closed their hands on the jewels, for the caskets are now empty.

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

Such are the most famous treasures of the Shah's palace, but to-day we will see mingled with them all sorts of modern trinkets bought in Europe, umbrellas, knives, forks, combs, and the like, all labelled as if these too were precious treasures. Altogether it is a queer mixture.

The Throne Hall of the Shah is another home of splendors, the walls shining with mirrors cut like diamonds. In it stand two enormous columns of alabaster, spiral in shape and very high. The throne itself is a platform of beautiful white marble, carved and gilt, standing on columns which rest on the backs of lions, while the marble back is of tracery as delicate as lace.

Here, seated in oriental fashion, on a carpet of pearls and cushions, his coat blazing with precious stones, his head-dress glittering with jewels, may be seen the Shah himself—the “King of Kings,” the “Threshold of the Universe,” the “Lord of the Earth,” etc.

But I fear you are getting a little tired of the showy splendor of this potentate of mid Asia. I shall only say further that as a ruler he has lost much of the power he once possessed. Of old the lives of his people hung on a wave of his hand or a nod of his head. But the people of Persia have heard stories of the freedom of the West, and are no longer satisfied to be slaves of the man on the throne. So the Shah has been forced to give them a Parliament of their own and his absolute power

Home Life in All Lands

has fallen. It is the same all over Asia; the rule of the despot is no longer so complete and all controlling as it used to be.

RULERS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

Let us now make our way back to our own land, and look around among its old inhabitants, to see what we can learn about their modes of government.

You will tell me that they have no government of their own at all, for that they are all under the control of the whites and obliged to accept the kind of rule these choose to give them. That is very true. The glory of the red man has departed, and he is now a servant or a subject in the country of which once he was the lord.

The only Indians to-day who govern themselves are the Eskimos of the Far North, the Patagonians of the Far South, and the wild tribes of the forests of Brazil. And there is nothing to show that these have any government at all, every man and woman doing what they think best. No doubt they have wise old fellows among them who give advice to the others and find it taken. But these are not chiefs; they have no power or authority; they can only suggest, and their fellows can take their advice or not as they see fit.

Yet of old the Indians of this country and of most of the country to the south of it had well organized governments, and it seems well for us to look into these and see what they were like. We must try

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

to project our minds into the past and look about us on the old time red men.

Let us pay a visit to one of the villages of the great Iroquois nation of New York, the strongest and most warlike of any in this part of the continent. We see them living in a well conducted fashion, and with head-men of two kinds, the Chiefs, who are their best fighters and their leaders in war, and the



An Indian Chief

Sachems, who are the real lords of the tribe, their governors in times of peace.

All these leaders are elected, but the chiefs are obeyed only while they show themselves good fighters and leaders; while the sachem is more like a real prince, his office being hereditary, for when one dies his office has to be filled. The election of a Sachem or a chief is very interesting from the fact that women as well as men have the right to vote. Thus you see that woman suffrage, which is now so much talked of in this country, was the custom among its

Home Life in All Lands

old inhabitants, and these savage women had more political power than our own women.

Each tribe was divided into clans, which were known by the name of some animal. Thus a tribe might have a bear, a beaver, a turkey, and a wolf clan, and perhaps several others all named after animals. Each clan had its sachem, and a council of sachems and chiefs ruled the tribe, while a larger council ruled the Iroquois nation.

If we now leave the north and go south to the Gulf States, we will find there much stronger governments. Let us look at the Confederacy of the Creeks, which was the strongest of all those in the south. Here we find the tribes governed by a council of chiefs, at the head of which was an officer called the Mico. He was like the Sachem of the North, but had much greater power. In fact the Mico was almost as absolute as the emperors of old.

The southern tribes cultivated the ground much more than those of the north, though they were hunters, too, and a part of all the food they raised had to be stored in a public storehouse, to be used when in need. The Mico had sole control of these stores, and this, no doubt, helped to give him power.

The strangest of all the Indians of our country were those of the Natchez tribe, who dwelt on the lower Mississippi. They worshipped the sun as their god, and their ruler was called the Sun. All the members of his family were also called Suns,

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

and they looked upon the sun as their ancestor. A very proud and powerful monarch was the Sun. He had the power of life and death over his people, and so had his nearest woman relation, who was called the woman-chief, and was nearly as powerful as he. After his death it was not his son, but that of the woman-chief, who succeeded to the throne. There was also a nobility, with powers and privileges, while very few rights were left to the common people. Is it not strange to find among the savage red men of the north a tribe with so developed a form of government? We find nothing like it elsewhere in America until we go to the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru.

Going south from the United States we would have found of old many strange forms of government. Here were the odd cliff-dwellers, who lived like bats in holes in the rocks; there were the Pueblo Indians, whole tribes of whom dwelt in single great buildings; there were the Mesa tribes, whose homes were on the flat tops of high hills, so steep that none of their enemies could reach them. All these had their kings, or chiefs, or head-men, or whatever we may call them, and so had the tribes and nations farther south, those of Mexico and Central America. The best known among these were the Aztecs, the great conquering nation of Mexico, who were governed by a regular emperor, as powerful in his way as the Emperor of China.

The same was the case with the great conquering

Home Life in All Lands

nation of South America, the Peruvians. Their emperor was called the Inca, and no monarch of the earth ever had more power over his people. He was thought to be a descendant of the sun, which shining sphere was the god of the Peruvians. All



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Pueblo Building and Indian Rain Dance

the land belonged to him, and the people worked it for him as well as for themselves.

The Inca put on a great deal of pomp and show, wearing the richest dresses, thickly covered with gold and precious stones. On his head was a scarlet turban, into which were thrust two feathers of a

Kings and Their Courts and Customs

very rare bird, which was found only in a desert country among the mountains. No one was permitted to catch or kill one of these birds, on peril of death, since their feathers were kept for the sole use of the Incas.

From time to time this great Indian prince made journeys through his empire, being carried in a litter that glittered with gold and emeralds. Wherever he went the people flocked to meet him, sweeping the stones and stubble from the roads, strewing them with sweet-scented flowers, and cheering as he passed. For the people of Peru were well treated and they loved and worshipped their prince.

If now we take a look in upon the home life of the Inca, we find it a very gorgeous one. His palaces, of which there were many, were low and plain buildings, but covered a wide extent of ground. But if plain outside they were very elegant within. Gold and silver were to be seen everywhere, not only ornamenting the sides of the rooms, but used to make furniture and even to form kitchen utensils. Never was there such a display elsewhere. Would we not stand and stare in wonder to see pots and pans for kitchen use made of these precious metals! Yet we might have seen this in the Inca's palaces.

In niches in the walls one might also have seen neatly made images of plants and animals wrought of gold and silver; and when the Inca wished to wash off the dust of travel, he did so in basins of gold fed by crystal water led through silver pipes.

Home Life in All Lands

Most wonderful of all were his gardens. These were planted with all the rare flowering plants of the tropics, but among them were other gardens in which the plants were all made of the precious metals. Most wonderful among them was the Indian corn, in which the yellow grains were fashioned out of real gold, while the broad blades which covered them were of silver, as was also the waving tassel at the top.

We have described the marvels of the Shah's palace, but it sinks in comparison with the splendor of the home of this American monarch, who dwelt in such show as never surrounded any other of the kings of the earth.

Yet he has gone with all his glory, as has the Aztec ruler with his palace wonders. The Spanish conquerors came and all this wealth was scattered over the earth and the palaces of the kings allowed to sink into ruin. To-day only their empty walls remain. Their glory has departed.



II

LAWS AND PENALTIES AMONG SAVAGE PEOPLES

If we go among the civilized people of the earth we find everywhere laws for the punishment of crime, courts in which the wrong-doers are tried, lawyers and witnesses to find out the truth, juries to decide if the accused are guilty or innocent, judges to fix the penalty, and prisons in which many of the guilty are confined.

All this seems a sensible and just way of finding out who is guilty and who is innocent, but it is a way that belongs to civilization only. If we go among the savages and barbarians of the earth we shall find very little like this and learn that they have very different ways of trying to find out who is guilty, and different ways also of punishing the guilty.

We have said much about the kings and chiefs of the uncivilized tribes, of their homes and modes of life, and now, as these great folks are looked upon as the head of the law, it is well to say something about how they usually deal with wrong-doers and how crime is found out and punished.

Home Life in All Lands

The ignorant savage peoples know very little about laws and lawyers, judges and witnesses. They have no prisons, and most of them would not know how to build a place strong enough to hold a man who wanted to get out. Yet they have their ways of dealing with crime, and it is interesting to know that these are very like the ways which the people of Europe had eight or ten centuries ago.

We live in what are called enlightened times, but if any of us had lived in Europe in what are known as the "Dark Ages" we would have seen the kings and people taking very strange means to learn if a man was guilty or innocent of any crime. They did not gather in courts and ask witnesses what they knew about the case, but left it to what was called the "Judgment of Heaven."

THE ORDEAL IN EUROPE

When they wished to learn if a man was guilty or innocent of some crime, they used what was called the ordeal. Of this there were three chief kinds, those of fire, water and the wager of battle. In the fire ordeal the accused had to carry in his hand for some distance a piece of red-hot iron, or to walk bare-footed for nine feet over red-hot ploughshares. If his hands or feet showed signs of having been burned, after they had been wrapped up for three days, he was held to be guilty.

An odd way this of finding out if a man had been a thief or murderer, was it not? Did any one escape,

Laws and Penalties

you ask? Why, yes; now and then. We are told that Queen Emma of England proved that she was innocent of a crime by walking over red-hot ploughshares without burning her feet. One cannot help wondering if the ploughshares were painted red or her feet were in some way treated so that they would not burn. Hot iron will burn, whether one is innocent or guilty.



Ancient Inca Seat of Justice

There were two kinds of ordeal by water, one by boiling water and one by cold water. In the first the accused had to thrust his hand into a vessel of boiling water and take out a stone without being hurt. In the second he was flung into a pond or river. If he floated he was guilty; if he sank he was innocent. We cannot see how much use his innocence was to him if he happened to be drowned.

Home Life in All Lands

There is a more sensible ordeal of this kind among the negroes of the Gold Coast of Africa. With them the doers of great crimes are made to swim a certain river, which wafts across its waters even those who cannot swim, if innocent, while the guilty sink and are drowned.

In the wager of battle the question was settled by a duel between the two parties concerned, or champions chosen by them. It is easy to imagine that the strongest or the most skilful in the use of weapons would win, but in those days men did not think so. They thought that God would help the weak in the battle, if they were innocent.

Does not all this seem very absurd and ridiculous? People in those days put more trust in God than they do now, for they thought that He would help the innocent. They do not seem to think so now, and try to find out the right or wrong of anything for themselves.

Some form of the ordeal was used in all the ancient nations. We read of it in the writings of the Greeks and the Hebrews. The Hindus had several forms of the ordeal, by fire, by water, by poison, by the balance, by red-hot iron, by hot oil, by drinking water in which images of the gods had been washed. In every case they trusted to their deities to save the innocent.

What shall we find among the uncivilized people of to-day, you ask? Well, we cannot expect them to be wiser than our own half-civilized ancestors. I

Laws and Penalties

fancy if we were to visit them we should find them all using the ordeal in some form or other. In fact, the customs of many of the tribes of the earth in dealing with crime are well worth our notice. This is especially the case with those of Africa, where ideas of law and justice are often of the strangest character. Let us go together among these black-faced tribes, visiting them in their villages and homes, and keeping our eyes open for their ways of finding out the guilty. If we do so we shall find it well worth our while.

LAW AND CRIME IN AFRICA

We must not consider the savage as a person without law. If we go among the savage tribes we shall soon find that the natives are fond of what they call law. To get the best of a man whom he thinks has done him an injury your savage will sell anything he has, his cooking pots, his cattle, even his grandmother, to obtain the means for going to law.

But as for evidence—the examining of witnesses—the true savage does not often trouble himself about that. He has other means of getting at the facts—or thinks he has. As for penalties for crime there are three kinds, loss of property, maiming the body, and death. There are three special offences, robbery, witchcraft, and murder, and death is the common form of punishment for the latter two.

Wherever we go in Africa we will find some form

Home Life in All Lands

of the ordeal in use, and very curious ones among them. Let us, for instance, wend our way to Eastern Africa. There many tests for crime are in use. Thus there is the ordeal of the hatchet, in which the red-hot blade is passed four times over the flat hand of the accused. If it burn him he is thought guilty and is punished for the crime.

But he has first to take this oath: "If I have stolen the property of —— (naming the person), or committed this crime, let Mulungo (Heaven) respond for me; but if I have not stolen, nor done this wickedness, may He save me."

Thus he appeals to the judgment of Heaven, as was done in the European ordeal.

Another ordeal is that of the copper kettle. This is made red-hot and a stone thrown into it. The accused must thrust in his hand and take out the hot stone. If it burns him he is held guilty.

Next comes the ordeal of the needle. This is a thick needle, made red-hot, and drawn through the lips of the accused. If any blood flows he is guilty. You may well think that most of those tried in these ways are found guilty.

Another ordeal is that of the poisoned bread. If it is swallowed without trouble the man is innocent; if it stick in his throat he is guilty. Instead of bread, rice is often used.

If we now go to Western Africa we will find other forms of the ordeal. The first we need mention is the "Drink of Truth." This is a liquid

Laws and Penalties

extracted from the rind of the enseca. A portion of this is given several persons to drink. If the diviner thinks one of them guilty, or is his enemy, he may put some poison in his portion, causing him great pain. If so, he is believed to be guilty.

A second is the ordeal of sheep's blood. A sheep is killed and its blood given to several persons to drink. If one of them sickens and vomits he is held guilty.

The most severe of these ordeals is that of the "Fire of Truth." When one of a number of persons, such as the members of a family, is thought guilty, a red-hot iron is applied to a part of the body of each. Those who bear this test most firmly are held to be innocent. There are many other forms of the ordeal, in Africa and elsewhere, but those given will serve as examples.

In South Africa we find in the more advanced tribes actual law trials, though the ordeal prevails there also. Thus there is a kind of water ordeal, in which a priest, after offering prayers to his demon, has a hole dug in the floor of the hut and filled with water. Then he takes a small plantain in his hand, stands over the hole, and offers other prayers. He now claims to see, reflected in the water, the image of the thief's spirit. It is a dangerous charge to the party he names, as he is given little chance to prove his innocence. The word of the conjurer goes a long way with those simple-minded people.

Home Life in All Lands

Yet, if we travel around this part of the continent, we will find among some of the tribes a regular legal process, conducted in somewhat the same way as our own, though in a simpler fashion and with less ceremony. The complainant states his



Zulu Policemen

whole case to the chief and the people who are present, and then calls his witnesses and bids them to tell all they have seen or heard, but nothing that they have been told by others.

While this goes on the accused is obliged to keep silent, his turn coming when the other party has finished. He now rises and tells his story, and calls

Laws and Penalties

his witnesses if he have any, the other side now being obliged to keep still.

If the case is of no importance the chief decides it on the spot. If he does not see his way clearly to a decision, the elders rise one by one and state their opinions, and if the chief finds them to agree upon some view of the case he gives judgment accordingly. His decision is final, as he has the power of life and death in his hands.

The most curious laws of South Africa are the game laws. Every chief has his lands, a little stream generally dividing them from those of his neighbor. And he has a right to part of any animal that dies on his soil, no matter how it came there. If a man wounds an elephant on his own land and it dies on that of his neighbor, the latter has a claim on the under part of the animal, that which lay on his ground. And the law is so strict that the hunter dare not cut up the elephant without sending word to the owner of the soil and waiting till he sends some one to receive his share.

There is another game law. When a party is out hunting, the man who first wounds an animal, though it be a mere scratch, is looked upon as the killer, and has the chief claim on the carcass. The second who has struck it gets a hind quarter, the third a foreleg, and the chief a portion—in some places the breast, in others the ribs and one foreleg. This law has one good effect: it makes the hunters very eager to reach the game to get in the first

Home Life in All Lands

wound, and thus makes them bolder and more daring.

You may see that there is something like real law in Africa, in spite of the foolish custom of the ordeal. And lawyers may be found there wise enough to look into the merits of a case. Here is a story which goes to prove this. It has to do with the Caffres, one of the great negro tribes of South Africa.

A Caffre farmer complained that one of his oxen had been stabbed, and that six Caffres, whom he brought into court as prisoners, had eaten part of it. They declared that they had not stabbed it, but that it had been gored by another ox and had died of the wound. Finding it dead, they did not think it any harm to eat it.

It was a case that caused great excitement in the tribe, and the Chief called the best of his *amapakati*, or lawyers, to conduct the trial. After the evidence was all heard, the oldest prisoner made an eloquent speech, in which he said that no man could have made so long a wound. When he had finished an old lawyer cross-examined him in this shrewd fashion:

“Where did the tail of the goring ox grow?”

“On its rump.”

“How did it grow there, up or down or at the side?”

“It grew down.”

“Where did its horns grow?”

Laws and Penalties

“On its head.”

“How did they grow there, up or down or at the side?”

“They grew up.”

“If, then, that ox gored the other, to do so he would have to put his head down and tear up, would he not?”



From Stereograph, Copyright 1908 by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

Zanzibar Prisoners Going to Work on the Highways

“Yes.”

“He could not tear down, could he?”

“No.”

“Now examine the wound and see where the first wound was made, at the top or at the bottom.”

“It is largest at the top,” said the witness, with great reluctance.

Home Life in All Lands

This ended the case. The chief declared that the ox was stabbed, not gored, and that the prisoners were guilty. Each of them was fined two cows. This judgment, which reminds us of the famous judgment of Solomon, given in the Bible, was received with great applause and the lawyer won fame for wisdom.

Regular law proceedings are not confined to the Caffres. In the Congo region, for instance, we might see a judge sitting under a tree or in a straw hut, and a plaintiff on his knees before him, stating his case. The judge then calls the defendant and the witnesses and decides the case. There are similar trials in Loango, in Ashantee, and in some other sections, so that the Africans do not trust wholly to the ordeal.

WITCHCRAFT AND WITCH-FINDERS

Witchcraft is one of the great crimes of Africa, a crime that is punished with death, and witch-finding is a very common art there. But we must not think that this shows the Africans to be very low savages, for a few hundred years ago all the people of Europe believed in witchcraft and put to death those who were thought to be witches. And our own country has not been free from this folly, as all of you know who have read about the Salem witches.

But it is the African witches that we now wish to talk about. In parts of Africa and on some of

Laws and Penalties

the islands of the Pacific death is looked upon as something unnatural. When a man dies his friends think that the devil or his agents have robbed him of his life, and they are very apt to try and find what agent of Satan has done this wicked thing.

In the interior of Africa death is greatly feared. Even if it comes from accident or wounds it fills the people with terror. If two or three men or women die within a short time in a village, a panic seizes the villagers, they hastily pack up their tools and cooking pots and take to the road to build a new village elsewhere, leaving the last victim of death to be devoured by the first wild beast that enters the deserted village.

If a man who seems well and hearty is taken sick and dies suddenly or even within a week or two, his friends are sure of foul play—not by poison but by witchcraft. They declare that some witch or wizard has done this fatal work and must be found and punished. All the settlement are of the same opinion, and the witch-finder is sent for to try and discover the murderer.

To drink *mboundou* is the great witch test. *Mboundou* is a deadly poison of the strychnine variety, and unless one knows the antidote, to drink any portion of it is sure death. The witch-finder can drink it with safety. He knows the antidote. And when the excited people see him drink without harm from the same cup with the poor victim, who writhes in the agony of death after swallowing it,

Home Life in All Lands

they are sure to believe that he has picked out the true culprit.

No one, high or low, can escape the dreadful verdict of the witch-finder. Whether he be a poor laborer, a chief, or even a prince, there is no appeal from the sentence. "Drink *mboundou* and prove your innocence" the people cry, and drink it he must, though he knows that to drink is to die. In a case like this, the witch-finder is greater than the prince. Yet these fellows are the merest quacks, and only the superstitious folly of the people permits them to sentence innocent people to a dreadful death.

Here is an incident that you might have seen for yourselves if you had been present in Africa at the proper time. As neither you nor I were there we must take the account of the white man who saw it, the traveller Du Chaillu.

It took place at Goumbi, a town in the midst of the country where the gorillas are found. Mpomo, an old friend of Du Chaillu, was very sick, and all night long his friends beat their drums by his bedside to drive out the devil. But the fiend had too strong a hold and the next morning the poor man was dead. The traveller knew this by the long and sad wailing of the mourners.

This was kept up for two days, his wives sitting in tears on the ground, tearing their clothes and throwing dust and ashes on their heads. Among the villagers the whisper of witchcraft began and it spread until after the funeral, when the whole town de-

Laws and Penalties

clared that a witch doctor must be sent for to find the criminal.

When this fellow came he was painted up like a circus clown. His face was painted white, with red stripes and spots, and there were white stripes on his arms. One hand was painted white. Strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast, he had on a high head-dress of black feathers, and wore a string of bells round his waist. I fear we would have laughed at him as a mountebank, but the village people looked upon him as a person of wonderful powers.

All the skins he wore were charmed and had charms attached to them, and from his neck by a cord hung a sacred box that contained spirits. He had other charms. One was a buffalo horn in which was some black powder, and this was the hiding place of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake bones and several skins to which bells were attached. These he kept shaking during his incantations while a fellow beside him stood beating a cord with two sticks.

For two days and nights this clown-like business went on and on the third morning the *Ouganga*, as the witch-finder was called, said that he was ready to declare who had witched poor Mpomo to death. The villagers gathered in great excitement, all bearing arms and thirsting for blood. Du Chaillu tried to quell the excitement, but found that his voice had no power.

Home Life in All Lands

At a signal from the doctor the people became still. After a minute's silence his voice was heard.

"There is a very black woman who lives in a house"—which was fully described. "She bewitched Mpomo."

With a yell of fury the crowd rushed to the house indicated and brought out a young girl, whom they dragged to the water-side and firmly bound.

Two other women were named by the villainous quack, and were seized and bound by the people, who cursed them furiously, the relatives of the victims being obliged to join in the curses. All were afraid to keep silence, for fear they would be accused in their turn by the terrible old *Ouganga*.

We must very briefly tell what followed. The poor victims were put in a canoe, with the doctor and a number of other people, all armed. Here they were forced to drink the poison, the multitude shouting:

"If they are witches, let the *mboundou* kill them; if they are innocent, let the *mboundou* go out."

In a few minutes they had all fallen from the effects of the poison, when at once the armed men attacked them, cut off their heads and finished by chopping their bodies into small pieces, which were cast into the river.

This is not a pleasant story, but will give you a good idea of the terrible scenes to which the belief in witchcraft leads, and the murders of the innocent which it brings about.

Laws and Penalties

Witch-finders are not confined to the region spoken of. They may be found in many other parts of Africa and of the islands of the Pacific, for the belief in witchcraft is wide-spread. But we shall say no more about them, for they are no better than murderers, and their poor victims are put to death for an imaginary crime.

They have various ways of doing their work, a curious one being that of "smelling out" a thief or other criminal. I must tell you the story of the Lebashi, or thief-catcher, of Abyssinia, as it is told by Dr. Krapf. Here are his words:

"Very noticeable is the mode adopted in Ghooa for the detection of thieves. The Lebashi is much feared and belongs to the servants of the state. When a theft has been committed, the sufferer gives information to this official, upon which he sends his servant a certain dose of black meal compounded with milk, on which he makes him smoke tobacco. The servant is thrown into a state of frenzy, in which state he goes from house to house crawling on his hands and feet like one out of his mind. After he has smelt about a number of houses, the Lebashi all the time holding him tight by a cord fastened round the body, he goes at last into a house, lies on its owner's bed, and sleeps for some time.

"His master then arouses him with blows, and he awakes and arrests the owner of the house, who is forthwith dragged before the priest, and they

Home Life in All Lands

make the victim of the robbery swear that he will not assess more than the real value of the articles stolen. The person into whose house the entry was made is regarded as the thief, and is forced to pay whether he be innocent or guilty. No wonder that the people tremble when the Lebashis is seen in the streets, and that everybody tries to be on good terms with him, as there is no saying when he will make his appearance in a house."

THE LAW OF THE TABOO

Leaving Africa now for the great Pacific islands, we shall find there one of the strangest of customs, in great part a religious one, but it has gained all the force of law. This is the very remarkable custom of the taboo, one of the oddest things we are likely to find in our travels, for there is nothing like it anywhere else in the world.

If we were to go to the Polynesian islands and wander about among them, we would soon be surprised by the odd way in which the people often acted. We would find them going around a place which they might easily have walked across; looking up hungrily at ripe fruit on a tree but fearing to touch it, because a piece of old rag is tied around the tree; avoiding some of their friends as though they were sick of leprosy or cholera; fearing to touch a dozen common things as though they were poisonous.

If we asked them what they were afraid of they

Laws and Penalties

would use the mysterious word "taboo," and if we tried to find out what this meant they would merely say that these things or persons had been made taboo and no one dared to touch them.

It might be the chief that made these things taboo or it might be their owner, but when once the mysterious word was said they were held sacred, no one dare touch them lest some dreadful result might follow.

We are told that only the priest could lay the taboo, but that is not the case in all the islands. At any rate there is a kind of taboo in some islands which any one can use. All that is necessary is to tie some article on anything they want to save. A man may have many valuables in his house, but he can leave it with safety if he ties on the door a fragment of his clothing. That makes the house taboo. It is safe from thieves.

He may have some trees covered with fine fruit. If he wants to keep people from meddling with this, he has only to set up a pole, with a rag tied on it. No one will touch the fruit, no matter how badly he wants it.

Everything may be made taboo, lands, streams, houses, animals, plants, canoes, things to eat and drink, in fact anything one can name. The house, the dress, and everything belonging to a chief, are taboo. No one can enter his house without going through a certain service; he eats his food alone; it is taboo to all others.

Home Life in All Lands

A man may be made taboo by being very ill or by touching a dead body, or may become taboo for various other reasons. While this lasts no one is allowed to touch him and he cannot even raise his hand to his own head. He cannot put food into his mouth with his hands, but must take it up with his lips, holding his hands behind him, or be fed by another appointed to do so. Water is poured from a calabash into his mouth, or on his hands when he wants to wash them. He must not touch the vessel itself, for if he did it could not be used again.

In past time some men were thought to be born taboo and stayed so all their lives. A dull time they must have had. No one dared sit with them, eat with them, or talk to them. When they walked out, people shrank from them or even ran away, for they feared that they might die if the clothes of the sacred one touched them.

The vessels in which the food of the tabooed man was cooked and served were never used but once. If he merely blew into a fire it became taboo, and any man who lit his pipe at that fire, or ate food cooked at it, would be sure to die, or otherwise a devil would enter into him.

Did you ever hear of so ridiculous a custom? How would you like to live in a country where you would not dare to throw away your old clothes or old shoes, lest somebody might put them on and die from doing so? That was the case with anything belonging to a chief. An old tinder box which had

Laws and Penalties

belonged to a chief was found by some persons, who lit their pipes from it. When they found who had owned it, they died from fright.

I might go on telling you many other ways in which the taboo is applied—or was not many years ago, for civilization has now made its way among these people and the absurd old custom is dying out. What first brought it about no one knows. It was a very ancient custom. Anything tabooed was held to be sacred, set aside for the gods, and must not be touched by common men.

Some chiefs were supposed to be descended from the gods, and this made them sacred. Anything made taboo by the priests was also sacred. Thus the food of men was taboo to women, who had to eat food of their own, apart from men. As time went on the strange custom grew, until in some islands any one could make anything taboo by tying a piece of cloth around it or setting up a pole near it.

Any of us would have found this very convenient if we wished to keep anything from being stolen. The chiefs made much use of it for their own benefit. It was not necessary to make laws and inflict penalties. It was enough to taboo anything they wished to prevent any one from meddling with. The priests were their subjects and would lay a taboo on anything they wished. If a chief desired to hinder a person from going to any place, he made the road to it taboo. Or he made a river taboo and no one dared launch his canoe on it. During some

Home Life in All Lands

disturbances with the natives the chiefs tabooed the seacoast, and would not permit any Europeans to travel that way, and some great folks had to turn back.

But the power of the taboo depended on the influence of the man who imposed it. If put by a great chief, no one could break it. But a powerful man might break through the taboo of one of less power. As for the chief himself, while his whole body was sacred, his head was the most sacred part. If he happened to touch it with his fingers, he must immediately hold them to his nose and snuff up into his head the holiness they had acquired. If a drop of his blood fell on anything, that became taboo. Thus a high chief in entering a canoe stuck a splinter into his foot and some blood flowed into the canoe. The owner at once jumped out and dragged the canoe to the shore opposite the chief's house, where he left it. He dared not use it again as his own.

I might say much more about this extraordinary custom, but enough has been said to give some idea of it. There was the common and the strict taboo. In the former the people had only to cease from their ordinary labors and attend at the temple, where prayers were said. But during a strict taboo everything stopped. Every fire and light must be put out, no one could bathe, no canoe could be launched, no man or woman must go out of doors. Even no dog must bark, no cock must crow, no pig must grunt; and the mouths of dogs and pigs were tied

Laws and Penalties

up and the fowls had a cloth tied over their eyes or a calabash put over their heads, lest they should destroy the sacredness of the occasion.

The taboo was made known by the herald of the priests, who went round the settlement, ordering every light to be put out, the path to the sea to be left for the chief, the ways inland to be left for the gods, etc. And when a taboo was taken off elaborate ceremonies were often used.

Here is one case where the taboo was of service. The good of the people depended very much on their raising plentiful crops; so in former times, when the season for planting the taro and kumara came round, all employed in this work were made taboo. They could not leave the place or engage in any labor until this task was finished. The same was the case in hunting and fishing, or in gathering the harvest: the grounds were made taboo and any who interfered might be put to death.

This strange custom has now nearly died out, and with this the missionaries had much to do. The river on which some of these proposed to make a journey was tabooed—this being indicated by the rahue (generally a pole with an old garment tied to it). When the missionaries ventured to row past this pole, they were pursued and brought back and everything they had in the boat was taken. Among these were some medicines and pots of preserves, which the captors devoured with much relish.

But the missionaries were firm, and it is likely

Home Life in All Lands

the medicines helped their firmness. Those who swallowed it found it taboo to their stomachs. In the end a meeting was held, and it was decided that as the Europeans were of a foreign race and had a religion of their own, the taboo did not apply to them. Afterwards the natives who became Christians were also set free, and in this way many escaped from the slavery of the old custom. At the present day it has died out except in regions where the natives still have the land to themselves.

HOW CRIME IS TREATED IN ASIA

Asia is a very large continent and has on its surface a great variety of people, with their special laws and customs. But if we should go over it to-day we would find a very large part of it under the laws and rule of Russia and another large section under those of England, while Japan, its island section, has now adopted European ways. So we would not find much of it outside of China and Persia in which the old customs still hold good.

China has a very large population and its people are often dishonest, so that there are many crimes to be punished. The laws are severe and the punishments may be very cruel, but for all this the laws are frequently broken.

They have one custom which used to be common in Europe, but happily has died out long ago. This is the custom of torture. The judges think the people cannot be trusted to tell the truth, so those

Laws and Penalties

arrested for crime may be treated very cruelly to force them to tell upon themselves. They may be beaten with the sharp edges of a split bamboo, or have their fingers squeezed between pieces of bamboo, or they may be hung up by their thumbs and big



Chinese Modes of Punishment

toes, or dealt with in other inhuman ways, until they say they are guilty. Very likely, they often do this when they are innocent, for torture is a very poor way to get at the truth.

When men are convicted of crime their punishments are often very severe. Even for a light crime they may be sentenced to wear the cangue, which is

Home Life in All Lands

a heavy frame fastened about the neck. It weighs about twenty-five pounds, but may be made to weigh ninety pounds. They cannot raise their hands around it to touch their head or put food in their mouth.

A man may be hung through a cage so high that only the tips of his toes touch the ground, and left there for days, until he dies of exhaustion or starvation. We are told that the Chinese have dull nerves and are insensible to suffering, but certainly such punishments are very cruel.

When a criminal is condemned to death, a common way is to behead him. This is a merciful way for China, but the Chinese think it disgraceful. In China parents have much authority over their children and can punish them severely. In fact, they have the right to whip a disobedient child to death. If a child strikes his parent the punishment is death, while if a son kills his father or mother he is looked upon as the greatest of criminals and sentenced to the most painful of deaths. His punishment is to be "cut to pieces;" but this is not carried out in full, for after some cuts are made upon his body, his head is cut off.

This is enough to say about the cruelties of Chinese law. It is to be hoped that this people will soon become more merciful, as they are beginning to adopt European ways.

In Persia and Turkey the bastinado is the most usual punishment. It does not take much of a crime

Laws and Penalties

to warrant the sentence of the bastinado. This is the way it is done. The victim lies down on his back with his bare feet in the air, fastened to a pole. They are then beaten with the *choub*, which is a willow rod about six feet long and a little thicker than the thumb. A usual sentence is for fifty



From Persia; *The Awakening East*, by W. P. Cresson

The Punishment of the Bastinado

choubs. As one of these sticks lasts for three or four strokes this is severe enough, but for a serious crime a thousand and one *choubs* may be ordered. This may end in death. Even a light sentence makes the feet swell to three times their size, but the victim can usually walk in two or three days.

Home Life in All Lands

Nearly everybody of importance has the right to inflict the bastinado, and it is so common that almost everybody has received it, from the Grand Vizier down.

Torture is used in Persia, as in China, many of the tortures being terribly severe. Thieves have a hand cut off, and other general punishments are to cut off the nose or the ears. A man condemned to death is killed by cutting his throat. The Persians have other modes of punishment, some of them very cruel. An important culprit may be blown, as they call it. This means that he is tied to the mouth of a cannon and blown to pieces.

That is quite enough to say on this subject. It is not a pleasant one at any time, and it is good to find that in civilized lands all the cruel punishments of old times have ceased, and while there are still penalties for crime, they are usually as merciful as they can be made.



III

MODES OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

We get back closely to home life when we come to talk about love and marriage. These are the essence of the home and the source of most of the happiness to be found in it. And I fancy all of you will find it worth your while to go to the world's distant lands to see how men get their wives and women get their husbands, for there are many curious customs connected with courtship and marriage in the lower tribes of mankind.

We do not need to speak about the love-making methods of civilized people, for these are well known to us. Our own country is the freest in the world in this as in many other respects. There are countries where the man and the woman never see each other until they are married, and in many parts of Europe they are not permitted to see each other unless some of the family are present. But in our good land lovers can go out together freely, to the theatre, the ice-cream saloon, or where they wish, and if they love one another they are free to say so, with no one to interfere.

This we all know, so no more need be said about

Home Life in All Lands

it. But there are very different customs elsewhere, and we cannot finish our story of "Home Life" without telling how home life usually begins.

COURTSHIP IN DISTANT LANDS

We may begin by visiting some of the far-off realms of civilization and seeing how things are done there. Here is a story of love-making in Uruguay, a country of South America. In that country young folks cannot walk out alone; some older member of the family must go with them. But this is common in Europe, also, and the custom was brought from Europe to Spanish America. The Uruguayan lover is not allowed to enter the young lady's house, so we see him standing in front, gazing ardently at her window.

It depends on the girl how long she will keep him staring on her casement. If she takes pity on him she may open it and stare back. In this way two lovers will stare at each other for hours at a time. Tiresome, is it not, but they seem to like it. They do not speak, or at least they keep still when any one is near by to hear them. After they have stared at one another long enough, the lover will go to the girl's father and tell him his wishes. The father, if he approves of him, may now let him come into the house; but he cannot see the girl alone until they are married.

In Russia, in old times, a marriage used to take a queer form of bargain and sale. When a young

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

man fell in love with a young woman he would send his aunt or some other elderly woman to her house. The good lady, going in, would pretend that she had something to sell, and ask what they would give. She would also invite them to come to her house and see the excellent "goods" she had to sell.



A Peasant Wedding Procession

If they went, and liked the looks of the "goods," they would invite the go-between to come and see the "wares" they had to offer in return. Thus it went on, like a regular bit of barter. If a bargain was made, the youth had to supply the money for the wedding, including the outfit of the bride and the cost of the marriage feast.

Home Life in All Lands

Various old fashions still survive in Russia. A girl who has taken a fancy to a young man will collect a cup of dew on some Saint's day, and wash her face in it. She thinks that this will make her very beautiful. Or she may bake a cake in which is a hair taken from her head. If the youth eats some of this he finds himself forced to return her love; at least that is what she thinks. In place of these old customs many girls now color their cheeks with rouge, even taking little pots of this with them when they go out to work in the fields. They think it adds much to their beauty. Every girl has her wedding dress gotten ready as soon as she is thought old enough to marry. If the poor thing dies before that happy time arrives, the dress is used as a shroud for her burial.

Let us go farther east still, to the ancient realm of Persia. Here many old customs may be seen. Weddings may take place when both parties are very young, and often they do not see each other before the day of the bridal. The girl may have seen the youth through her latticed window, but he has no chance to see her unless he hides in his mother's private rooms when she is invited there.

At length comes the day for signing the contract—called *Shirini Khoran* (eating of sweetmeats). The groom now goes to the bride's house with a procession of carriers, who bear on their heads great trays full of sweetmeats—sugar candy, sherbet and fruits, covered with valuable cloths,

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

often cashmere shawls. But all this is hired for the occasion, and after it is exhibited at the bride's house is sent back to the merchants who loaned it.

After the contract is signed, there is a festival



From Copyrighted Stereograph by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

Norwegian Bride and Groom

of feasting, dancing, and music, and a few days later the bride goes to her husband's house. She has her procession too, and a noisy one it is, for the proud bride wants all the town to know. She has sent presents to him some days before, including a

Home Life in All Lands

complete suit of clothes for his wearing, from boots to hat. Before she enters the house a lamb or two or a young camel are killed and their heads thrown across the threshold, so that she has to step over their blood. This, they think, brings good luck.

The bride is closely veiled during all this, and not until the festivities are over does the bridegroom see her face. This is done in a peculiar way. He gives her as presents a mirror and a jewel, and when the guests are gone she turns from him, holding the mirror before her face, and lifts the veil. Thus his first sight of her face is over her shoulder, in the mirror. By the time the whole expensive ceremony is over the husband may be poor as a beggar, having spent all the money he had. But he has won what he values more than money.

This is not the only way in which marriages are conducted in Persia, especially in the wilder parts of the country, away from the cities. If you would care to read about a wedding of a different kind, here is an interesting story.

The Sheik of a tribe of Arabistan, a province of Southern Persia, had two treasures, a splendid herd of horses and a daughter of great beauty, whose charming face and gazelle eyes made her famous. No man had been allowed to see her, to be sure—in Persia, even among the wandering tribes, handsome women are kept out of sight—but the older women had spread the story of her charms, and many loved her on hearsay.

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

One young man, belonging to a neighboring tribe, had been more lucky. In some way he had managed to meet her and even to tell her of his love, and to learn that she loved him in return. When he asked her hand in marriage the proud Sheik would not consent, so the ardent lovers plotted to elope.



A Wedding Procession in Egypt

About this time the old chief met with what was to him the greatest of misfortunes. The most prized of his rare horses, a mare of great beauty and speed, was stolen, and the loss almost broke his heart. And while he was mourning her loss, his daughter also vanished. The lover had carried her off on his

Home Life in All Lands

- horse, which was so swift that the Sheik and his men pursued in vain.

The old man made a long search for his daughter and his horse, and finally learned that the lover was the thief and had stolen the animal to carry off his daughter. The fact that it was his favorite mare that had beaten the best of his other horses pleased him so highly that he forgave the thief, merely asking as the price of his blessing the return of the mare. As his daughter was lost to him, he was glad to get back a prize which he valued more.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE

The mode in which the young lover of Arabistan got his wife, as just told, takes us back to a very common method of wife-getting in old times. Marriage by capture it is usually called. In this the lover seizes the woman he fancies and carries her away. Sometimes this is against her will and she fights hard to escape. And even when she is quite willing to be run away with, she makes a great show of trying to get away. This is the fashion, and savages are as great slaves to fashion as civilized people.

It will be worth our while to go among the savage and half civilized peoples of to-day and see how their young men and young women behave when the love-making time of their lives comes on. Here there are no invitations to ice-cream saloons or the theatre, no walks by moonlight, no soft whispers or

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

tender kisses. No, indeed! The lover is more apt to woo his lady love with a club and carry her off by force.

Let us make our way to New Zealand, a land of savages, where "wife-capture" is the rule. If a New Zealander makes it known that he is in love with a woman, he must seize and carry her away, even if she is quite willing. Otherwise he will be jeered at as a coward. If she, or her family, is not willing, then he must seek to take her by force. A fierce fight often follows, for the girl's family and friends defend her against the young man and his party. If they lay hands on the maiden and try to drag her away, her friends try as hard to drag her back, and both sides pull so hard that the poor girl's arms may be jerked out of joint. In fact the lover, furious at not being able to get her, will sometimes plunge his knife into her body and leave her a corpse in the hands of her friends.

Even when a man wins a willing wife in that island he may find that he has not got much of a prize. Her family may follow and make him pay heavy damages for carrying her off against their will. More than that, he has to live in the village of his wife's tribe, and if war breaks out between the two tribes, he has to fight for his wife's people against his own. This is not all his trouble. He is not even the master in his own house. His wife lords it over him, and if he refuses to do as she wishes she may walk off to her father's house, tak-

Home Life in All Lands

ing with her all articles of value in the house. She is sure that her friends will fight for her, and if her husband wants her back he must humble himself.

If we should go among the "black fellows" of the great island of Australia we would find them far more savage than the New Zealanders. They are the most brutal to women of any of the lower races of the earth. When one of them sets his mind on a girl, he lies in wait till he finds her alone, knocks her down with a club, and drags her off bleeding to the woods. All through her after-life the "waddi" or club is in frequent use, so that few of the older Australian women can be found without a head full of scars. Love, in one of these low savages, is a sentiment almost unknown. They may be fond of their children, but they rarely show any affection for their wives.

If we now seek the villages of the more civilized tribes we will find relics of the same customs, but less brutal ones. Thus among the Zulus of Africa the maiden sought as a bride is expected to make a great show of attempting to escape, and we find the same among some of the Arabs, the girl running about from tent to tent until she is caught. The more she struggles and resists the more her friends esteem her.

This carrying off a girl by force is common in all the uncivilized parts of the earth. We might tell a hundred stories about it. It is one way of getting a wife without paying a high price to her parents.

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

Thus among the Hos^{of} India at one time so many cattle were asked from the lover, that he often had to stay unmarried unless he could seize the lady of his affections and carry her off.



A Syrian Bride with Elaborate Head-dress

“A very singular scene,” we are told, “may sometimes be noticed in the markets of Singbhoan. A young man suddenly makes a pounce on a girl and carries her off bodily, his friends covering the retreat.” Sometimes she yields willingly, sometimes she weeps and struggles, but the market

Home Life in All Lands

people do not interfere, and the girl friends of the maiden often view the scene with applause. The young lover wins his bride and saves his cattle and is looked upon as a bold and daring youth.

You may know from this that in many parts of the earth parents are apt to look upon their daughters as property of value and to set a high price upon them. Where a lover cannot pay the price or cannot win the consent of the parents, carrying the girl off is the only way left, and it is one which old custom has made lawful.

The capture of brides is so common, that even after the price has been paid the lover has often to pretend to carry off his lady love by force, while she has to pretend to fight for her liberty. Thus in old time Tartary, when a marriage bargain had been made, the maiden would flee and hide in the tent of one of her kindred. The father would then say: "My daughter is yours; take her if you can find her." If she was willing this might easily be done. If not, the suitor might have much trouble to win his bride.

In all fashions of this kind there are apt to be curious variations. Here is a strange one. Among the Gaves of India the proposal for marriage must come from the woman. It is an insult if it comes from the man, and he has to pay for it, not with cattle, but with beer and pigs.

If the young woman's proposal is accepted the wedding party sets out from her house for that of

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

the groom. When he learns of their coming, he pretends to run away, but is caught and taken to the bride's house, resisting on the way, while his parents make a great show of grief. It is a sort of play, and a very ridiculous one, at that.

If we had dwelt in America in old times we would have seen much of this custom of marriage by capture, for it was common among the American Indians. But it has died out here, as it is dying out in many parts of the earth.

STRANGE WEDDING CUSTOMS

I fancy you have read all you want to about marriage by capture, that curious fashion that has so long been in vogue; and not only among savages, for I could tell many tales of it in England and some even in our own country. The famous runaway marriages to Gretna Green were something of this kind. But there are other strange marriage customs you may like to hear about.

A wedding in the Fijian islands is an interesting ceremony. It goes on in some such fashion as this. First there is the courtship, the asking for the consent of the parents, the giving of presents, and the taking of the maiden to the abode of the groom's parents. Of course the young lady feels that she must weep and appear unwilling, and her friends seek to "dry up her tears" by giving her presents.

After reaching her new abode she and her friends have a feast, food being sent by her lover, and for

Home Life in All Lands

four days she sits in state, oiled and covered with yellow turmeric powder. At the end of this time she and a number of other women go out to bathe and fish. When they get home again one fish is cooked and word is sent to the young man that he is wanted. He soon appears, with a number of his friends, all well oiled and dressed in their best. But these fine clothes are not for themselves, for they take them off and give them to the bride's relatives.

Soup has been made of the fish and yams have been cooked, and the bride now begins her new duties by handing to her lover a dish of soup and yams to eat with it. In some of the Fiji islands this concludes the ceremony, but in other islands there is more to be done. In these, after the soup drinking the bride goes back to her parents, and all friends of both parties make cloth and mats for wedding presents. Meanwhile the groom builds a house for himself and his wife, and she goes through the process of being tattooed. Those of you who know anything about this foolish custom know that this is a time of cruel pain and suffering to the poor girl. But it is thought necessary.

All this done, the grand wedding feast takes place, one in which all the friends of the parties do their best in providing food and gifts. Whatever is provided by the friends of the man is given to those of the woman, who, on their part, provide for the men. Here is an instance of the great display often made. When Agavindi, the Laksasau chief,

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

married the daughter of Tausa, there was provided a wall of fish twenty yards long and five feet high, with pigs, turtle, and venison in proportion. One dish at this feast was ten feet long, four wide, and three deep, being spread over with green leaves, on which were laid roast pigs and turtle. With this feast the marriage ceremonies conclude, this fact



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A Wedding Procession in Peking, China

being announced by loud shouts on the part of the well-fed guests. But there is one thing more to be done, "the clipping." In this a bunch of long hair worn by the woman over her temples is cut away. In some of the islands, indeed, all her hair is cut off, and she is left as ugly as they can make her.

Let us follow now with the story told of the mar-

Home Life in All Lands

riage of a princess of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, the daughter of King Finow. The friends of the bride began the ceremony by pouring over her in profusion cocoanut oil, scented with sandal wood. Then they dressed her in the finest of mats, as soft as silk; wrapping so many of these costly mats around her that her arms stuck awkwardly out from her body and she found it very difficult to sit down. A little girl, five years old, was dressed in the same manner, as her particular attendant, and four others of sixteen somewhat in like fashion, though with fewer mats.

Thus attired, they made their way to the residence of Tovitonga, the bridegroom, a chief about twice the age of the bride. He awaited her, with his friends, and as they sat—as well as their attire would let them—a woman, with her face covered with a white veil, entered the circle. She then went into the chief's house, at the upper end of which sat another woman, with a large roll of cloth, a wooden pillow, and a basket containing bottles of oil.

Here the veiled woman took the cloth from the other, wrapped herself in it, and lay down with her head on the wooden pillow, pretending to sleep. When this was done Tovitonga rose, took his bride by the hand, and led her into the house. Twenty baked hogs were now brought forward and skilfully carved by expert cooks. Of the meats, a large part was brought to the chiefs, each of whom took his portion and put it in the bosom of his dress. The

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

remainder was heaped up, and scrambled for on a signal being given.

Through all this the veiled woman pretended to sleep. When it was over she rose and went away, taking the cloth and the basket of oil as her share of the gifts. Tovitonga then led his bride to his residence, her attendants following, and left her in the house set aside for her, where the mats were unwrapped from her body and her usual dress put on.

The affair ended with a wedding feast of pigs, fowls, yams, etc.; cava was then served and drunk; music and dancing followed, and then one of the old priests made a moral discourse to the company, who soon after went home, feeling, no doubt, that they had had a royal time.

The bride was not present at this merrymaking, but when Tovitonga went home from the dining hall he sent for her. She immediately obeyed, and as she entered the house a man stationed at the door announced it by three hideous yells, regular war-whoops, followed by loud blasts on a conch shell. This ended the elaborate ceremony.

Suppose now we leave Fiji and visit the land of the Fans, to see how one of the young fellows of that tribe acts when he wants a wife. Do you know who the Fans are? If not, you can be excused for not knowing. It is enough here to say that they are black fellows, dwelling on the west coast of Africa, and that they are cannibals, or man-eaters.

Home Life in All Lands

Among them the young lover does not court the lady of his affections. He has to *buy* her. And as her father is apt to ask a higher price the more he



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Courtship in Thibet

thinks his daughter is wanted, the youth, if at all shrewd, does his best to conceal his love—if he has any such feeling. He is very careful how he broaches the subject, lest the old gentleman may put

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

a high price on his daughter in ivory, copper pans, beads, and other articles of Fan currency.

"Beads and pans are very scarce," the young man may say.

"Yes; almost as scarce as pretty women," replies the cute old merchant.

"Women! Fudge! Women are as plentiful as plantains. A young man, who is not ugly, and who has killed his elephant, would be a fool to give more than a string of beads, three copper pans, and a big tusk for the prettiest woman in the tribe—yes, even one as pretty as your daughter."

"A man with a daughter young and beautiful as mine would accept no other husband for her than a great hunter and warrior, like yourself. But your three pans, your string of beads, and your tusk are not up to her value. Another tusk and two more pans would hardly reach her."

And so the higgling goes on until a bargain is made, when both parties set out to prepare an abundant supply of smoked elephant meat and palm wine for the wedding feast—and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

At another place, in Central Africa, the custom is reversed, for it is not the man, but the woman, who does the courting. If a young lady of that land chances to fall in love with a gentleman of the town, she sends a slave to tell him that she has been dreaming of him, and to ask if he has seen her in his dreams. She also requests him to send her some

Home Life in All Lands

article of his clothing, that she may put it under her pillow and see if it will help her to other pleasant dreams.

Where is the gentleman who would not comply? The article is sent, her dreams grow nightly more delightful, every day she sends word to him of the past night's happy vision, and finally offers herself to him as a loving wife. Certainly few gentlemen could resist so flattering a mode of courtship.

Here is a story of a wedding among the Caffres of South Africa. This, like the Fan wedding, begins with bargaining, and the maiden is not to be had till a goodly number of cattle are paid for her.

For some months after this is accomplished the bride remains at home. Meanwhile the young husband is getting a new mantle made for her, and is buying a supply of earrings, necklaces and beads, for which he will have abundant use. He visits her from time to time, but does not claim her as his own.

One morning a necklace is found in the courtyard of the father-in-law. This is a signal that his daughter is wanted. She picks up the necklace, sends for her dearest friends, and sets out on the road to her new home, a number of her husband's friends being sent as a guard of honor. After an interval she sits down and refuses to go another step. A second necklace is now given her and she sets forward again. But soon there is a new halt, she sits down again and only another necklace will

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

induce her to go on. Thus, if she plays her cards well, she has quite a treasure of beads and ornaments by the time she reaches her husband's abode.

Here there are new difficulties. She and her companions scorn the food set before them, and are not to be satisfied until a sheep, large and fat enough to please them, is brought and prepared. The next



A Marriage Feast in Brittany

morning she and some of her companions begin to clean up the court, while the others go for water. On their return the sweepers oppose them, and a noisy squabble begins, which is only to be quieted by a fresh present. After that an ox is killed and the wedding feast and frolic go merrily on.

Let us leave Africa and go to the island of

Home Life in All Lands

Borneo, the land of the Dyaks, celebrated for their love of heads—after they have cut them off from the bodies of their owners. In spite of their murderous habits we find among them something like a true courtship, such as may be seen in civilized lands, instead of the bargain and sale or the rough capture which we have seen elsewhere.

Travellers tell us that, among these savage people, the young swain pays real and tender attention to his lady love. He helps her in her farm work, carries home her load of wood or vegetables, makes her presents, and even sits up with her at night, in true pioneer style.

About nine or ten at night, when the family is expected to be fast asleep, he comes cautiously up to the house, slips back the bolt by which the door is fastened, and enters the house on tiptoe. There is one who is not asleep, for soon the young lady makes her appearance, and they sit together in the dark, engaged in such heart-to-heart talk as is proper for such occasions.

To learn the true sentiments of his lady love the swain brings a plentiful supply of sirih-leaf and betel-nut, which he gallantly offers her. If she accepts these, his heart beats happily, for all is going well. But if she rises and says, "please blow up the fire," or "light the lamp," his heart plumps down into his boots, for this means that his suit is at an end, that he is dismissed.

The parents, of course, know what is going on,

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

and if they do not like the suitor the demand to "blow up the fire" may be suggested by them. If he is accepted, the marriage ceremonies proceed, a fowl being killed, rice boiled, and a feast given. After that the bridegroom makes his home with the bride and becomes one of her family. Only when the house is overcrowded with brothers and sisters, or the young man's help is needed by his own folks, does she go to her husband's house. It is rare for them to begin housekeeping at once on their own account.

[I trust you are not tired of these stories of courtship and marriage. Many more curious ones might be given, but too much is often worse than too little, so it will be well to stop.] If we could have visited our own continent of America in past times one might have seen many odd customs, and if you care to read an American one, here is a sample from Patagonia, such as might be seen in that land of savages to-day. It is told by Captain Bourne, who was long a captive among these wild desert dwellers.

One evening, as he sat in the chief's hut, in a stifling smoke coming from the fire on the floor, he heard a loud voice outside, to which the chief replied. He understood the language well enough to know that there was a lady in the case, and looked at the women of the house, to see if any of them appeared interested. He saw signs of this in the chief's daughter, who was listening to the conversation with deep interest.

Home Life in All Lands

It seemed that the speaker outside was an unsuccessful suitor, who had come with his friends to press his suit. The chief bade him begone, telling him that he was a poor, good-for-nothing fellow, who had no horses, and was unfit to be any man's son-in-law.

But he was not to be got rid of so easily. He declared that his want of horses came from lack of opportunity to help himself, that he was as skilful a thief as ever ran off with a horse, was a mighty hunter, and one whose wife should never suffer for want of "grease."

The chief was not to be won over by these boasts, and bade him to be off, vowing that he would not talk with him any longer. Then the suppliant appealed to the lady, and begged her to accept him, declaring that he would supply her with plenty of grease.

This argument was powerful. Grease here was as alluring as necklaces in Africa or oxen elsewhere, and the young lady gave way and begged her father to let her go. This made him furious, and he broke out in a torrent of abuse. The mother now took the part of the young man, begging her husband to treat the lovers more gently. The suitor, she said, might grow to be a good chief, with plenty of horses, and make a fine match for their daughter.

This interference threw the old man into a hotter rage than ever. He sprang to his feet, began to seize his daughter's effects and hurl them out of

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

doors, and finally told her to be off after them, he was done with her. With a smile of satisfaction she obeyed, left the house, gathered up her scattered goods, and made off with the bridal party, happy in the vision of a new home in which she would find plenty of grease.

FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD

It is common in the savage parts of the world for boys to be made to go through some form of initiation, often a very painful one, before they can claim to be men and be free to marry. All my boy readers may be glad that they dwell in a civilized land, where no such absurd and foolish customs prevail. This all of you will be ready to agree with when you have read of some of the terrors prepared for the young in savage lands.

You have read of the custom of the taboo, and if any of you had been born in almost any one of the Polynesian islands you might have found yourselves tabooed when you got to be fifteen or sixteen years of age. This is a special boy's taboo, which can be thrown off only by going through a form of initiation. If you would like to know how this is done, I will tell you how boys are dealt with on one of these islands, which may serve for a sample.

The initiation begins by putting them in an enclosure called the krood, away from the village, where they are kept for a month out of sight of women. There are various formalities, and a boy

Home Life in All Lands

who breaks one of them may be put to death, for these ceremonies are looked upon as sacred and it is a serious offence to disregard them.



A Bride and Groom in a Shower

During the month they are rubbed every day with charcoal made by charring cocoanuts. They are not allowed to eat any kind of fat, though they may eat anything else. Mats, made into the form of tents, are placed over them, so that when they sit only

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

the tent can be seen, but when they walk their legs are visible, and they present the absurd appearance of wandering tents.

At night they are taken to a house prepared for them, but before sunrise they must go back to the krood and be covered with the mat tents. Meanwhile the old men tell them what they must do when they become men. One of the things told them is this:

"You no like girl first; if you do, girl call you 'woman.'"

In the island in question it is the custom for the girls to court the men, not for men to make love to women.

Many other things are taught them and sacred emblems shown them, the initiation being in its way an education in the duties of manhood. One of the things shown them is a flat, thin piece of wood, of the shape of a willow leaf. This is tied to the end of a string, the other end being tied to a stick, which is whirled round the head. This is known as the "bull-roarer." When whirled it makes a humming or buzzing sound, but if lashed violently back and forth it gives a shriek like a siren.

This instrument is kept a strict secret from the women and children, who are terrified by the mysterious sounds which they hear in the bush, thinking them something supernatural. Each boy is given one of these and taught how to use it, but is strictly forbidden to show it to a woman or child,

Home Life in All Lands

on penalty of death. At the end of the month the boys are washed, dressed in an ornamental garb, and marched back to the village, where their relatives receive them with much show of gladness. Of course, it must be borne in mind that these islands are now under Christian rule and many of the old customs have died out.

There is nothing cruel in the initiation above described, but if we should go to a Caffre village, in South Africa, we would see the boys made men of in a very different fashion. The ceremony is called *Sicho*, and every Caffre must go through it.

This is what we would observe, if we happened to be there at the proper time. There would be a row of boys of not more than fourteen years of age, each wearing on his hands a pair of sandals. Beside them would be a number of men, each having in his hand a long and tough switch. We would see these men set up a fantastic dance, in which they swing their switches about and put on a fierce look. Then the leader asks one of the boys:

“Will you guard the chief well?”

“I will.”

“Good.”

Down comes the switch fiercely on his bare back. He may try to break its force by the sandals on his hands, but it is sure to bring blood. But he must not show that it hurts. He is expected to skip about and grin.

“Will you guard the cattle well?” asks the man.

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

"I will."

Down comes the switch again and the boy once more skips and grins, though the blood is running down his back, which is smarting with pain. Various other questions are asked, each followed by a blow, so that by the time the lesson is through his back is in a terrible state.

But all is over now, he is looked upon as a man, everybody congratulates him, and he joins actively in the dance that follows, despite the fact that his back burns as if on fire.

So far as the women are concerned, the Secho ceremony does not make the lad a man fit to go out courting. Any boy, they say, can stand a whipping, but it takes a *man* to kill a rhinoceros, and until this is done the young Caffre has a poor chance to win a wife.

We are told that among the Indians of the Amazon River in Brazil a similar ceremony is performed, but here it is the girl, instead of the boy, who gets the switching. Her relatives and friends beat her with tough switches till she falls senseless—sometimes dead. If she recovers this is repeated four times, six hours apart, and it is considered an offence, even of her parents, not to strike hard. Pots of meat and flesh are prepared and the switches dipped in them and given her to lick. This done she is looked upon as a woman and fit to marry.

The savages of Australia have another mode of initiation, this being to knock out one of the front

Home Life in All Lands

teeth. And this is done not among the most barbarous, but the least barbarous tribes.

After a long series of fantastic operations, one of the boys is lifted upon the shoulders of a native seated on the grass. The gum is then cut from the tooth with a sharpened bone, and the small end of



Indian Warriors at Rest and their Wives at Work

a throwing stick is set against the tooth and struck with a large stone. This knocks out the tooth. A girdle is then tied round the boy's waist and a wooden sword thrust in it, and his left hand placed over his mouth, which must be kept shut. He must not speak, and is not permitted to eat during that day. The blood that runs from his mouth over his breast and the head of the man who holds him must not be wiped away for several days.

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

In another tribe this dental work is done by boring a hole in a tree and inserting in it a small hard twig. The tooth is then set against it and the boy's head pushed forward until the tooth falls and often a part of the gum with it. The sufferer dare not complain, for some men stand over him, club in hand, threatening him with death if he utters a sound.

The loss of the tooth is the least of his evils. Long stripes are cut in his back and a cut made on each shoulder, sharp flints being used. If a groan or other sign of suffering comes from him he is disgraced. He is judged unworthy to mingle with the men of the tribe, and is handed over to the women as a coward.

But if he bears the pain without shrinking he is admitted to the tribe as a warrior. A ring of the old men is formed round him, and he is handed the *mundi*, a small piece of crystal which is worn concealed about the body. The old men try with persuasions and threats to make him return it. If he refuses, a war song is struck up, a sham fight ensues, and the new made "man" is given an opportunity to show his skill with warlike weapons.

THE RICE BRIDE OF JAVA

Suppose we finish this chapter with the description of a curious ceremony, which is a sort of theatrical play of courtship and marriage seen at every harvest season in the great fertile isle of Java.

Home Life in All Lands

The natives of this island believe that there is a soul in all things, in rocks and plants as well as human beings. There is something poetical in this idea, far as it is from fact, and this is seen in the way they seek to keep on good terms with this soul, making prayers to it and offering fruits and flowers. The prettiest part of these rites is that paid to the soul of the rice plant, the great food plant of the island. This is called the "wedding of the rice."

When the owner of a rice field sees his grain ripening, he goes to the *Dookoon Sawaw*, the medicine man of the rice field, to learn what day will be most lucky for the harvesting. The Dookoon makes his studies and calculations and at length fixes on a day which he declares will be propitious.

When this day comes certain opening ceremonies take place and then the Dookoon seeks two stalks of rice of exactly the same length and thickness growing near each other. These are the bride and bridegroom. Four others are then sought out, two for bridesmaids and two for groomsmen. These are tied together as they stand and the blessing of the god Dewi Sri is invoked upon them. Then he asks the rice bride and rice groom in turn whether they accept each other as husband and wife, answering for them himself. This concludes the marriage ceremony.

The next thing to be done is to smear the two with a yellow unguent, decorate them with garlands, shade them from the sun with a palm-leaf awning,

Modes of Courtship and Marriage

and cut off the stalks around them. A repast follows and, the time for the harvest having come, the friends and neighbors of the owner go with him to the field in holiday dress and with flowers in their hair. The Dookoon enters the field first and gives greeting to the spirits. He then cuts off the married ears and their four attendants and the reapers begin their work.

When this is ended the rice bride and groom are taken to the house, being carried solemnly by two reapers, the rest following in procession. The owner and his wife wait in the doorway to meet them, and hospitably inform the couple that the house is swept and garnished and everything made ready for them.

The procession next sets out for the granary, where a small space, surrounded with screens and spread with new matting, has been set aside to represent the bridal chamber. Here bride and groom are laid, together with the youths and maidens of honor, the sheaves of rice being then brought and packed in the granary. Afterward the door is locked for forty days, no one daring to open it. This represents the honeymoon. When the door is at length opened the wedded pair are invited to take an excursion upon the river, the boat being ready and the rowers knowing how to use their oars. This is a way of saying that the time of the husking has come. With this the interesting and curious ceremony comes to an end and the harvest is over.



IV

THE TWO ENDS OF LIFE

By the "two ends of life" is here meant its first and last stages, that of birth and that of death. Midway between these is the stage of marriage, the customs of which were dealt with in the last chapter. Birth and death have also their peculiar customs, some of which you may like to read about. These deal with the story of the child which has just begun to make the earth its home, and the man or woman whose hour of death has come and who is about to depart to his or her long, last home.

There are many curious and interesting customs connected with these, as you may well believe, and our task of going about the earth and seeing how things are done by its people cannot be completed until we have looked into the home into which children have just come, and into the grave in which the old are about to be laid.

We are not free from strange notions and superstitions ourselves, and the savage tribes of the earth are full of these, many of them seeming quite absurd to us. There is no time of life in which some odd fancy may not show itself, and some of these are

The Two Ends of Life

apt to lead to cruel scenes, at times so terrible that we do not like even to read about them. But these poor, ignorant folks know no better. These things have been taught them since they were children, and they are made to believe that they are the commands of the gods and that if they are not carried out



The Two Ends of Life

something dreadful will take place. Thus many of the strange and seemingly wicked things done by these people are part of the odd notions that make up their religion. In doing them they think they are pleasing their gods and that if they neglect to do so something terrible may happen to them and their people. We are taught many things of a use-

Home Life in All Lands

ful kind in our schools, but these schoolless savages are taught things which seem to us foolish or wicked, though they think them pious and necessary.

THE CRADLE ERA OF MANKIND

I would not have you think that savage mothers do not love their children. They often love them dearly and take the tenderest care of them, and many stories of their kindness could be told. But in some parts of the earth the poor little things have small chance for living. If we should go to the island of Madagascar, for instance, we would find that child murder is very common, and this is done to please the fancied commands of one of their gods, who bears the odd name of Sikiddy.

We are told by Ida Pfeiffer, the woman traveller, who saw much of the ways of the Malagasey people of this island, that when a little Malagasey comes into the world, the father consults Sikiddy whether the new-comer shall live or not. This deity is not prayed to under the usual form of an idol of stone or wood, but under the queer form of a handful of pebbles, or of little hard beans. These are taken into the father's hand and set rolling, and if a certain number of them roll in a fixed direction he announces that Sikiddy is favorable and the child shall live. But if they happen to roll in the wrong way, Sikiddy bids them put an end to its life, as it will be a useless burden and give them nothing but trouble.

The Two Ends of Life

Yet the little one has a last chance for its life. Sikiddy may be mistaken. He may even be out of temper at something the parents have done. They decide to appeal once more to the god of chance. The baby is carried from the house and laid upon a path along which the droves of oxen pass on their way to the feeding ground. If the hoofs of the beasts fail to crush the child all is well. If it dies beneath their hoofs it is felt that Sikiddy has ordered its death.

Would it be easy to surpass this in the way of foolish superstitions—or religious rites, as they consider them? The pity is that it leads to so serious an end as the murder of helpless infants.

In the Fiji islands child murder was of old very common, and with no religious excuse. Thomas Williams, a missionary to that region, tells us that nearly two-thirds of the children were put to death, the victims being girl babies. These were thought not worth bringing up, as they would be of no use in war. All these murders took place before the child was two days old, there being women who followed the trade of murder. This is the missionary's story, but it cannot be quite true, for not more than half the children born are likely to be girls, and if even half of those born were killed, all girls, there would be no women in Fiji. But there are plenty of women there, so we are glad to believe that Mr. Williams has made the Fijian mothers much more wicked than they are.

Home Life in All Lands

In various other parts of the world girl babies are not wanted, and meet with great neglect. This is the case even in so civilized a land as China, where boy babies are welcomed and made much of, girls are neglected and badly treated, so much so that they often die from lack of care.

But happily these cruelties to children are not very common, and they are dying out even where they once prevailed. The teachers of the Christian faith have worked nobly to put an end to such cruel customs.

If we should go to the Samoan islands we would see another way of dealing with babies, not so cruel as those mentioned, yet quite as absurd. Going to one of the houses in which we know a new baby has appeared, if we looked around for the little one we might find it lying beside the wall, its body and legs visible, its head hidden by three flat stones, arranged around it. Is this a way of putting it to death? No, the stones are intended to give the little one's head a good shape. The Samoan's notion of a well-shaped head is one that is straight from chin to temples and flat from forehead to crown, and the stones are for this purpose, to keep the head from growing into the natural shape. This can be easily done with a baby, whose head is soft and easily bent. Similar customs may be found elsewhere, and poor baby has anything but a happy life of it until the work of shaping its head is finished.

The Two Ends of Life

Of course, mothers have something else to do than to give all their time to the care of their babies, and these must be left at times to take care of themselves. In the times of our grandmothers a cradle



Admiring the Baby

was part of the furniture of nearly every house. This was fitted with rockers, so that the mother, while sitting at her sewing and mending, could rock the little one to sleep, or quiet it when it got restless.

It is a little strange that the cradle has vanished from our homes. We rarely see one to-day except

Home Life in All Lands

as a relic of the past. The "rock-a-bye, baby," song is heard no more, and the wee one has to learn to keep still or amuse itself without rocking.

Yet the cradle is a very old device, and it is still in common use in places where the mother has much to do and cannot have the baby always with her. The old style Indian cradle was a flat board, with sides of rawhide and decorated with quill and feather work. Later it was covered with bead decorations, and formed a very pretty baby's coach.

This was the cradle used by the Indians of the eastern part of our country, but those of the Pacific coast made hollow troughs of wood, in which the little ones lay on soft beds of shredded cedar bark. In the middle region of our country wicker baskets were everywhere in use, some of them built on a straight frame, others shaped like the bowl of a spoon. In all of these primitive cradles, the baby had to lie flat on its back, wrapped in furs or blankets or mats, and tied fast in its place with soft thongs. If it chose to cry the mother had no time to take it up and fondle it, so the red-skin papooses learned that crying was of no use, and got to be very quiet little tots, lying still and looking about with big eyes on the new, unknown world into which they had come. Now and then the cradle was hung on the limb of a tree and allowed to swing in the wind, which seemed to sing, as it blew the little passengers about, "Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top."

The Two Ends of Life

If we should visit a farm or village house in some parts of Russia we might see a cradle as flexible as that moved by the wind. We would see there a cradle, with its little passenger, hanging from the ceiling, from a snake-like coil of iron wound in eight or nine circles. So springy is this that a touch from the finger sets the cradle bobbing gently up and down, no doubt much to the delight of the crowing baby within.

HOW MOTHERS CARRY THEIR CHILDREN

The tribes of savage lands are much like birds of passage. They are not tied to great houses, full of furniture, as we are, but can set out whenever they please, making their way to a new location, where they put up their tents or build new huts in a day's time. As for their furniture—well, this may consist of a few pots and pans, a basket or two, and the like, which are easily carried.

The women are the carriers. The men are very often too proud to do any work except hunting and fighting, and stalk lazily along, leaving it to the women to carry all their belongings. Among the articles they have to carry are the babies, and it is curious how well they manage to do this. There are many methods, in different parts of the world, and they are all interesting.

If we should go to the land of ice, to the bleak shores of Greenland, one of the things that we would be sure to notice would be the Eskimo woman

Home Life in All Lands

and her baby. Her warm robe of deer or seal skin has a hood like a great bag, so large that the child may rest very cosily in it, and crawl about a little too, as warm and happy as you please.

Going now to the tropical regions of Africa or America, we will see the mother carrying her baby



Peruvian Indian Woman and Child

wrapped in a fold of her mantle, and borne, now on her hip, now on her back, now mounted on her shoulder. This does not look safe, but the little ones learn to hold on. If the mother wears a belt or girdle, on waist or shoulder, the child will cling like a leech to this. These women often have to work while carrying their children, and cannot hold them in their arms like civilized mothers.

The Two Ends of Life

Now let us go back to the cradle, which we will often find used as a baby carriage. The Indian mother of the past, when she needed to take her child with her anywhere, would pick it up, strapped tight in its cradle, and carry it on her back, a soft band of buckskin being fastened to it and passed across her forehead. This is still done in the far south of South America and also in the countries of Eastern Asia. Similar methods of child carrying may be seen in many parts of the earth. Thus in the cold parts of Canada the young savage may be seen taking a ride on his mother's back in a birch-bark cradle, lined with soft furs. In the cooler regions of Central and South America a papoose frame is used, in which the babe is lashed fast soon after its birth and kept there till strong enough to stand on its own legs.

These ways of child carriage are diversified in different countries, but are everywhere of the same general character. We see their final outcome in the little cart or carriage in which the fathers and mothers of our own country push or pull about their offspring. This, the baby-carriage, is the final form of a long period of evolution.

THE MEDICINE-MAN OF SAVAGE TRIBES

If we leave childhood now for old age, we may say that death is unnatural to the savage. When a strong man is suddenly taken sick and dies, it is not easy to make his friends believe that this is an

Home Life in All Lands

act of nature. They are more apt to think that it is the work of magic or witchcraft, and seek to revenge it on some poor innocent. Yet when the men and women of savage lands grow old and



An Overladen Mother

unable to care for themselves their relatives often decide that they have lived long enough, and will abandon them to die of starvation, if they do not deem it best to put them to death. This is not meant for cruelty, and may have arisen from the fact that

The Two Ends of Life

the old people cannot keep up with them in the journeys which they often have to make.

The savage is not without his doctors, such as they are. They are not of the kind we would like to have if we were sick. They believe that the misery of the patient is due to an evil spirit, and the doctor tries by incantations to drive out this demon. This was the work of the "medicine-man" of the old time Indians. He did not deal in drugs. These could be left for the old women of the village. It was his business to expel the evil spirit which had taken possession of the victim.

If you should like to know how the medicine-man got himself ready for his work, here is a description of one as seen by an old traveller. This doctor wore the skin of a yellow bear, so neatly put together that nothing of his own form was visible, except the hands and feet—the hands being left free to hold the medicine-drum. On his neck, waist, and arms he wore a collection of dried and stuffed creatures, such as toads, bats, rattlesnakes, owls, and ducks. The wings of birds were spread on his chest, and on his neck was a necklace of the tails of wild beasts, mingled with teeth and claws.

If you ask, how did this strangely dressed doctor deal with his patients, we may answer with the story told by a white man who saw one of them at his work—in this case, free from the bear skin. The sick person was a young woman, who had a disease that affected her side. The medicine-man began by

Home Life in All Lands

singing and throwing his arms about violently, while his attendants kept time by beating with little sticks on hollow wooden bowls.

After about half an hour of this violent exercise, he darted upon the young woman, caught hold of her side with his teeth, and shook her in a way that seemed to give her great pain. Then he let go and cried out that he had got it, holding his hands to his mouth. He next plunged them into a vessel of water, and acted as if he had something which he was holding down with great difficulty. It was the disease that he pretended to have extracted and which he was trying to keep from springing back upon the patient.

At length he stood up, holding something between his two hands that looked like a piece of cartilage. One of the Indians cut this in two, leaving half of it in each hand. One of these he threw in the water and the other in the fire, making at the same time the most frightful noise of which he was capable. As for the poor patient, she looked much the worse for this queer specimen of medical treatment.

I doubt if any of us would like to be doctored in that fashion, even if we had no disease worse than a tooth-ache. Yet this is the kind of treatment the sick get in many savage lands. If we should go to the island of Borneo, and enter the sick-room of one of the Dyaks of that country, we would find his people actually believing that an evil spirit had

The Two Ends of Life

entered him. If the pain is in his head, there the demon lies hidden; if in his stomach, a goblin has entered there. It must be frightened away, and his soul—which has been scared out of his body—must be coaxed back. This is done by a variety of ridiculous incantations, as absurd as those of the Indians—and as useless.

It is the same with the savage of Central Africa, who has his medicine bag, like the Indian doctor. This is made of the skin of some rare animal. If we should lay hands on one of these and shake out its contents on the ground, what would we find? Well, such nonsensical things as a small piece of monkey's tail, some bird feathers, a shaving from the hoof of a buffalo, perhaps a dried bit of a leopard's brain, and other strange relics, each of which is thought to have some mysterious power, to be "good medicine" and an aid in driving out the demons that haunt the bodies of the sick.

A few examples of the medical art among the Africans will be all we need give. In Namaqualand the doctor, on examining a sick person, is apt to declare that a great snake has fired an arrow into the patient's stomach, and that this must be got rid of before there can be a cure. He gives the body a good squeezing in his efforts to get the evil thing away. In some cases he may make a small cut and try to suck out the disease from the wound, producing a snake, frog, or other small creature as the cause.

Home Life in All Lands

Here is a story told by one observer: "When the witch-doctor arrived, a sheep was killed and the sinews of the back were cut out and rolled up into a small ball, which the patient was made to swallow, the remainder of the animal of course being appropriated to the sorcerer's own stomach. A few days afterwards the wizard returned and cut some small holes in the abdomen of the patient, on which a small snake escaped, a lizard and numerous other animals following."

Among the *Bechuanas* similar methods might be seen. One odd way of doctoring a sick man is to set him on the back of an ox with its feet tied, and then smother the animal by holding its nose in a large bowl of water. A feast follows, the ox and the sickness it contains alike being eaten. Another doctor will kill a goat and let its blood run down on the body of the sick person. Or he may take the kidney fat of a fresh-killed goat, saying that any old fat will not do. If the patient is wealthy a fat ox may be killed to cure a slight cold, while if he is poor a kid will serve for the cure of a severe fever. The doctor with them, as with us, is apt to make his fee fit the means of the patient.

These are a few examples of the practice of the medical art in savage lands. No doubt real remedies are often given, for these people, in their close touch with nature, learn the powers of certain plants to cure the sick, as also those which are injurious or poisonous. In fact, savage people use a large num-

The Two Ends of Life

ber of medicinal plants in case of sickness, and are not ignorant of the simpler methods of surgery. But when a case gets beyond the power of their simple remedies, the conjurer, witch-finder or medicine-man is called in, for there is a wide-spread belief that sickness is due to witchcraft or sorcery, and can be cured only by incantation or the power of spirits under their control.

THE LAST RITES TO THE DEAD

As you may well suppose, the savage mode of dealing with the sick is more apt to end in death than in life and health. But this is due to ignorance rather than desire. They do all they can in their poor way to cure the sick, and when they are dead in many places they mourn them bitterly. Yet it is strange that in certain cases they hasten the coming of death. And this is done not only to the very old, who are thought to have lived out their full lives, but to the sick who seem past recovery.

In the Samoan islands, in former times, it was looked upon as a disgrace to the family of an old chief if he was not buried alive. When an old chief felt feeble and thought that his end was near, he would tell his children and friends that his time was come and bid them to get all things ready for his burial. It was thought a pious and dutiful act to obey his wishes. After digging a round and deep pit, they would wind a number of fine mats around his body, and lower him into the pit, in a sitting

Home Life in All Lands

position. Then a number of pigs were brought, each tied with a rope, the other end of which was tied to the old man's arm. He was supposed to take them with him into the world of spirits, and the greater



Burial Ground, Constantinople

the number of pigs the better reception he would have in the spirit land.

In reality, however, the ropes are cut, leaving one end tied to his arm and the other to each pig, which is taken away to be killed and baked for the funeral

The Two Ends of Life

feast. This done, some more mats are laid over the living corpse and his grave is filled up, his living friends weeping and wailing as though he had really died before burial.

This practice is not confined to the old. A sick person in the prime of life, if he shows signs of delirium, is buried in the same way, this being done to prevent the disease of madness spreading through his family.

Another country in which this custom long prevailed is the Fiji Islands. We have seen to what an extent child murder was practiced in that region. In the same way children did not hesitate to club their parents to death, if asked to do so. And this was done alike to the poor and the rich, the king being more likely to be sent in this way to the grave than any of his subjects.

Mr. Williams, the missionary, tells us the following story. The custom was to indicate that the king's death was near at hand by cleaning up the space around the house. Then the eldest son, when out bathing with his aged father, would take an opportunity to kill him with his club. When Mr. Williams went to Somosomo, whose king he knew to be old and feeble, he hoped that the aged chief would be allowed to die a natural death. He did not know how deep-seated the custom was, and was gratified on visiting the king to find that he seemed quite well. He could, therefore, scarce believe the report when he was told, three days later, that the

Home Life in All Lands

king was dead. He knew very well, however, how that death had come about.

But this was not the worst of it. When he reached the place he found that two women had been strangled to death. These they called *grass*, they being used to *pave the king's grave*. It is very common, too, when a great man dies in Fiji, to kill and bury with him a strong man, who takes his club with him to protect his chief from enemies in the land of spirits. In the chief's hand is also placed a club, new and well-oiled, for the same purpose.

In the present instance, when Mr. Williams went to see the remains of the dead king, he was utterly astonished to find him alive. The women whose bodies were to pave his grave had been slain in advance of his own death. He was weak, but conscious, and attendants were dressing him for the grave with much ceremony. The missionary sought the young king, who seemed in deep grief, and who embraced him with a great show of feeling.

"See," he said, "the father of us two is dead. You see his body move, but he does that unconsciously."

Protest was useless and the ceremonies went on. The funeral procession moved to the sea-shore, the mourners and the old monarch being carried in a great canoe to the burial place of Fijian kings. Here a grave was found dug, the murdered *grass* was laid at the bottom, and the king was lowered

The Two Ends of Life

into the grave. Cloth and mats were laid upon him and then earth was shovelled in. He was heard to cough while this was being done.

Of course, the old man was hopelessly ill before he was thus buried alive, and his people mourned him with as much seeming grief as though he had died a natural death. One way of showing sorrow there was by shaving. Fathers and sons would shave their whole heads and faces, cousins and nephews only the crown of the head. It was far worse with the women, some of whom burned themselves with hot irons, while others had their fingers chopped off.

On the Tongan islands it is a common custom to cut off a part of the little finger as a sacrifice to the gods for the recovery of a sick person. This is so ordinary that it is not easy to find one who has not lost part or the whole of their little fingers. A piece is cut off at a time, to make the fingers last longer if a person has many men of importance among his relations. In doing this the finger is laid on a block of wood, the blade of a knife or other sharp instrument placed on it, and a hard blow struck with a mallet or stone. The stump is held in the smoke from burning grass to stop the flow of blood; it is not washed for two days, and afterwards is kept clean, healing in a few weeks without any other treatment.

All this seems brutal enough, but in some of the Polynesian islands mourning takes more horrible

Home Life in All Lands

forms. People run about as if mad, wailing, rending their hair, tearing their clothes, and cutting themselves in terrible ways with knives or with a cane set with sharks' teeth. With this they strike the head, face, and breast till the blood flows in streams. Some women wear a kind of short apron to catch the blood. It is then dried in the sun, and given to the relatives as a proof of affection.

In the Hawaiian Islands one of the signs of mourning was to knock out one of the front teeth, and as this was done on the death of every chief of high rank, most of the front teeth were often sacrificed. Another custom was to cut off one or both ears. Shaving the head was common, this being done so as to produce fantastic patterns. Of course, all these things belonged to earlier times than the present. Christianity, wherever it has made its way, has put an end to these foolish or frightful customs.

We cannot undertake to tell all the curious burial and mourning ceremonies of the tribes of the earth, for they vary in every locality. In some places burial is replaced by burning. This is the case in parts of Borneo, though among the very poor the body may be thrown into a piece of jungle near the village, and left there. The Dyaks have little respect for the bodies of their dead, though they are desperately afraid of their ghosts.

Many strange burial customs exist in Africa, that land of numerous tribes. We do not find the people

The Two Ends of Life

there mutilating themselves as a form of mourning, but they have their own fashions of counterfeit grief. An odd one, indeed, we may find among the savages of Central Africa, whose idea of duty to the dead is to go about as dirty as they can make themselves. Washing goes out of fashion, they wear any soiled and ragged piece of clothing they can find, and continue this, not for a day or two, but for a year or two.

This goes on until a day is fixed for the mourning to end. When this arrives all the friends and relatives of the deceased come together, often from distant villages, each bringing something that will help make a noise—whistles, drums, tom-toms, kettles with stones in them, etc. Each also brings a jar of palm wine. Their rags are thrown off, their faces and bodies washed, their best clothes put on, and at it they go with vim, firing guns, beating drums, rattling their kettles of stones, blowing their whistles, and drinking their palm wine, until the whole party are drunk as fiddlers and all their noise-making implements worn out. In this way their time of grief ends and that of joy comes back.

The Koossas, a tribe of South Africa, have singular ceremonies. When it is plain that a sick man will die, they carry him to some solitary spot under the shade of a tree, making a fire and placing a vessel of water near him. Then they go away, leaving only some near relations. If he seems like to die, water is thrown on his head in hope of reviving

Home Life in All Lands

him. If this fails and death is seen to be sure, all go away but the wife—or the husband if the sick person is a woman. The others keep within hearing, however, until they learn from her that he is dead. Then they purify themselves by bathing in some stream and go home.

The wife cannot return home so easily. Lighting a torch from the fire that has been kindled, she leaves the body to the mercy of beasts of prey, and starts a new fire in some other place of solitude. This she must keep alive, no matter how hard it may rain. In the night she secretly seeks the hut in which she had lived with her husband, sets it on fire, and retires to her hiding place, where she must live for a full month, with nothing to eat but roots and berries. Then she destroys her clothes, cuts her breasts and arms with a sharp stone, in token of grief, makes a dress of rushes, and returns to the village.

A youth of the tribe now brings her a lighted torch, and she builds a fire on the exact spot of her former home. A woman brings her some new milk, with which she rinses her mouth, and she is now looked upon as purified and fit to dwell with her relatives and friends. But the cow from which the milk was drawn is considered impure, and is neglected and left to die. The next day an ox is killed and a feast held, the skin being given her to make a new mantle. Her sisters-in-law help her build a new hut and all goes well thereafter. If it is a

The Two Ends of Life

woman that dies the husband must go through the same ceremonies, though his time of mourning lasts only half a month.

If we had lived and travelled in America at the time of the pioneers we would have seen as many strange burial customs among the Indians of our own land as are to be found in any other part of the earth. They were so various that a few of them must answer our purpose. Some of them, like the Polynesian islanders, showed their grief by cutting or mutilating their bodies. Others, like the Central Africans, thought that to go about dirty was a sign of grief, and they would not change their clothes or pay any attention to their dress for several months. A widow would generally mourn her husband for a year, seeking a solitary place, like the African widow just spoken of. Then she would put on the finest clothes she had, paint herself till she fancied that she was very pretty, and set out in search of a new husband.

The modes of burying the dead differed, but it was common among the tribes to paint the corpse black—a singular custom, not found elsewhere. The Omaha Indians wound bandages of skins around the dead bodies till they looked like Egyptian mummies, and then put them in the branches of a tree with a wooden vessel of meat beside them. The Mandans built platforms of twigs on high poles and laid the dead on these, while close to their cemetery gruesome circles of skulls were made.

Home Life in All Lands

The Sioux buried their dead on the top of a hill or mountain and planted a cedar tree above the grave. In New Mexico the custom was to lay the body in a shallow grave, with bread and a vase of water near by, and then throw in large stones, with such violence as to break the bones. They thought that if any evil spirit remained in the body this would drive it out.



Exposure of the Dead

The prettiest custom was that of the Chinooks and some other tribes of the Pacific coast region. These would wrap the dead bodies in skins, bind their eyes, put little shells in their nostrils, and dress them in their most beautiful clothes. Then they would place them in a canoe, and let it drift about as the wind carried it, on lake, river, or ocean. If no water was near at hand they hung the canoe from the branches of lofty trees. Often the canoes would be moored in little bays, under the shadows

The Two Ends of Life

of leafy trees, there being islands in the large rivers of Colombia where twenty or thirty of these funeral canoes might be seen fastened to the trees on the banks.

These are some among the many Indian customs of dealing with the dead. There were some tribes that burned their dead, and by these the widows were treated with great cruelty. This was the case with the Tahkalis of British Columbia. When the fire was kindled to burn the warrior's corpse, his wife was made to lie down beside him till she was almost smothered with smoke and heat. If she tried to escape she was carried to the fire and pushed in, to get out as she best might. Afterwards she had to collect her husband's ashes, put them in a basket, and carry them away. For two or three years she was kept as a servant in her husband's family, doing the hardest work and very badly treated. After that came the "feast of deliverance." A pole five or six yards high was set in the ground, with the basket of ashes at its top. There it remained till the pole rotted away or was blown down, when the widow became free and could marry again.

Among some of the tribes of New Caledonia, north of Colombia, the lot of the widow was harder still, for she was not only laid on the pile with her husband's body, but after she escaped from burning she was obliged to watch it, and if it became distorted by the action of the fire, she had to straighten it out again with her bare hands, thrusting them in

Home Life in All Lands

the intense heat of the flames. The burnt bones and ashes were collected in a bag, which she was obliged to carry on her back for three years. After this period—during which she was not allowed to wash herself and was held as a slave by her husband's relatives—the bag was hung at the top of a high pole, and she was smeared from head to foot with fish oil and swan's-down thrown over her. It was much like being tarred and feathered. After that she was free to marry again, but some women, on the death of a second husband, have been known to kill themselves, rather than go through such torture a second time.

There are some funeral ceremonies among those whom we consider civilized which are as curious as those of savages. You will think so if I give you one or two examples. Here is a Russian custom. In some parts of Russia, when a person dies a glass of water is placed in the window that the spirit may wash itself before taking its departure, and the body is carried out feet foremost, to make sure that it cannot return. Every one who comes back from a funeral must go up to the stove and touch it with the right hand—for what purpose we are not told.

At Mount Bellona, in the Sahara, the custom is to carry the corpse up to the summit, which is held to be sacred, and lay it before the Marabout—the direct descendant of a Mohammedan saint. Meanwhile others have hung the bodies of slain bullocks or other animals on heavy wooden cross-beams and

The Two Ends of Life

busy themselves in cutting these to pieces to distribute among the mourners. It is the custom of the village for every man, during his life, to provide that one or more sheep, calves or bullocks, according to his means, shall be divided equally on the mountain top among those who follow his body to the grave. In this way he makes sure not to have a solitary funeral.

HOW THE DEAD ARE PRESERVED

I am quite sure that most of you must have read about the mummies of Egypt, bodies of the dead of the ancient empire, which have been kept for thousands of years, laid away in rock-hewn tombs, to be dug out in our times. Among them are the remains of great kings and of common people, the one no better than the other to-day. The method by which they were kept is called embalming, because balm or balsam was often used to preserve them. Various salts and spices were also used, and the body was closely bandaged in rolls of linen, cemented by gums, and laid away in a tomb. This was a costly process, and many of the bodies of poor folks were merely dried in the sand.

Embalming was a common process in ancient times. The Persians used wax; the Assyrians, honey; the Jews, aloes and spices; the body of Alexander the Great was preserved in wax and honey. In some countries in which little rain fell the dead bodies were merely dried in the sun and

Home Life in All Lands

air. This was often done in America, especially in Peru, from which country many dried bodies have been brought, to be shown in museums along with the better preserved mummies of Egypt.



Burial in New Zealand

All this was in the far past, but the art has not been lost, and it will be well for us to look around and see if we can find some places in which it is practiced to-day. This is done in parts of the Polynesian islands, and was common enough before Christianity caused a change of customs in these islands.

The Two Ends of Life

Early visitors to the Hawaiian Islands—now a part of the United States—saw this done. The bodies of chiefs and persons of wealth and rank were kept by a kind of embalming. It was more a process of drying, however, than true embalming. The internal organs were taken out and the body was seated where the sun could shine directly upon it. Then, after a while, it was filled inside with shreds of cloth soaked with perfumed oil and the outside was well rubbed with the same. This treatment, the heat of the sun, and the dryness of the air hardened the muscles and made the body seem as if covered with parchment. It was then clothed, a small altar was built before it, and gifts of food, fruit and flowers were made. After several months it was buried.

All those employed in the embalming, or *muri*, as it was called, were thought to be infected by the guilt of the crime for which the deceased had died, and were thus made taboo, no person daring to come near them, except those appointed to feed them; for they could not feed themselves, their hands being polluted. When all the ceremonies were over, they fled to the sea, plunged into its waves, and bathed for a long time. On leaving the water they left their clothes behind, as also polluted. While bathing each dived down and brought up some bits of coral. These they threw into the sin-hole of the defunct, saying, "With you may all pollution cease." This sin-hole was dug by the priests, and all the sins

Home Life in All Lands

of the dead man were supposed to enter it and be finally disposed of when it was filled up.

In the Canary Islands dead bodies are found preserved as carefully as those of Egypt, the people of those islands, in the past, having an excellent knowledge of the art. In Burma the bodies of priests are preserved by being filled with spices and honey and coated outside with wax and gold-leaf. To show what the people of civilized lands can do in this art I need speak only of the body of the great ocean hero, John Paul Jones, which a few years ago was dug up from a graveyard in Paris, where it had lain more than a century, and brought to this country. It was as perfectly preserved as if it had been buried yesterday, and looked much more like a living man than a mummy. Thus it is evident that the bodies of the dead could be preserved to-day as well as they were in old Egypt if we thought as much of the body as the Egyptians did. But with us it is the soul, not the body, that is of importance.



V

THE ARTS OF TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION

Home life in these modern days is not entirely house life. These are times of active going about. People live on boats, in cars, in hotels, as well as in their homes, and they are rapidly growing to make the world their home. And this art of going about is not a new one. It is as old as man himself. In the old times he carried his house with him. Wherever he was he made his home. And this is in many places the case to-day. The great cattle-keeping tribes of the desert, the tent-dwellers of Mongolia, Arabia, and the Sahara, carry their homes and all their furniture with them when they move about, and in a few hours' time they set up a new village of tents in a fresh place. It used to be the same with the Indians of our own country, who built new wigwams as they moved about. And we might see the same thing in many parts of Africa at the present day, where the people will leave their homes at short notice and build new huts elsewhere, taking with them the few things they possess.

In order to see the world for ourselves we have already done a good deal of travelling about. But

Home Life in All Lands

our journeys have been of the fireside kind, that comfortable sort of travel where one sits at his own table in his own chair, and, book in hand, goes round and round the world. It is mental travel, moving about without wings or feet, sitting still and seeing the world glide past us in a sort of living picture, as our eyes follow the pages of our book.

If we were really to travel in the way of those who brought us all these strange tales of distant lands, in what a wonderful variety of methods we could do it to-day. We could rush about at vast speed in swift rolling trains, moved by steam or electricity, shooting through tunnels under high mountains, passing on bridges over great streams. We could cross the oceans in huge steamships, dart about on bicycles or in automobiles, even sail through the air on airships, or swim under the sea in submarine boats. Or we could go in a more primitive fashion if we wished, on foot or in rude carts or carriages, for most of the ways in which men have moved about in the past are still in use in various parts of the earth. This is what I shall ask you to do now, to go about with me and see what ways men have to carry themselves and their goods over the earth.

FOOT TRAVEL AND BURDEN CARRYING

Skipping about from place to place among the tribes of men, we shall see in a hundred regions the first stage of travel, that of boy and girl babies who

Travel and Transportation

are carried on the backs or shoulders of their mothers, wrapped in a fold of the mantle or trussed up in a sort of cradle. Or we may see them dragged about in little toy carriages, made on the pattern of the large carriages used by men and women.

The first mode of travel was on foot. Nature gave us feet and legs for this purpose and we make much use of them still. And in many respects this is the most healthful and agreeable of all modes of travel, for it gives us the wholesome exercise we so



A Modern Locomotive

much need, and we go slow enough to see the many beauties of nature which surround us on all sides. Of course, if we wish to go at great speed or for long distances, some more rapid mode of travel becomes desirable, but the wise man or boy is he who makes all the use he can of his feet; and the wise girl or woman also, for walking is the first and best of the arts and is part of the medicine of nature.

There is no place on the earth, except upon the ocean, that man's feet cannot carry him. Rivers do not stop him, for here he brings his arms to the help of his legs and swims across. High mountains do not stop him, for he can climb as well as walk.

Home Life in All Lands

Forests do not stop him, for he knows how to make his way through thick and thin. Deserts do not stop him, for he is able to carry food and water across their bleak expanse.

And here we come upon another of man's native powers, for he can carry goods with him as he walks. In fact, he is the earliest "beast of burden," and we may see him to-day, in many parts of the world, transporting heavy loads upon his back. In all regions where men live we may see this done, in Singapore or Mexico, in London, New York, or Peking, on level plains or steep hillsides, men may be seen carrying burdens upon their backs and women usually poising them upon their heads. In far past times this was usually done to bring back the game from their hunts or the wood for their fires, but at the present day hundreds of things are transported in various ways.

Now let us go about a bit, in our quiet, invisible fashion, on the fabled "wings of swiftness," and look at some of the burden-carriers of the earth. It is wonderful what things we see. Men can carry loads on all parts of their bodies, on the head, the shoulders, the hips, the arms; hanging from the forehead, the top of the head, the neck or shoulder, the arms, hands, waist, or even from the knees. And to suit these parts they use various devices, "the milkmaid's pad," "the Holland yoke," "the Chinese yoke," "the forehead band," "the porter's knot," "the peddler's stick," etc. Then there are

Travel and Transportation

baskets, knapsacks, haversacks, and other hand and back vehicles to carry things in.

Some examples of what we may observe in our sight-seeing expedition will be of interest. If we make our way to Jamaica on a market day we may see the negro women carrying loads on their heads to market, often of more than a hundred pounds weight, and at times driving a donkey before them, held by a long rope, and almost covered with its bags and bundles of market goods.

Passing over to Mexico, we will see in every part of that country carriers bearing great loads. One traveller tells us that he saw half a dozen of these men resting near a railroad station. "One had a sofa upon his shoulders, strapped on I could not see how; another bore a tower of chairs locked into one another, and rising not less than eight feet above his head; another carried a hen-coop with a dozen or twenty hens, and others were conveying laden barrels and various household goods. They had come, they said, from San Luis Potosi, not less than fifty miles distant. These Cargadores will cover thirty miles a day for a week or more, going from ocean to Gulf." And they are employed in spite of the fact that the railroads could carry their burdens at a tenth of the cost. It is the old custom and many men do not like change.

The Indians of Guatemala begin to carry burdens when they are only six years old, and grow so skillful that they can carry loads for two hundred leagues

Home Life in All Lands

without suffering, when the best mule, if unshod like them, would become too lame to move a step. When on a journey, they avoid cold water as dangerous, drinking only water as warm as it can be swallowed. When they stop they lie at full length and stretch out their legs and arms, and in this way soon regain their strength.



Emigrants Crossing the Prairie

If we should go now north to British Columbia, we might see there, or might have seen there before the days of the railroad, men carrying very heavy loads over the rough mountain roads, by means of a band or strap across their foreheads. One of them has been seen carrying one hundred and fifty pounds of flour in this way on his back for a distance of sixty-five miles, travelling on snow-shoes, with a depth of twenty-five feet of snow at the top

Travel and Transportation

of the trail. If one of these carriers was overtaken by a snow-storm, he would dig a hole in the snow, cover himself with his blanket, and let himself be snowed up. In this cosy cell he would sleep till the snow ceased, when he would come out like a woodchuck from his hole and resume his journey.

Going to China, we find men doing most of the carrying over the difficult mountain passes. They are cheaper than camels or donkeys. We may see there long strings of coolies carrying tea down from the hills in deep baskets slung on poles. Brick-tea is carried into Thibet by means of a wooden frame strapped to the shoulders. The journey takes fifteen days, each coolie carrying one hundred pounds of tea.

I might go on speaking of many more such feats of carrying, but I shall close by describing the "porter's knot," which may be seen commonly enough in London, though it is not in use in this country. This is something like a great horse-collar, which fits down over the head, shoulders and chest of a man, and helps him to do his best in carrying. It is padded so that he can take up boxes or other hard substances without hurting himself. By its aid he is able to bring all his muscles into play.

In warm countries many of the carriers go bare-footed, the skin of the sole of the foot becoming tough as leather. The first form of the shoe consisted of strips of rawhide, the shape of the foot,

Home Life in All Lands

and tied on with thongs. The Indians of Guiana wear the simplest of shoes, these being sandals cut from the leaf of the aeta palm, held on by a string passing between the toes. They wear out in a few hours, but all the Indian has to do is to cut another pair from the leaf of the nearest palm tree. In other lands sandals woven from tough fibre are worn.

From the sandal the Indians went on to the moccasin, a primitive deer-skin foot covering, soft and easy to the foot. In other lands came the shoe, the legging, and the boot, useful in countries where poisonous reptiles were common. For travel in snow-clad countries the snow-shoe became necessary, small in size where the snow was hard and firm, but growing larger to the south, where the snow was softer. Where ice was plentiful the skate, at first made of bone, came into use. In this way man adapted himself to his situation, and fitted himself for travel under all circumstances.

HOW MAN CARRIES MAN

Among the burdens which men carry on their shoulders and backs, or by aid of their arms, are other men, who for various reasons prefer to be carried instead of using their own legs to carry themselves. The simplest mode of doing this may be found on the steep trails of the mountains of South America, where the sitteteros, as these carriers are called, take each a man on his back in a

Travel and Transportation

rude sort of chair, and carry them for miles over the rough paths. The same may be seen in the forests of Yucatan and in some other regions. Men are carried in these countries much as babies are carried in so many places.

But the usual way of carrying men or women who prefer this mode of travel is in some sort of litter,



Chair and Kago Carriers of Japan

which is borne on the shoulders or by the arms of two or more people. If we look around among the people of the earth we will find this done in various ways. Thus in Japan we would see the *kago*, which is a chair of basket work hung to a long pole and carried on men's shoulders. In Mozambique a sort of hammock called a *machilla* is swung in the same

Home Life in All Lands

way from a pole, which is borne on the shoulders of two men. In Madagascar we would see the *Filanzana*, which is a seat with a leather back and a rest for the feet. It is fastened by iron bars to two long poles and carried by four men, two at each end.

Going on around the earth we see the same thing in other shapes and with other names. Some of these names are the *litter*, the *sedan*, and the *palanquin*. The latter, also called the *palki*, is used in India and China for long distance travel where there are no railways or good roads. It is a wooden box, about eight feet long, four wide, and four high, with wooden shutters made like Venetian blinds, which can be opened or shut as the traveller prefers. There are two rings at each end, and poles are passed through these, four carriers being needed. Litters of this or other kinds have long been in use, those in Arabia being borne, not by men, but by two horses or two camels.

For many years, in England and France, the sedan-chair was in common use to carry people of wealth to entertainments. Through most of the eighteenth century these chairs were in common use in the English cities. In them the lazy or fashionable, especially ladies in full dress, were carried through the streets on men's shoulders, and some of them were in use not many years ago. Thus the sedan-chair lasted almost till the coming of the automobile.

If chance should now take us to China, and we

Travel and Transportation

had to go about that country, we might first try to travel in the mule carts, rude affairs without springs, which jolt over the rough roads till one is not sure that he has a whole bone left in his body. If we should ask for an easier way of getting about, and



Passenger Wheelbarrow, China

did not care to be carried in a litter or palanquin, there would be nothing left but the wheelbarrow, which is the almost universal vehicle of travel and transportation in that queer country.

Think of being wheeled about in a wheelbarrow! How would you like to travel in that way over one of our country roads? People would very likely

Home Life in All Lands

laugh at you and ask if you were doing that to pay an election bet. But in China the wheelbarrow is to be seen everywhere, with goods or passengers in it. In the city of Shanghai there are more than two thousand of them, pushed or pulled by men, and loaded with goods of all kinds. They are larger and heavier than our wheelbarrows, and some of them have sails to make use of the wind in moving them. The wheel is not in front, as with us, but comes up through an opening in the centre. If you were to travel in one of them you would have to sit on the ledge on one side of the wheel, resting one foot on the ledge and the other on a rope hanging down from the front. You would find nothing to rest your back against, and would have to hold on by throwing your arm on the framework over the wheel. It does not read like a very pleasant mode of travel, but you would find it easier than to sit on the bottom of one of their jolting carts, holding on as well as you can, and every other moment bumping up against the canvas cover. On the whole you might prefer to walk, or be carried by two sturdy Chinamen in a litter.

One of the best ways of travel by man power is in the *jinrickisha*, which is now used everywhere in Japan and is making its way into China. It is a light, two-wheeled carriage, drawn by a man who runs between the shafts. It can go everywhere except on very steep roads. It is said to have been invented by a Yankee, but not for use in his own

Travel and Transportation

country. I fancy if a man were to be seen riding about in that way in our streets he would be in danger of being mobbed. For the sick and feeble, indeed, to be pushed about in a perambulator is looked upon with sympathy; but the strong and hearty would not win much sympathy by this lazy mode of travel, unless it were on a boardwalk at a seashore visiting place, where laziness is very much in fashion.

There are other modes in which men carry, not others, but themselves. Thus there are the stilts, long poles tied to the legs or with a foot rest, by which people can make long strides. Many of my young readers may have used them as an amusement, but in some countries they are very useful. This is the case in France, where the shepherds get around in boggy regions by the aid of stilts. They may be seen in use also in savage lands, as in the islands of Polynesia, where they are often of very beautiful patterns.

One of the most interesting things to be seen in distant lands is the skill with which the people can climb trees. The monkeys themselves cannot much beat some men in this art. This is, at any rate, the case with the little men of the wild woods, the Pygmies of Africa, the Negritos of the Philippines, and the small folk of some other regions. They put us in mind of monkeys in more ways than one, and can go up trees almost as nimbly as a squirrel, using their big toe like a thumb to help them hold on.

Home Life in All Lands

With people of higher rank, we find very skilful modes of climbing. Thus when a little Polynesian wants to go up a cocoanut tree for a supply of nuts,



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Chinese Lady in Palanquin

he makes short work of it, though there are no limbs to help him in climbing. Stripping off a tough strip of bark, he fastens it around his feet, leaving a piece between them four or five inches long. Then, clasp- ing the tree with his hands, he brings up his feet and

Travel and Transportation

their strip of bark around the trunk, and thus makes his way up as fast as any of us could go if we had a ladder to climb with. If he pulls a whole bunch of cocoanuts, he lowers them with a rope, but if he takes them off one by one, he flings them down with a whirling motion so that they fall upon their points.

The bee-hunters of the island of Timor have an easy way of going up trees when they see bees flying about the top and know that combs of the sweet stuff are to be had there. A bush-rope is made by cutting off a piece of the flexible stem of a creeping plant. Then the climber wraps his head and body with cloths, for he knows that the bees will fight for their treasure with their sharp stings. Tying a wood-torch and a chopping-knife to one end of the bush-rope, he takes hold of it just above the torch, passes the other end round the trunk, and seizes it with his other hand. Then he jerks it a little above his head, sets his feet against the trunk, and goes up the tree by a series of jerks. When he reaches the limb, he swings his torch to drive off the bees, ties a small cord he has brought with him to the comb, and lowers it carefully down to his friends. Then he makes his way rapidly down the tree by the same alert and skillful means he has used in ascending.

There are various other ways of tree-climbing. Here is one used by the Dyaks of Borneo in going up tall, smooth trees. What they need are one or more long, slender bamboos, some cord made from

Home Life in All Lands

the inner bark of a tree, and a number of bamboo pegs, sharpened at one end. One of these pegs is driven into the tree, about three feet from the ground and another at the ground. Then one of the long bamboos is set upright close to the tree and tied firmly to these two pegs.

The climber then stands on the first peg and drives in another about the level of his face, and ties the bamboo to this also. Then he mounts another step and, holding by the bamboo, drives in a fourth peg. Thus he goes on, peg by peg, step by step, till he is about twenty feet high. As the bamboo is now getting thin and flexible another is handed him and he ties this fast to several of the pegs, and climbs on up in the same way as before till he reaches the top.

PRIMITIVE ROADS AND BRIDGES

We have so far dealt with only the simplest ways of travelling. But men were not long content with these, but began to invent new modes of getting about the world, on land and water alike. The snow-shoe led to the sledge, on which men could easily be drawn over the snow, by dogs or other animals. Elsewhere came the wheel. Who invented it nobody knows, but it has been for ages in use. Without it travel would be a very slow process, for we would have to go back to the use of our feet again, or of other men's feet to carry us. The wheel is one of the most useful of inventions and

Travel and Transportation

has added wonderfully to the comfort of man on land, as the boat has on the water.

But for comfortable land travel we need something more than the wheel, we need the road for it to run on. In snowy countries, where the sled or sleigh is used, the smooth surface of the snow makes good roads in every direction, but for wheel travel we would not find it very easy to make our way over hills and dales, through rough fields or bushy woods and thickets. There must be roads of some kind,



A Conestoga Wagon

for the road is as important as the wheel. So our next step must be along the high-roads and by-roads of the world.

Where men travel on foot and do not use horses and carriages a very narrow road serves for all purposes. We call it the path or trail. If we could go back to the times when the Indians were the lords of this country we would see only the trail. We would find it winding through the leafy forest and running up or down the hills and mountains.

Home Life in All Lands

Along these trails the hunters and warriors made their way for centuries, and as the trails followed the easiest paths of travel, many of the roads of to-day run in the lines of the old Indian trails. If we were to go to savage Africa and seek to cross its vast forests, we would find trails or paths of the same kind, running for many miles and which have been tramped upon for many centuries. These wind in and out, twist round obstacles, and everywhere seek the easiest way. A fallen tree may have forced the path-makers to walk round it centuries ago. It has long since rotted away, but the path keeps on in its old lines, though many steps might be saved by making it straight. Your savage is not an innovator. He thinks that what was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him. It is the thirst for new and better ways that keeps us busy, but the simpler races are satisfied to let the old things stand.

These winding trails, which twist about in snake-like fashion in search of the easiest passage, with little regard to distance, are sure to be broken at intervals by streams, running water—deep or shallow, wide or narrow. If we found ourselves travelling on one of these paths, and came to a stream too deep to wade, what would we do? Evidently we would swim, if we could. But if we were ignorant of the art of swimming what would we do? Look around and see what other people do, you say. That is well said; we will begin by looking around.

Travel and Transportation

We soon see that various methods are in use. The Indians of Labrador make their way quickly through the water by the aid of little paddles. In many places, as in Central America, in Peru, and in parts of Asia and Africa, bundles of reeds are tied together and used as floats. There are tribes of Indians on the Gulf of California who use a sort of life preserver, made of two light bits of wood tied together by a vine which is placed under the breast. In old times the Assyrians blew up a goat-skin into a big bladder and rested on this as they swam their streams. With a small board the Hawaiians and many of the South Sea islanders do not hesitate to swim in the heavy sea-shore surf, and will sit, kneel, and even stand on the board as they ride on the crest of the wave. Of course the log comes readily into play, and if this log be hollowed out it forms the primitive canoe.

These are the early forms of water travel, but if land travel is to follow a road over water, or over deep and impassable ravines, some kind of bridge becomes necessary. When men travelled on trails they did not trouble themselves much about bridges, except when they could use a fallen tree to cross a stream, or cut one down for this purpose. But when the trail widened into the road and men began to seek easier modes of travel, they began the building of bridges.

A simple kind of suspension bridge was the first known, and we can see these primitive bridges still

Home Life in All Lands

in use in many parts of the world. There were flexible vines, rattan, cane, bamboo, and such other materials, to be had. These could be twisted into strong cables, and fastened to trees on the two sides of the stream. Two or more of these stretched across at a short distance apart, with sticks laid across and fastened to the cables, formed a common



A Rattan Suspension Bridge

style of bridge in very old times. If a hand-rail was wanted, two smaller cables could be used at the proper height. Over these hanging pathways, swinging with every step, men did not hesitate to walk and to lead animals, these often with loads on their backs. Where the banks were high and steep, stone piers were used to anchor the cables.

We speak of these as old time bridges, but if we travelled about the world to-day we would find them still in use in many places. This is the kind of

Travel and Transportation

bridge which is used in parts of Northern India. Two ropes made of twisted creepers, an inch or two in diameter, cross the ravine, and a sort of hoop runs along these. The traveller seats himself on the lower rim of the hoop and pulls himself across by catching the ropes with his hands. The bridge may swing in the wind a hundred feet above a boiling torrent, but the people of the country do not hesitate to use it, though travellers are scared at the sight of it.

In Borneo the Dyaks build a bridge by using a stout bamboo for the foot-way, bracing it up by other bamboos. It is fastened to overhanging trees on the sides, with diagonal struts from the bank to stiffen it. Over these bridges men and women daily walk carrying heavy loads.

A kind of bridge has been seen in use in New Guinea, crossing the Vanapa River, which was made of rattan and was fastened on one side to a large banyan tree fifty feet above the water. On the other side it was tied to a small tree supported by a stout post, and to give it greater strength, rattans were carried from these trees to others farther back. The stringers and the hand rails, two on each side, were tied together by a great many cords of fine rattan, so that the whole looked like an ordinary suspension bridge.

Hanging bridges are not wanting in America, and the great highways of ancient Peru had no other means of crossing the deep ravines that cut across

Home Life in All Lands

their path than by swinging rope-bridges, suspended far above the streams that ran below. It was a country without carriages, and even the Inca, in his journeys through the country, had to cross these perilous swaying paths. And civilization has not done away with them, for similar bridges may be seen in parts of Peru to-day.

Andrew Wilson tells an amusing story of an officer who tried to make his way into Thibet by a bridge of this kind. The Thibetans were determined that no stranger should enter their country, but this man was persistent, and the soldiers who formed his escort led him on until they came to a large river crossed by a rope bridge. He did not like the looks of it, but there was no other way to go on, and when some of them had crossed to show him that the bridge was safe he trusted himself to it. The mode of crossing was by seating himself in a kind of chair and being pulled across by the men. All went well till he reached the middle, when the soldiers stopped pulling and left him hanging over the middle of the stream. They sat down, took out their pipes, and began to smoke, leaving him swinging in the cold breeze, slowly freezing. He stormed, swore, raved, begged, but all to no purpose. They would not pull him nor let him pull himself, and they kept him there till night came on and he was half frozen. They finally set him free only on his promise to return and make no further attempt to enter Thibet.

Travel and Transportation

MODES OF LAND TRAVEL

The time came when men learned to tame animals and to use those suitable for the purpose to carry themselves and their goods. And after that—perhaps long after—they learned how to make wheeled vehicles and to employ these animals to draw them.



Ox Team Down South

For this they first had to widen the old foot-path into a horse or ox track, and afterwards to widen this into a wagon road. In this way road-building became an important art.

When white men first came to this country they found only the old Indian trails. The red men had no draught animals and needed nothing more. These trails made the track for the first wagon roads

Home Life in All Lands

in America, which followed them in their winding ways. Some of the streets of the early cities also followed the lines of the old trails, and several early railroads did the same, being laid along the wagon tracks. In parts of the country the Indian trails may still be seen, kept out of respect for old things. A trail that runs from one part of the country to another is known as a "pitching track," and along the crest of the ridge west of Manitoba is a narrow, well worn path trodden by generations of the Assiniboine Indians. It is known as the "ridge pitching track."

The early roads therefore did not follow straight paths. They snaked about like the trails in a crooked fashion, seeking the easiest and most level way, and often running along the sides of streams and rivers for this purpose. Where slopes were to be crossed or hills to be climbed grading was necessary and in places retaining walls of stone had to be built. The direction in places also had to be "blazed," by the cutting of marks on trees or piling up stones to guide travellers when deep snows hid the roadway from view.

Of riding animals the horse has always stood first, its speed, docility and strength adapting it splendidly to this purpose. As a result it has made its way over the earth, varying in size from the little pony of frigid climates to the huge draught animals so often seen in our modern cities. In cold regions the horse is apt to be stunted or dwarfed,

Travel and Transportation

yielding such small specimens as the Shetland pony, the Canadian pony, etc. In Japan we see such little horses shod in a very odd fashion, for they wear straw shoes, tied with strings of straw around their legs. These cost only one cent a set, and wear out in about eight miles, so a horse has to carry a stock of them.



A Zebu Cart

In all desert countries, and in some that are not desert, the camel is the favorite. Going through the sandy plains of Asia we find two species of this animal, the Bactrian camel of Central Asia, with its double hump, and the single humped camel of Arabia and more southern lands. There is a wrong idea extant that the camel and the dromedary are separate species. This is a mistake. The drome-

Home Life in All Lands

dary is simply a high bred variety, the camel a low bred one. The difference between them is like that between a race-horse and a cart-horse. The dromedary is the race-horse of the desert, thin, elegant in form, light stepped, easy of pace, and can do without water much longer than the woolly, thick built, heavy footed, ungainly and jolting camel.

The latter is the burden-carrier of southern Asia and northern Africa. It is to be seen everywhere, heavily laden. In Jaipur, India, a traveller speaks of camels striding along carrying lumber or paving stones, or pulling stage loads of passengers. In Arabia and on the Sahara they bear the tents and belongings of the nomads and all the commerce of the desert. In China we may see caravans of camels in rows of six fastened together with ropes tied to sticks that are thrust through the flesh of their noses. The last of the six has an iron bell around its neck and keeps up a continual ringing. Each camel carries two tea chests, one on each side. They are going north to the great wall and the Mongolian desert route.

In Peru is a species of camel known as the llama, smaller in size than the true camel, but acting as the favorite pack animal in the mountains of that land. It is allied to the camel, as the donkey is to the horse. The donkey, known locally as the burro, is a little fellow of great endurance and much used in the southern regions of our country. He is a funny looking creature in parts of South America, where

Travel and Transportation

they load him with bread boxes or panniers of vegetables till he can scarcely be seen, and put trousers on his legs and a mantle on his under body to keep off the flies and gnats. The donkey is only a stunted form of the wild ass of the desert, pulled down in size by hard usage. He is a hardy and docile little creature, and we may see him going sturdily along, carrying heavy loads, in many parts of the earth.



A Buffalo Cart

There are various other animals used by man for travel or transportation. Chief among these are the ox and the buffalo, while the great elephant and the diminutive dog are also used. The water buffalo is very largely used in parts of Southern Asia, and is a very docile and useful animal. Its one proclivity is that it loves to wallow in pools of semi-liquid mud, burying itself to its head. This is not

Home Life in All' Lands

altogether pleasant to travellers, for if a buffalo spies such a pool when carrying a passenger on its back, it is apt enough to make a sudden break for its favorite mud bath, leaving its rider to scramble off in the best way he can, if he wishes to escape a mud bath for himself.

While speaking of animals useful to man in the way of travelling, we must not omit making a pass-



A Lapland Reindeer

ing trip to Lapland to see the reindeer at its work, drawing the sleds of the Laplanders over the snow and at the same time giving its milk for the little Lapp babies. Of so much use is it that it has lately been brought into Alaska and Labrador, for the good of the Indians of those countries.

Farther north, among the Eskimos who dwell on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, the dog is the favorite beast of burden. The sledge of the Eskimo is a

Travel and Transportation

curious bit of home-made furniture. Its runners are framed of drift-wood or the bones of whales, shod with smooth strips of walrus' ivory or whalebone to glide over the frozen snow. To these the sledge, made of drift-wood, is fastened with rawhide throngs, all its materials being stray bits of iceland material. When ready for a journey the Eskimo turns his sledge over, fills his mouth with water, and blows it along the runners, where it freezes into hard ice. This he smooths down with his skin mittens, loads the sledge, fastens the dogs to it, cracks his whip, and away he goes over his snowy highway.

If now we go south below the limit of the ice region, we find the wheel everywhere taking the place of the runner. No man ever served his fellows better than he who invented the wheel. This was done long before there was any written history. It began with a simple section of a tree trunk, with a hole bored through it to hold the end of the axle, and it is interesting to find that this kind of wheel is still in use in some regions. An odd sort of wheel was used by the tobacco raisers of Virginia and Maryland in the early days, to bring their hogsheads of tobacco to the waterside for shipment. An axle was run through the hogshead and by this means it was trundled over the ground, the whole hogshead serving as a wheel.

Better wheels than this were soon invented, and carts and carriages of all kinds in time came into

Home Life in All Lands

use, the chariot of the old armies and race-courses, the wagon or cart of Asia and Egypt, and all sorts of modern horse and man vehicles, from the wheelbarrow of China to the stately coach of state used by royalty.

There is no need to name the many vehicles that are in use. They are all of one type, consisting of



Ceylon Bullock Wagons

one or more pairs of wheels and a box, cage or car of some sort set upon them. From the ordinary road carriage or cart we may go to the steam railroad car, with its roadway of iron rails, the great carrier of men and goods at the present time; the automobile, driven by power; the foot-driven bicycle; and the mysterious electric car, driven by an agent which no man can see, and of which we only know that it is there and does the work. All we can see is the

Travel and Transportation

carrying wire; the magic power that flows along it is visible only in an occasional flash of light. The day may soon come when travel through the air will be common, in the air ship or the aeroplane with which inventors are now at work.

THE BOAT AND THE SHIP

You do not need to be told that water covers a great part of the surface of the earth, but you may not know that the land occupies little more than one-fourth the whole surface, water covering nearly three-fourths. Therefore, if we wish to go around and about the earth, we have to do much of our travel by water, crossing great oceans from continent to continent. And even in our land travel we often meet with rivers and lakes in our way and find it more convenient to go across them than to go around them. Or we may find it easier to go long distances down the rivers than to travel along their banks. Thus man very early in his career had to learn how to travel on the surface of water, and his steps of progress in this are very interesting. I think you will enjoy reading a little about them.

On a former page we saw men crossing streams of water or venturing on the sea surface by aid of boards or other devices to keep them afloat. But this was only an aid to swimming. What we are now concerned in is the evolution of the boat, from its simplest forms to the great ships now visible in our seaport harbors. It is a story that will take us

Home Life in All Lands

far round the earth to see and some distance back into history also.

It is natural to conclude that the log, or a rude raft made by lashing several logs together, may have preceded the boat. In fact the log was the basis of many of the boats used by savages in modern times. It needed to be hollowed out into canoe shape and there was a boat ready made. You would have been interested in seeing the Indians making a log canoe. First they cut down a thick tree by aid of fire or their stone axes, and cut it to the desired length in the same way. Then, if present, we would have seen them laying dry branches along the stem and setting fire to these, heaping on others as fast as these burned out. At the same time other Indians would be using poles with wet rags tied at their ends to keep the fire from spreading too far around the tree. When the fire had done its work, we would have seen them hammering and scraping with stone axes or sharp flints, to cut out the burnt wood and smooth the inside of the boat. In this way canoes twenty or thirty feet long and capable of holding a number of men were easily made.

A very odd style of boat was in use on the waters of old Babylonia and Egypt and also by the ancient people of England, and the same kind of boat is now used in Wales. It is a round boat called a coracle, made of wicker work covered with leather or oil cloth. The Indians of the Missouri region used a

Travel and Transportation

similar boat. In this a round crate was made of poles and the hide of a bull buffalo stretched over it. This was known as a "bull-boat," and was much used by the Indian women.

One of the simplest and most easily made of primitive boats was the bark canoe, which, a century



From Persia; *The Awakening East*, by W. P. Cresson

Strange River Craft on the Tigris

or two ago, we might have seen in use on most of the rivers of our country. The Indians of Guiana make one of the lightest of these out of the bark of the locust or the purple-heart tree. For this they cut a strip of bark from the tree of the length needed and trim it to the right shape. Its natural curve around the tree gives it the shape of a canoe

Home Life in All Lands

at the start. Near the ends pieces are cut out so that the bow and stern can be drawn to a point, the cut places being sewed up with "bush-rope" or tough tendrils. Sticks of strong wood are sewed round the gunwale, pieces of squared bark are laid on the bottom for seats, and the canoe is ready. It is so light that it can easily be carried around falls or rapids. When not in use it is sunk to keep it from warping or splitting in the sun's heat.

Canoes of this kind are made in many other regions. The Dyaks of Borneo cut a piece of bark seven or eight feet long from the stringy-bark tree, sew up the ends and daub them with clay, and keep the sides apart by setting in cross pieces. In Australia the bark of the Eucalyptus tree is used for the same purpose, its ends being tied up. Two men with six hundred pounds of flour will cross a lake in one of these frail boats, pushing them along with poles or paddling with a piece of bark held in the hand.

The Indians of our own country built their birch-bark canoes in a different manner. Instead of stripping a sheet of bark from a tree and tying up its ends to make a boat, they used many pieces of bark, carefully sewed together, the cracks being filled up with gum and pitch. All the tools used by an Indian in this work and all other kinds of wood work, were a hatchet, knife, file, and awl, with which he could do as neat work as the most expert mechanic of our day with all his tools.

Travel and Transportation

Bark and hollowed out tree trunks are not the only materials used in the primitive boat. The islanders of the Pacific make canoes of bundles of bulrushes, in which they daringly go out of sight of land. We may see the same thing on Lake Titicaca, the great mountain lake of Peru. Here long reeds are laid together and tied into tight rolls. These are woven together and fastened to make a raft-like boat. Some of them are poled along and



A Trapper's Canoe

others moved by woven straw sails. These are large and strong enough to carry freight from the shore to steamers and even to carry donkeys and llamas.

One of the earliest ways of moving these primitive boats about was by poling. This served for shallow water, when the bottom could be reached with a long pole. The paddle came next. This is used in many parts of America, in Australia and the other islands of the Pacific, and in parts of Asia. We might see the fishermen of China, Japan and Korea moving their boats about in this way. Its

Home Life in All Lands

simplest form is the piece of bark used by the Australian to move his canoe and also to bail out water from it. By tying a flat blade to a pole a more useful paddle was made. Then came the paddle made



A Siamese Ferryman

in one piece, the most common of those now used. After all these came the oar, and then the sail, in which the wind was used to aid the arms.

Let us now go northward from our own country to the land of the Eskimos and see how these savages of the ice-fields manage to navigate the waters

Travel and Transportation

on which they largely live. It is wonderful what skill they display, with their poor tools and scarce materials. They have to trust mainly to bits of drift-wood and skins of the seal or the walrus. The frame of drift-wood is covered with tough hide, and sewed together with stout thongs cut from seal or walrus hide. All this work is carefully and skillfully done, rawhide being used everywhere, even to form the row-locks, for the Eskimo has gone beyond the paddle to the oar.

In this way the *umiak*, the Eskimo's family and freight boat, is made. It is large and strong enough to hold a whole family with all its household goods, when moving time comes around. The *kaick*, the hunting boat of these Greenland natives, is made in the same manner. But it is meant only for one, and a skin covering is drawn in over the top until a hole is left just large enough to hold the hunter's body and keep out the water. In this simple craft the perils of the sea hold no terror for the daring Eskimo.

The oar was the great means of propulsion in ancient times. The great war-vessels of Rome and Carthage, the huge fighting triremes, had three banks of oars, each with many men in line. The same was the case in the Middle Ages on the Mediterranean, in the war-vessels of the Turks and Christian nations, in which galley-slaves, chained to the oar, were the chief agents of propulsion. The oar also was largely used, as an aid to the sail, in

Home Life in All Lands

the swift war boats of the Vikings of the Northland, in which these daring voyagers ventured for hundreds of leagues over unknown seas, reaching Iceland, then Greenland, and finally the coast of North America, five centuries before it was seen by Columbus.

Of the same daring type are the Malay sea-rovers of the Pacific islands, who in their dug-out or built-up canoes visit all the shores of that vast ocean. Centuries ago they made voyages from Tahiti to Hawaii, a distance of twenty-three hundred miles. In these voyages they use a device of their own invention, which we will find nowhere else, the outrigger. This is attached to the boat to keep it from upsetting, it being a log at some distance from the side, to which it is fastened by connecting pieces. Sometimes the boat is made double, two being firmly attached together by pieces of wood connecting them.

In passing from the boat to the vessel we must in great measure abandon the oar for the sail. Yet civilization cannot claim the sail. Its first invention was by savages. We find the natives of our own Pacific slope, from the Columbia River northward to Alaska, using a primitive form of sail, made from the inner bark of the cedar tree. This they strip off in narrow ribbons, which they weave into mats often ten feet square. These are set on the boat as sails. They have no device for shifting them to suit the wind, so the men with their paddles must control the direction of the boat.

Travel and Transportation

With the sail of course came the mast, one mast with a three-cornered or triangular sail being an early form. This we may see in the Malay *proa*, a very swift craft, borne along by a great brownish sail shaped like a bird's wing, so that at a distance a group of them looks like a flock of gigantic sea-gulls skimming over the waves.

With us the one-masted vessel is the familiar sloop, with its sail that can be readily shifted to meet each change in the wind or each variation in the



A Modern Steamship

course. We are now on ground known to all of us, and may rapidly proceed from the sloop to the schooner, from this to the ship with its towering series of square sails, borne upward by lofty masts, and finally to the steam vessel in which sails are dispensed with altogether, and the wheel or the revolving screw replaces all earlier means of movement. It is a long journey from the birch-bark canoe, capable of holding one or two persons, to the great floating hotel, within whose capacious interior enough people can gather to start a small city. Yet

Home Life in All Lands

this journey has been made, and also that from the little fighting boats of the past to the great, steel-clad battleship with its terrific battery of great guns.

We may close this chapter on navigation with a brief glance at those countries whose people have taken to the water till they are half amphibious. Such a country is Holland. By nature it belongs to the sea, which is kept out of it by a mighty wall of dikes. Inwards it is a land of canals, which go far to take the place of highways elsewhere, while a great fleet of boats and barges are in constant motion. In Venice we have a city of the sea, in which the gondola takes the place of the carriage, and the people seem to live more on water than on land.

A country in which the people are so numerous that they have overflowed from the land to the water is China. It is the greatest boating country in the world. In addition to its long rivers, there is the Grand Canal, six hundred and fifty miles long, and so many smaller canals that some provinces resemble Holland. The greater part of the country can be reached by its canals and streams, and at Canton three hundred thousand people make their homes in boats.

Going south from China, to Bangkok in Siam, we meet with another great aquatic population whose people live in floating houses as well as in boats. The larger boats are travelling shops and

Travel and Transportation

contain a wonderful assortment of cotton goods, tins of kerosene, brass wire, and other goods. Boats are moving everywhere, women paddling by with loads of fruit, well-seasoned curries and cakes, or a Chinese butcher may pass with a board in his bow on which strips of pork are spread out. Here we may see a monk plying his paddle, there a number of children in tiny canoes, all seeming amphibious, swimming like ducks or splashing about in the warm water. It is a scene such as can be seen nowhere else in the world except at Canton, and makes one think that if man only needs wings to be a bird, he hardly needs fins to be a fish.



VI

HOW MEN FIGHT FOR HOME AND COUNTRY

In any survey of the world there is one thing no one can fail to see. Men everywhere are full of hot blood, quick to anger, ready to fight to avenge an insult, to defend their homes, to destroy their enemies, to plunder the wealth of others, and for a hundred other reasons. We see this disposition in the fights of school-boys, the quarrels of men, the fury of mobs, and the terrible work of armies, with the ruin and bloodshed they leave in their track. War is one of the chief terrors in the story of mankind, but it is so wide-spread, and plays so great a part in the life of the nations, that we cannot avoid getting on its tracks wherever we go in our world travels.

The first of weapons was of course the fist, and it is still a favorite weapon in battles of two, as in a school-boy fight or the quarrel of two angry men. But fighting soon goes beyond this, weapons are used, the club, the spear, the sword, the gun. Groups of men quarrel and try to injure each other. Tribes organize their fighting men and send them out on raids to plunder and kill. Nations set aside fighting

For Home and Country

hosts, armed with every kind of man-killing weapon and drilled to act together, and send these to fight the armies of other nations. Thus when we write about "how men fight for home and country," we must at the same time write about how men fight to deprive other men of home and country.



War Ships of the Northmen

This question of war does not fit in very well with a discussion of home life, and yet one cannot enter the villages and homes of the people without being constantly reminded of it. We see men in uniform; we see weapons of various kinds hung up as ornaments on the walls of houses; we see soldiers drilling and marching; we hear the stirring strains of martial music; we are in a warlike atmosphere from which it is not easy to escape, and we feel obliged,

Home Life in All Lands

wherever we go, to look upon the soldier and his death-dealing tools. So this chapter must be devoted to the man of war, as we have devoted so many to the man of peace.

MARTIAL METHODS OF THE SAVAGE

Go where we will among the tribes of mankind we find the fighting man, the army, the war-chief. Thus among the Indians of the southern United States, who were governed by a great sachem, the Mico, there was also the great war-chief, next to him in power. In the council he sat second to the Mico, at the head of the most renowned warriors. In war there was no one above him. And something like this would be found in all the fighting tribes of America, and also in those of other lands.

What is the duty of these war-chiefs? Of course, their chief duty is to lead the fighting bands in war. But they have home duties also. War must be prepared for. There must be drilling of warriors, manufacture of arms, preparations for attack and defense. The Indians of our country had their drill and tactics, as our modern armies have. A band of fighting men would gather at the word of command, charge as if upon an enemy, break and scatter, and a portion of them wheel and make a flank attack. On the western plains, after horses were brought to this country, cavalry evolutions took the place of those of footmen, the warriors now charging in a mass with wild yells, now circling about, some of

For Home and Country

them lying flat on the back of the horse, some hanging to its side, as if to avoid the arrows of the enemy. These were their methods in war, and they prepared for war in times of peace.

Their drill included the picking up of objects from the ground when going at full speed. This began with light objects. Then heavier ones were picked up, and in time some of them became so expert that they could pick up the body of a man while at full speed and swing it across the horse. Usually, however, two men worked together to do this. The purpose of this daring evolution was to obtain the scalps of fallen enemies.

The movements of the warriors were controlled by the chiefs with the aid of words and signals. In this they grew remarkably expert. On a bright day orders were given, after their discourse with the Whites, by aid of a piece of looking-glass held in the hand and flashing a signal over the field. They had also methods of telegraphing news at long distances, by fire or smoke and by other means. Among the semi-civilized and warlike Aztecs the drill of the troops developed into a primitive form of military science, and the same may be said of the warriors of Peru.

Let us follow a party of Indians on the war-path or on the trail of a band of their foes. They travel light, taking with them only what is absolutely necessary. For food they mainly depend on the animals of the forest or on pillage. In place of a tent, the

Home Life in All Lands

warrior is content with a robe of skin, within which he wraps himself and sleeps on the open ground—building a fire if the blaze or smoke is not likely to reveal him to the enemy.

In following a trail he is as expert as a dog on the scent of game animals. His eyes, made keen by long use in this art, are quick to catch the faintest trace upon the ground of the passage of man or animal. He can read these marks as we would the pages of a book, judge how long they have been made, discover tribal signs in the print of a moccasins, tell a dozen things about a trail which is almost invisible to our eyes.

A trail is often very hard to follow. Indians in fear of pursuit will take the utmost pains to conceal their tracks. If there is any rocky ground, they will keep to it as much as possible. They will double on their track, or walk backward, treading in the same footsteps, until a hard spot is reached on which they can step aside. If a brook is met with, they will walk in its bed for miles, leaving it only where the ground is too firm to make a trail.

But the pursuers are familiar with all these devices, and often pay no heed to them, judging by their knowledge of woodcraft in what direction a fugitive is likely to go, hasting on to a distance, and often picking up with little loss of time a trail which the fugitive has taken hours to conceal.

In approaching an enemy the Indian method is to rely upon a surprise. Creeping near he raises his

For Home and Country

terrific war-whoop and makes a sudden and furious dash, hoping to fill the enemy with terror, put him to flight, and cut him down in pursuit.

In other parts of the savage world we meet with similar modes of warfare. In the Samoan Islands, for instance, a band of warriors who propose to attack a village of the enemy will land from their canoes at night at a point some miles distant. Then they will make their way with all possible silence through the bush, surround the village from behind, dash into it at daybreak, cut down as many of the people as they can, chop off their heads, and rush with these ghastly trophies to the canoes before the fighting men of the village have time to gather and arm. They seek heads as eagerly as the Indians sought scalps.

In every district of Samoa one village was called the "advance troops." Its people took the lead in every war, the boundary between the villages being the battle-field. In times of battle the women and children were moved to places of safety, though the wives of chiefs often went with them to the field, carrying their clubs or parts of their armor. The chiefs decided what movements should be made and these they left to the young men to carry out. This was often done in the method of surprise above mentioned, or in that of bush skirmishing.

The above will serve as a sample of the warfare of the Polynesian islanders, though we could find special customs in every group of islands. Among

Home Life in All Lands

property. The army collected, a number of deer are killed, in order that the warriors may eat and be strengthened. Dancing and rejoicing follow, and the monarch distributes plumes of the crane to his ablest warriors as a special mark of honor. Those who receive these rank as officers, each being expected to lead his troop and do battle with spear or club with a leading warrior of the enemy.

When the army moves a number of deer are taken along as a supply train, and the enemy's stronghold being near, the "tail bearers" go forward with a final notice. The strange part of the whole affair is this: If the enemy sends word that he is not quite ready for battle, that he is waiting for more men or is still short of weapons, the attacking army sits down in content, eats its venison, smokes its pipes, and waits till word is sent that the foe is ready to fight. This is courtesy carried to an extreme. Such a thing as an ambush or stratagem of any kind is looked upon as cowardly and degrading. An open place, free from bushes or rocks, is chosen as the battle-field, and the two armies meet in the openest and fairest mode of warfare one can imagine.

Raising their war cries, they approach, flinging their assagais when near enough, and throwing these aside and wielding their clubs when they came hand to hand. If night falls during the fight the battle is suspended until morning. Everything depends on the courage of the commander on either side. If he takes to flight, or falls back, the whole body follows,

For Home and Country

the enemy pursuing, their purpose being less to kill their foes than to seize their women, children and cattle.

There is not generally much loss of life in these battles, and if the vanquished chief agrees to submit and acknowledge the victor as his sovereign, his submission is at once accepted, and the women and children are returned, as well as part of the cattle, it being a maxim with this very considerate people that "We must not let even our enemies die with hunger."

TRIBAL ARMS AND ARMOR

The warlike weapons used in savage warfare are very numerous and of great variety. They were partly described in the first volume of "Home Life," but there is more to be said about them, for we cannot speak of how people fight without going into some detail about what they fight with. Two different classes of weapons are in common use, those used for throwing and those wielded by the hand. These are employed in three different ways, those of slashing, piercing, and smashing; and it is singular that the Africans seem to prefer the first of these; the Americans, the second; and the Polynesians, the third. Of course, this is not a fixed rule, but it is a fact that the Americans made great use of the bow and arrow, the Africans seemed to delight in slashing human flesh, and the Pacific islanders made the war-club, in some form or other, their favorite weapon. Most of these islanders, indeed, were

Home Life in All Lands

ignorant of the use of the bow as a weapon, although it was in use everywhere else.

Making our way through savagery, we come across three types of weapons, as indicated in what is said above, blunt weapons, edged weapons, and pointed weapons, all used in various ways for the



Archer and Shield, New Guinea

horrid purpose of killing men and of bruising and slashing human flesh and shedding human blood. This, you will surely say, is not a very agreeable subject, but it has long been one of the most active pursuits of mankind, savage and civilized alike.

Of bruising weapons, the club and the stone are the leading types. The stone is a crude form of weapon, suitable for the lowest races, but in its

For Home and Country

form as flung from a sling it continued in use until civilized times. The most famous example of its use is that of the historic stone with which David, the shepherd boy of Israel, slew Goliath, the giant warrior of the Philistines.

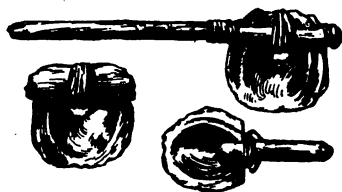
The club had its highest development as a weapon in the hands of the Pacific islanders, who used it in single- and double-handed forms. The single-handed club of the Fijians began in a stick with a wrinkled knob at its end. Later on finely formed and beautifully carved war-clubs were made by the islanders, the carvings following the lines of the wrinkles.

The double-handed club was made from the stem of a small tree with a two-pronged root, wrinkled on its outer margin. Clubs of this form also were later wrought out and neatly carved, the ornaments, as above, being placed where the wrinkles came in the crude club.

In South America we find war-clubs of the same type, highly polished and ornamented, but in North America the club was converted into a slashing and piercing weapon, it having sharp fragments of stone inserted at the end, capable of making frightful wounds. The horn of a deer was also used for this purpose, as we are told by Captain John Smith. Of course, you all remember the famous adventure of that hero of American history, when he was saved by the princess Pocahontas from having his head crushed by an Indian war-club.

Home Life in All Lands

The Africans also had their clubs, some of them being of ivory cut from the tusks of young elephants. They knew how to manufacture iron, and made their clubs into a sort of battle-axe by a blade of iron, or into a spear by adding a sharp iron point. As for the *waddy*, the war-club of the Australians, the use of which we have seen in a duel, it is a heavy-knobbed club about two feet long, and needing a strong arm behind it to crack the thick Australian skull.



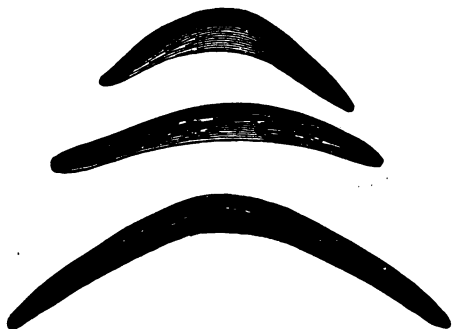
Indian Implements of Shell

Coming now to slashing weapons, instruments for carving human flesh, we find them all over Africa. There are swords, battle-axes, knives, daggers, and other kinds of cutting war-tools, and the negro warrior is so proud of the scars he has received in battle, that he will even cut deep slashes into his own flesh and hinder them from healing until they leave ugly scars.

Similar weapons are found in all savage lands. Thus in Easter Island and its vicinity we find frightful axe blades of obsidian, or natural glass, split into razor-like edges. Elsewhere in these islands a dreadful tearing weapon is made by fastening rows

For Home and Country

of pointed sharks' teeth along a wooden handle. While some of these toothed weapons are only a few inches long, others are as much as sixteen feet. The American Indian made his tomahawk, before iron was to be had, by inserting a sharp stone into the end of a handle. He also had a kind of stone dagger with a strip of fur wrapped around one end for a handle, or inserted the blade into a haft of wood to increase his reach.



Australian Boomerangs

These are the hand weapons of savages. In addition there are many throwing weapons. The sling-stone, already spoken of, is an ancient one of these. The arrow is another, and this is often rendered fatally dangerous by the use of poison in its point. It is by this deadly venom that the forest dwarfs of Africa bring down the huge animals of the continent and keep its larger inhabitants in mortal dread.

Other thrown weapons are known as darts, javelins, and spears; while clubs and tomahawks are

Home Life in All Lands

often hurled with fatal effect. We find these projectiles everywhere, of wood, of stone, of iron, in varied shape. There is the *knob-kerry* and the *assagai* of the South Africans, the *boomerang* of the Australians, the *shangermanger* of the Sudan negroes, the two-bladed *kulbeda* of the Fundy and Berta negroes, and the three-bladed *pinzah* of the Niam-Niam, this having a short, broad blade at the point of the weapon, a long one at right angles to the blade, and a shorter one on the opposite side at an acute angle to the blade. It is generally used as a battle-axe, but when thrown is made to revolve, so that, no matter how it strikes, it always presents a cutting edge.

The javelin and the spear begin in a long straight stick of hard wood sharpened at the end. In throwing it its speed is much added to by the *amentum* or throwing thong. This is attached to the centre of the spear and the forefinger inserted in it, so as to give the weapon an extra impulse. The throwing stick is a device of the same kind, and it is singular that among the tribes that use it we must include the Australian savages, one of the lowest races of mankind. The Australian spear is a simple stick of hard wood, nine or ten feet long and a little thicker than the finger, its end tapered to a point, hardened in the fire, and sometimes jagged. The *wammera*, or throwing stick, is about two and a half feet long, and has a hook at one end which fits a notch on the heel of the spear, and adds greatly to the force with

For Home and Country

which the latter is thrown. The spear is given a quivering motion and may be sent with good aim to a distance of from sixty to a hundred yards. It is the most dangerous of Australian weapons, many white men and multitudes of animals having fallen victims to its deadly force.

Leaving now the subject of warlike weapons and coming to that of armor of defense, we find a simple but effective example of it in these same Australian savages. This is the primitive shield, a mere piece of wood about two and a half feet long and four inches wide at the broadest part, tapering to the ends and with a bevelled face. The left hand passes through a guarded hole in the middle. With this narrow buckler the alert bushman can ward off spear flights and any missile less swift than a bullet.

This is one of the simplest examples of the shield, an instrument which was used everywhere in battle until the bullet came into use. The American Indians used a shield of rawhide which was very effective in warding off arrows. The Sioux warriors used the hide of the buffalo, choosing the thick and tough part over the neck and shoulders. This was shrunk and hardened by stretching it over a bed of hot coals, and became too hard to be penetrated by any native weapon. The alertness of the Indians in using the shield was great. Two warriors, as a test of skill, might be seen shooting at each other for twenty minutes at a distance of only

Home Life in All Lands

six feet, yet warding off every arrow at this short range.

Elsewhere we find shields of still simpler kinds. The natives of Drummond's Island can ward off spears by a cocoanut club. The Dinka negroes also use a club for this purpose and the Hottentots ward off stones with their kirri-sticks. The use of these implements was to strike the weapon aside and let it go on. They were not employed, like the real shield, to receive and deaden its blow.

From the parrying stick came the actual shield, at first of small size, afterwards large enough to cover and protect much of the body. In the shield we have the idea of protective armor in its earliest form. Protection for the head also soon came into use, for the head was the part at which blows were likely to be delivered. Various kinds of helmets were devised to guard it. Gradually other parts of the body were covered. We have spoken of the dreadful weapons used in the Pacific islands along which shark's teeth are sewn. Yet here the warrior wears a defensive armor made of tough cocoanut fibre which tears the teeth out of these weapons and renders them useless.

Body armor was also used by the American Indians, tough suits of rawhide being worn as a defense against the arrow and tomahawk. Rings of rawhide and plates of ivory were worn by the Eskimo and the Siberian fighters, and rods of wood woven together and fitted to the body by other

For Home and Country

American and Asiatic tribes. In ancient Mexico cotton armor was worn, quilted into a garment an inch or more in thickness. The Spaniards found this so useful that they used it also. For head defense the Aztec warriors used wooden helmets, carved to represent the heads of wild beasts.



A Polynesian Warrior with Spear and Shield

Armor of some kind was necessary to ward off the deadly arrow, poisoned in some regions, in others fitted with all sorts of horrible barbs, with jagged, toothed and thorny heads, these often so lightly fastened to the stem as to remain in the flesh when the latter was removed. We find the arrow still in use as a deadly weapon in civilized lands until iron

Home Life in All Lands

armor was introduced, and even after the firearm came into play the skilled archers of England were loth to lay aside the bow, as they could discharge three dozen of their keen arrows while the arque-basier was getting his primitive gun ready for a second shot. But the arrow of the archer began to go out of use when armor became so firm as to defy it, and ceased to be used in the armies of civilized lands when the musket improved and soldiers became more expert in its use.

The art of defence is not confined to the wearing of shields and body armor, but takes various other forms. In fact there are tribes so low as to wear no sort of defensive armor who yet protect their villages by earth-walls or stockades. Sharp splinters of wood may also be planted in the path of an enemy. The Dyaks of Borneo, for instance, make much use of this mode of defence, planting sharpened bits of bamboo in the ground which an enemy may traverse, and even in the shallow beds of streams to impale the feet of those who have to leap out of their canoes to haul them over the rapids.

The Mango negroes of Africa not only do this, but when forced to flee from a foeman they dip the sharp ends of the splints in poison and make a cut around them so that they will easily break off. The barefooted pursuers step on these poisoned points and are seriously disabled.

The art of defending their homes was especially practiced by the American Indians. They took care

For Home and Country

to build their villages near some spring of water, and to surround them with a high palisade, with openings for archers. Logs were set on end, and guarded by a heap of earth at their base. The village might be placed on a steep hill, with a fence or stone wall miles in length around it. The entrances were so narrow that an enemy could pass through them only in single file. Farther south were the cliff dwellings, on steep and rocky hillsides; the great pueblo dwellings, with solid lower walls; and the mesa villages, on the tops of high hills, with only a narrow and steep pathway of approach.

Elsewhere we find villages built in trees, which can be reached only by climbing or by means of ladders. The Veiburas, of British New Guinea, are so endangered by the raids of enemies that they build their huts in very high trees, one hundred feet from the ground, and reachable only by lofty ladders. There are houses on the ground also, but they dwell most of the time in these aerial dwellings, which are kept well stocked with food and weapons.

In Polynesia defensive situations for villages are often sought in narrow valleys or mountain passes, with steep sides and easily defended portals. Stones which can be hurled down on foes are gathered as ammunition. The Kyans of Borneo have the habit of strewing dead leaves around their camp fence, so that no one can come near without the rustling leaves giving warning. Another tribe builds circular villages, each hut facing outward, so that no

Home Life in All Lands

one can approach unseen. In Hawaii, when no locks were used, the following means of defence was employed: A heavy stone was hung over the



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A Zulu War Dance

door in such a way that any one seeking to enter would cause it to fall and probably be crushed by it.

Such are some of the methods of attack and

For Home and Country

defence employed by the lower races of mankind. Of course, the whole story has not been told, it is too extensive for that, but enough has been said to give some general idea of the methods and weapons of war.

THE HEAD HUNTERS OF THE PACIFIC

What is all this fighting about, do you ask? Well, it is about many things. It does not take much to stir your savage up to anger—or your civilized man either—and there are many offences which lead to war, some of them very trifling. Much of it, too, comes from a desire for plunder. And there are men who attack others for no better reason than to tear the scalps from their heads and exhibit them at home as proof of courage. This was the old custom of the American Indians. There are other people who are not content with the scalp but take the whole head. This mode of wholesale murder is practiced by several of the island tribes of the Pacific. It is a brutal custom, but there is much about it that is curious, so it seems advisable to speak of it here as part of the home customs of the savage races, who delight in ornamenting their houses with scalps or skulls. As you know, the life habits of these people are not all of the nice and pleasant kind, and we cannot talk about them without dwelling on some of their unpleasant customs.

The ugly practice of head hunting once spread over many of the Pacific islands, such as the Solo-

Home Life in All Lands

mon and Samoan groups, Borneo and Formosa. Something has been said about the raids of the head hunters in Samoa, but this frightful custom is now brought to an end in that region and we need look for it only among the savages in the wild regions of Borneo and Formosa.

Formosa is a large island lying off the coast of China, in the seas between the Philippines and Japan. It formerly belonged to China, but is now held by Japan, though the natives in the mountainous interior are at liberty still, and are a constant terror to the settled inhabitants. You will think so when you read about their favorite warlike practice.

Head hunting is their delight. None of them are permitted to marry till they have proved their valor by presenting at least one head to their chief, and the more skulls they can show under the eaves or along the inside walls of their huts the more respect they win.

When a head hunter goes out on one of his horrible expeditions, he arms himself with a long, light spear, with an arrow-shaped head about eight inches long. He also carries in his belt a crooked knife to cut off heads, and has with him a bag of strong twisted twine large enough to hold two or three heads. Reaching the low lands by hidden ways, he crouches in the tall grass or behind some boulder, where he lies hidden for hours, if necessary. If an unwary passer appears he springs out suddenly,

For Home and Country

strikes a fatal blow for his heart with his deadly spear, cuts off his head, and makes his way proudly back home by secret forest paths.

A more common method is for a party of braves to go out at night, seeking a village at a time when a pastoral or fishing excursion has made its people less watchful. Silently the grim murderers surround a house and set fire to its thatch. As the inmates rush out to escape the flames they are speared and their heads secured. All this is done so quickly that the assassins have vanished before the alarm spreads, and the dismayed villagers find nothing but the headless and bleeding corpses of their friends. Back home go the successful murderers, their good fortune being celebrated with dancing, singing and feasting, in which they eat the brains of their gruesome prizes. Sometimes the whole head is boiled and its flesh eaten. All they care to keep is the bony skull. Formosa, you will think, is not an altogether delightful island to live in. The Chinese could do nothing with these fierce savages, but the Japanese are doing their best to bring them under control, and very likely will do so before long.

In the great island of Borneo also we find this terrible custom. The savage natives, known as Dyaks, occupy the wilder sections of the island and do not disturb the white people, though they are very ready to fight with one another. They are not pure murderers, like the Formosans, for the

Home Life in All Lands

heads they gather are those of enemies slain in war, and cannot be got without some bold fighting, but their wars are usually raids organized for the purpose of gaining heads. The successful warrior wins as much fame for his exploits in this direction as the Indian warrior used to do by his display of scalps.



Dyak Warrior and Shield

We must speak of the very singular superstitions held by the Dyaks about the skulls that adorn their houses. They believe them—or the spirits that belong to them—to have power for good or evil. If carefully housed, warmed and fed, they will bring good luck to their owners. If neglected they will seek revenge. They are hung from the rafters

For Home and Country

of the veranda, fastened to a circular framework or a long board, with streamers of palm leaves between them. Near by are pieces of pig meat, stuck upon skewers, and bamboo cups to hold borak—a spirit made from rice. These are for the spirits to eat and drink, and a fire is kept burning below, for the skulls enjoy warmth.

If the owner should die the skulls are got rid of, as they will not help the new owners of the house. In this case, and also when a skull is given to another person, the proper ceremonies must be observed. A living chicken is waved over the man who takes down the head, also over the ladder, the basket, and the skull. The owner talks to the skull, telling it that it will be taken excellent care of it by its new owner, and must not think itself slighted. All those present then join in a vociferous war-whoop, while the head and wings of the chicken are cut off with a piece of iron, from which blood is then rubbed on the owner's hands. Finally some of the wing feathers are pulled out and stuck into the basket which holds the skull.

There is another case in which the delicate feelings of the skull are also considered, but for a different purpose. This is that of a house moving, when there are useless skulls that the owners wish to get rid of. This can be done safely only by stratagem. The skulls are carefully kept in ignorance of what is going on, being moved into a small hut built near by, where they are made snug by a fire. They are

Home Life in All Lands

told that all will be well with them, and not until the owners get away and the fire goes out do they learn that they had been deceived. It is now too late for them to act; they are not able to pursue their false owner; they slowly moulder away in their hovel, the victims of ill faith.

In spite of their superstitions about the skulls and the trouble and annoyance these give them, the Dyak warriors are always eager to add to their number, and we may close this chapter about the warlike ways of savages by an account of the method in which these islanders conduct a campaign. It displays much primitive skill. The declaration of war and the plan of campaign are made at a great feast, and notice of the coming event is given by sending a spear round from village to village. At once the women begin to prepare bags of provisions, the men to put the canoes in order. They get ready their arms, sharpen their weapons, and decorate their war-jackets and helmets. Nets are taken for fishing and dogs for hunting, since food must be obtained on the war-path.

Here comes in a form of superstition like that of the dealing with skulls. During the absence of the warriors the sleeping mats are spread and the fires lighted in their houses in the evening, as if they were at home. Fires are kept burning until late at night and kindled again before dawn, so that the absent warriors may not get cold. And the roofing of the house is opened before dawn, so that the men

For Home and Country

may not lie too long and thus fall into the hands of the enemy.

Meanwhile the men, thus cared for at home, are on their way to the hostile country. There is no thought of order or discipline until the place where they propose to land is reached. Then a camp is formed, guards are set, the canoes drawn up, and the surrounding country explored. When the day fixed for the raid comes, the men shoulder their packs and take to the woodland paths in Indian file, the guides leading, the boldest and best skilled warriors coming next. If the war-party be numerous it may venture for many miles into the hostile territory, the affair ending in a sudden rush on a village, the surprise of its inhabitants, the firing of the thatch of their houses, and a fierce struggle of which bleeding heads are the prizes.

Yet the result of such a raid is not assured. The Dyaks are vigilant and their villages are protected by palisades and defences of spiked bamboo. If a raid is feared, the paths leading to the village are planted with bamboo splints. Pits are also dug in the pathways. The least inadvertence gives the alarm, and the raiders may leave as many heads behind as they carry away.



VII

PRIMITIVE ARTS OF MANUFACTURE

Going about among the savage peoples of the earth, as well as among the civilized ones, we do not find them lost in laziness. Go where we will, we meet with people who are doing something. The savage, indeed, does not load himself with much in the way of furniture or utensils, yet there are some things he needs, and these he usually learns how to make. And you must not think of him as dull and thick-headed. He is, in fact, very wide awake, and is far more skilful in the making of tools than we would be apt to imagine.

In the first volume of "Home Life" something was said about the tool making of savages. But as this is especially a home industry, one carried on in village or hut in the many spare intervals in the life of primitive man, it may be of interest to give a fuller account of the methods of manufacture among the hut-dwelling tribes.

They have much to do that calls for art and industry. Hunger is the worst enemy to be fought with and they must devise traps and weapons to kill or capture the game which surrounds them. The art

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

of building is one also that requires tools, and they need to provide clothing to cover them from the cold, these giving rise to other arts. Then there are the pots and pans demanded in their kitchen work, the rude ornaments they shape and wear, the canoes for their water journeys, the instruments for fire-



Within a German Kitchen

making, the fashioning of war-like weapons, and various other industries that give them abundant occupation for their spare hours.

IMPLEMENTS OF THE STONE AGE

Are there any of my readers who do not know what the "stone age" means? We have iron and other metals around us in such quantities and find them so useful in nearly all we do, that it is not easy

Home Life in All Lands

to understand how men could ever have got along without them. Yet for very many years and centuries metals were not known to man and he had nothing to help him in his labors but the stones which lay around him and the wood which grew on every side.

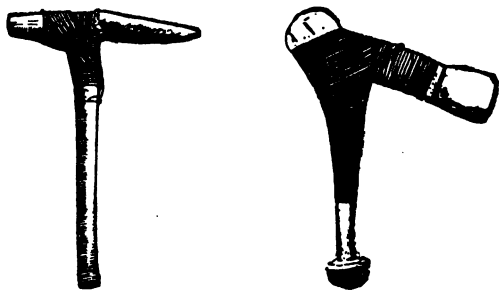
This period we call the "stone age." It is, in fact, divided into a double period, that of rough stones, when men used them just as they found them or could shape them by hammering; and that of smooth stones, when they had learned how to polish them, and could make well-shaped tools out of stone, some of them as handsome as many of those made out of steel.

This stone age must have passed away long ago, you think. Not at all; it still exists in various parts of the world. There are tribes who have not got beyond it. It is true that some of the African people long ago learned how to work the iron around them into tools, and the Indians of our own country made use of copper—mainly for ornament. But elsewhere the tribes knew nothing of metals till white men brought them, and some of them do without metals to-day.

If we should go to the Andaman Islands, whose people are a dwarf race like the Pygmies of Africa, we would find them using stone hammers and anvils, and bits of stone for other purposes. Their only other tools are sea-shells for scraping arrows, and boars' tusks for carving, cutting and other uses.

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

They use shells also for cups and plates, and knives and other implements are made from the useful bamboo, which has a very hard outer skin. Nothing could be simpler than this, but these are people of small brains, and it is wonderful how skilful the more advanced races become in making the tools that come from their hands.



Stone Hoe and Axe

Thus the Eskimos carve from ivory and horn pretty and dainty handles for their tools, which fit their hands so exactly that white men, whose hands are larger, cannot use them. The carving is beautifully done. In most cases the handle and the tool are separate pieces, the handle of wood, the tool of stone, horn or bone. They have to be fastened together, and our savage cousins are very skilful in doing this. The blade and handle are simply tied together, or a hole is made in blade or handle to form a closer fit. In some cases the stick is split at one end, the stone put between it, and the split ends tied firmly together.

Home Life in All Lands

For tying various things are used, most tribesmen being able to make string of some sort from the fibres of plants. But best of all is rawhide, used by most peoples in the north temperate and frigid zones. The Eskimo uses it for all his manufactures that need binding and finds it to fit his purposes admirably. When put on green and allowed to dry, it shrinks so as to bind the parts as tightly as could be done by iron bands. Deer-leg sinew, as used by the Indians of our country, can be shredded as soft as silk and twisted into the toughest of cords. Firm and pliable, nothing could serve the purpose better.

String and hide are not the only substances used, for most savages have learned the art of making glue or cement of some kind. Where nothing else is available a cement can be made of blood, and we are told that the Huron tribe of Indians used this to cement their broken pipe-bowls, and did it so well that the broken pieces were stronger than before. And the blood used by them was taken from their own arms.

Other Indians use glue from animal bones or horns and gum from various trees, some of this being very tenacious. This is the case with the "black boy gum" used by the Australians in manufacturing their implements. Riveting is also done by some tribes, little pegs of antler, bone, or wood being employed. The Eskimos joined the parts of their knives and harpoons in this manner. When

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

metal came among them, they became very expert in riveting with it.

Among the tools of savages the knife was one of the most useful. They needed it constantly in the work they had to do. For working on wood, and even on bone and ivory, the knife was very frequently in demand. Stone, chipped and ground to a sharp edge, was its general substance, though other materials were used. The edges of shells might come in play for some purposes, the sharp and hard



Indians Building a Canoe

teeth of the shark or the beaver for others. The only knife used of old by the Polynesians was a split piece of bamboo, the outer rind of which, when recently split, is very sharp. They could cut up a hog with this almost as readily as we could with a steel knife. Obsidian, a glassy volcanic rock, which splits to a very sharp edge, was much used by the ancient Mexicans, not only for weapons, but even for razors, it being keen-edged enough to shave with. Of course, they could not sharpen these razors, and had to make new ones when the old ones became dull. The Andaman islanders use chips

Home Life in All Lands

of flint for shaving. But all the tribes were glad enough when the steel knife was brought among them. It suited so much better for all their purposes that they quickly got rid of all their primitive knives.

In savagery we find many other tools, the axe, the adze, the saw, the chisel, the scraper, the polisher, and various others, usually made of stone, though bone and fire-hardened wood were also brought into play. For an axe or hatchet a piece of stone, of the desired shape, was fastened into a wooden handle. The adze was also made of stone, and was a much more useful tool in wood-working than the axe, excellent work being done with it.

For a saw a stone with a jagged edge was used, there being no tribes so ignorant that they do not know how to cut off a piece of wood by rubbing it with such a stone. More advanced tribes insert bits of sharp stone or shark's teeth in a wooden groove and use them as saw teeth. A better saw was obtained when it was found that a thin piece of stone or wood, used with sand and water, made a good cutting implement.

The scraper is of much use to the savage. Not only the hair and sometimes the outer surface of skins need to be scraped away, but many other articles are scraped into shape. The Indians of our country used sandstone and some other materials for grinding and scraping purposes; the South American Indians used the palate bones of certain

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

fish; the Polynesians used pumice and coral, each employing the best abrading material within reach.

Everywhere we find the stone hammer in use. It is doubtless one of the oldest of tools. Any stone could be picked up and used as a hammer, and it was



Congo Blacksmith Shop

probably employed for ages before any one thought of giving it a handle. It might be used to break dry wood for fires; to crush bones to get at that savage delicacy, the marrow; to drive pegs for setting up the tent; to beat skins to make them pliable, or the bark of trees for the same purpose. The Indians of the northwest coast have a useful ham-

Home Life in All Lands

mer shaped like a dumb-bell, one end being used for pounding, while the other end is carved by way of ornament. The iron workers of Africa employ stone as well as iron for their hammers and anvils in working the hot metal, these answering their simple purposes. Blacksmith shops are very common in parts of Africa, as in the Congo region, the shop being an open-roofed shed with a rude bellows made of skin and wood for the fire. The iron is smelted with charcoal, and shaped with hammers, a block of iron serving for anvil.

Savages use also many sharp-pointed tools of stone and bone, such as punches, drills, and needle-shaped fragments. These come into play in sewing of all kinds, and in all work where a hole needs to be made through any material. The drill is worked by rotating the handle between the hands, the hard point penetrating into the substance to be drilled. One of its most interesting uses is in fire-making, in which a piece of dry wood is twirled in a partly decayed lower piece, which becomes so hot by friction that at length the fine dust made by it takes fire. The bow-drill, or strap-drill, in which a string or strap is wrapped around the stick and pulled rapidly backward and forward, is much more efficient.

WEAVING AND BASKETMAKING

All people need something to wear and something to carry with, and it would seem as if we should have to go very far back in time to find a race of

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

men who knew nothing of the arts of cloth and basket weaving. Yet there are people to-day who wear no clothes and have no treasures to carry and to whom these arts would be useless. Such a people are the little folks who make their homes in the great African forests, and the larger tribes to be found in the warm wildwoods of Brazil. But nearly everywhere, in savage as in civilized lands, these arts are known.

If we go to the tropics we find trees that supply men and women with ready-made clothing, soft bark that may be taken off whole like a robe, and leaves that split into tendrils and can be worn without further change; but there are few regions in which the women of the tribes cannot do weaving of some sort.

As bark cloth can be made from so many plants, and was long the clothing stuff of many peoples, perhaps we should look to the basket as the oldest form of woven stuff. Bark may be scraped and beaten until all its roughness is gone and it is very soft and flexible, and it may be dyed and decorated until it is very hard for us to tell that what we see is only the outer covering of trees. In Polynesia the bast, or inner bark, of the paper-mulberry and the bread-fruit tree is used; in Africa other trees are stripped of their clothing; in South America also bark cloth is worn, and in the Andes this is decorated by sewing on it feathers, teeth, beetles' wings, etc. Of all the earth's people, those of Hawaii made

Home Life in All Lands

the finest and the most richly ornamented of bark cloth, in almost as great variety as the clothing we wear. Their tree cloth was in narrow strips, two inches wide, soaked and beaten till it was felted together, and the color then laid on and beaten in.



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Basket Weaving by Hopi Indian Girls

Here was no weaving such as we see in basket work, or that of matting, which is also a savage art. As we go over the world we find baskets of a great variety of types, almost every tribe having its own style. None of this work is simpler than that made by the Indians who formerly lived in the eastern part of our country. They used thin strips of hick-

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

ory, ash, beech or oak loosely woven together like the coarse splint baskets used by our marketmen. In the northeast better work was done, the splints varying in width and some of them being colored. In South America and Africa other methods of weaving are employed. We might describe many kinds of basket weaving, for they are very numerous, and in some cases, as when grass, fine roots, or thin fibres of bast are used, they are so closely woven that they will hold water. Water can be made to boil in them by throwing in hot stones.

This may be seen in the work of the Indians who live about Sitka, in the State of Washington. They use roots of the spruce tree, which they clean and split into thread-like splints. Their work is wonderfully even and regular, and the fibres are drawn so closely together that they carry water in their baskets without leaking. Some of the splints are dyed, and prettily colored patterns are made in this way. Prettiest of all, however, is the basket work of the tribes of northern South America. While not as fine as may be found elsewhere, it is more artistic in finish and ornament.

Mat making is much like basket making, the difference being that here there is no need to bend the materials into shape. The warp threads may be set up in a frame, and the weft, or cross threads, worked in and out between them. Everywhere in North America mats and cloth were made in this way. The Chilkot Indians of Alaska still weave

Home Life in All Lands

blankets in this manner out of cedar bark splints and the wool of the mountain goat.

In Polynesia woven goods were made without the use of any kind of frame or loom, the weaving being done by hand. Beginning at one corner, the bark splints were woven in and out by the fingers until mats or robes were formed nine feet long and four feet wide, and of a beautiful white color.

In the same way the finely wrought Panama hats are made by hand, no loom being employed. The same kind of work is done in Africa. If we should go into one of their work shops we would see the hat makers sitting on the floor, with their fibrous threads beside them, their fingers working nimbly away while their eyes may be wandering from their work. So quickly do their fingers move that we can scarcely follow them as they double the filaments and work them skilfully above and below the threads of the warp.

Much more might be said about this primitive art, which may still be seen in operation in all parts of the world, from the splint baskets used in our markets, to the fine matting of the East, the close woven basketry of the uncivilized races, the straw hats worn so universally in warm weather, and in various other forms, but we must go on to the true textile art, that in which the spinning and weaving of yarn comes into play.

The making of string or yarn must precede that of its weaving. In our land this is done by complex

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

machinery, which can do the work with immense rapidity, but in early days it had to be done in a slow way by hand, and it is still done in this slow way by savage peoples. All sorts and kinds of fibrous material are in use. Thus in the Arctic regions there is nothing to be had but the sinews of animals, but some of these may be made as fine as cotton, while ever so much stronger. In China fine bamboo splints are used in thread making, and in Japan strips of thin mulberry paper. In all the islands of the Pacific the coir of the cocoanut—that is, the fibre of the husk in which the nut is enveloped—is used for string making. It is not twisted, like cotton or wool, but is braided, and is put in use for every purpose in which things are to be fastened together. These people do not use nails or rivets, as we do, in house or boat building, but tie the timbers together by tough cords of sennit, as this braided fibre is called.

In every country there is some plant substance suitable for string making. In Mexico and South America the fibres of cotton and the pita plant are used, while in all parts of our home region of America the natives used the fibre of Indian hemp, which they deftly twisted into yarn and twine. There are many other things used for the same purpose, fine strips of bast from trees, the wool of sheep and goats, dog and camel hair, etc. Some American tribes cut skins with the fur on them into very thin strips, and twist these together into twine.

Home Life in All Lands

Sinew forms a ready-made thread. The tough bundles of sinew from the legs of animals, thoroughly cleaned and dried, are shredded much as oakum is picked, and are ready to be used as thread at once. The savage will hold the sinew in his mouth until it is softened, and then use it for anything that needs to be fastened. When twisted into a cord it forms the best of bowstrings.

How is thread made out of fibres? This is a natural question which many of you may ask. How would we do it ourselves, if we knew nothing about the art? Very likely by taking the fibres and rolling them between the palms of our hands. That is the way the first savage may have done. Or he may have rubbed it by his hand on his thigh, as we see the cobbler in his shop do to-day, when he wants to untwist his thread.

It had to be done in some such way as this till the spindle was invented—but that was done very long ago. We find very simple forms of the spindle in use to-day. It may be nothing but a stick. The spinner sits on the ground with his legs stretched out, ties one end of the yarn to the middle of the stick, and holds the bunch of fibre in his left hand, while he causes the stick to revolve with his right hand. As the yarn is twisted into a string this is wound around the stick. This is the early form of the spindle, or spinning wheel, which is everywhere in use to-day. All that was needed was to fasten a weight to the stick and set it whirling and twisting.

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

With the low race of men on the Andaman Islands, the spinning is done in a very crude fashion. When one of these islanders wants to make a supply of cord for his harpoons or his turtle nets, he strips the bark from a certain tree, and scrapes this with a sharp sea-shell until only the fibres of the bark are left. These he lays in the sun to dry. When they are ready he ties several of them to his toe and winds another strand around them, adding new lengths as the old ones are used up.

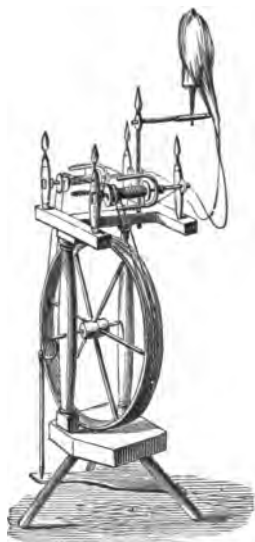
When he gets a good length of cord in this way he winds it around a reel made of two cross sticks. Then, seating himself, he puts a piece of cane between his two big toes and passes his reel over it. This done, he continues his spinning, drawing the yarn behind his neck and over his shoulder as he goes on. He continues until he has a long section of serviceable string.

In Africa we may see men and women walking about and spinning. A shaft, with a whorl on top, forms the spindle, the thread being attached to it and held high up with the left hand while the whorl is struck and set whirling by the right. We may see the market women thus employed while they are waiting for customers, or may meet with the odd spectacle of a woman going to the fields with a pot on her head, a baby on her back, a hoe over her shoulders, and with both hands busy in spinning cotton into thread.

Simple as all this may seem, there is nothing very

Home Life in All Lands

different to-day, even in the best spinning machinery. Invention has taught us how to do the work much more rapidly, that is all; the principle is the same. The spinning-wheel of our grandmothers was one of the first improvements, and from this has grad-



A Spinning-wheel

ually evolved the swift spinning machines now so widely in use.

After men learned the art of making thread, they no doubt began to think out ways of weaving that thread into cloth. They already had the simple art of basket weaving, but to weave these fine threads into cloth some better process was needed. Out of this necessity came the invention of the loom. It

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

was too slow and weary a process to lift by hand the alternate threads of the warp and run the woof through. Some better means of lifting these threads was needed and it soon came.

Our savage forefathers discovered methods, simple ones, but they answered the purpose, and in time this seems to have been done in all parts of the world. They learned how to fasten the threads of



An Indian Woman Weaving

the warp to sticks at either end, so that one set of them could be lifted or depressed by a very simple bit of primitive machinery. Then, instead of passing the cross thread through by hand, a primitive shuttle was used, beginning with a stick to which the end of the yarn was fastened and thus drawn through. Then a sort of wooden sword was used, to push the thread tight into place.

To look at the loom of the African savage or of our own Indian weavers, and then go into a modern cotton or woollen mill and see and hear the rattling and clattering looms and the fast flying shuttles, it is

Home Life in All Lands

not easy to trace any relationship between them. Yet, as in the case of the spindle, the principle is the same. In both one-half the threads of the warp are now lifted and now depressed, openings being thus made between the threads through which the spindle carrying the cross thread shoots back and forth. But so great are the improvements in the modern loom and so powerful the force employed, that one of them will do the work of a hundred savage women, while patterns of different color are woven into the cloth with a skill and facility that would set one of these primitive weavers wild with jealousy and despair.

There are other arts allied to those of spinning and weaving possessed by the lower races, too many for us to describe. There is sewing, for instance, the making of their woven stuffs into clothing. Our American Indians wore the woven goods as they received them, in the form of blankets, but in many places sewing had to be done. This was needed among the Eskimos and northern Siberians, who had only the skins of animals to deal with, and could not go about with these drawn over them whole, like the medicine-men of the Indians. They needed to be cut and sewn into the desired shapes.

These tenants of the icy realm are very skilful at this. Holes are made in the skins with a bit of tough bone sharpened like an awl, and the sinew thread they use is then drawn through with a needle made of bird bone. A bit of seal hide, worn on the

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

finger, serves as a thimble. In every land in which the uncultivated races live, sewing of some kind is used, and often a very good kind.

Net-making is another art. Savage fishermen use the spear largely in their work, but they know how to make nets also, and are skilful in their use. The nets of the Polynesian fishermen, for instance, are often very large, being sometimes forty fathoms long, and twelve feet or more in width. These usually belong only to the principal chiefs, and the making of one of them is an important affair, in which a number of the chiefs help and are feasted while doing so. Each chief brings in his share of thread, and he and his men net it together.

CLAY AND ITS DOMESTIC USES

Going in our wandering way up and down and around and around the earth, we have seen how the men of the tribes, the uncivilized men of far countries, make the things they need in their simple housekeeping and outdoor life. They do not get far away from nature. The stones that lie around them serve for many of their needs. They have only to break and splinter these to get sharp points and edges, and to rub them down and polish them when they want better tools. The trees around them are just as useful. Their bark serves for clothing, strips of the inner bark for making mats and baskets, wood fibres, wool, cotton, and other products of nature for weaving clothes. The horns, bones and sinews

Home Life in All Lands

of food animals are also used. There is some power of invention shown, but in all their work they do not get far away from the tools and weapons which nature provides, the club, stone, and bone.

Everywhere about them there is another substance provided by nature, a plastic and easily worked material, of which man early made use, and which all men, savage and civilized alike, use in great quantities to-day. This is the clay of the river banks and the fields, the tough, clinging, flexible material which, when mixed with water, can easily be wrought into a thousand shapes, and when burned in the fire becomes as hard almost as stone. It is a brittle substance, however, one that needs careful handling. In the rough hands of primitive man the pots and other vessels made of it were often broken and thrown aside, and we find their fragments in all parts of the earth.

The simplest use of clay is to keep out the wind. When men build their first rude huts in cold climates there are many cracks and openings through which the biting wind makes its way. Looking around for some substance to close up these holes, the soft, putty-like clay comes in sight, and the shivering natives are apt to pick up handfuls of this and use it to plaster their open-work house walls. It proves so useful in keeping out the wind that soon the whole house is plastered and made snug.

Civilized men often make the same use of clay. When our forefathers came to this country, and also

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

when they made their way into the wild woods of the west, they had at first to build rough houses of logs, laid on top of one another and often with crevices between them. Here the plastic clay again came into use. The cracks were daubed full of soft wet clay, which soon hardened, and Jack Frost was kept out of the pioneer's home.

Was that the only use of clay in building? Not by any means. In countries where clay was the most plentiful material, as in the low river valleys of old Babylonia, great buildings were made of clay. It was dug up, shaped into large bricks, dried in the sun, and then used in building houses and temples. In rainy countries houses of this kind are in danger of being washed away, but in lands where there is little rainfall they make very good living places. You may have read of the *adobe* houses of Mexico and Central America. By this word you should understand that these houses are built of unburned clay, which is a common building material in those countries. Of course, you do not need to be told that clay is the most common building material in our own country, but here it is burnt clay, made into the form of bricks.

I have spoken of the use of clay for building in old Babylonia. I may speak of another very curious use of it in that country. If any of you had lived and gone to school in that old land, you would not have had printed books to read from and paper and slates to write upon. In place of books you would

Home Life in All Lands

have had slabs of hard dry clay, with wedge-shaped marks pressed into them. This was the Babylonian writing, and their books were slabs and cylinders of sunburnt or fire-burnt clay. If you wished to write you would have had to do it on smooth pieces of soft clay, using a sort of three cornered punch instead of a pen, and drying the clay after your letter or composition was written.

The old Babylonians had great libraries of books of this kind, neatly laid away on shelves, the books



Ancient Greek Bowl

being loaned out to students who had to be very careful not to break them, much as you have to be careful not to tear the leaves of your books. Sometimes the clay tablets were burned and could not easily be broken. In our times searchers for old things have dug into the ruins of the buried cities of Babylonia and Assyria and found some of these strange libraries. They have learned the language in which they are written and have little trouble in reading these clay books, on which much is written that they are glad to learn.

Such are some of the civilized uses of clay. There are others, for nearly all our dishes, cups, vases,

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

pots, and even our beautiful and costly porcelain ware are made of clay, this being painted and glazed and burned until it is very hard. We call these things pottery and the mode of making them the potter's art. But this art was not first discovered by civilized man. It was practiced by the savage



A Vase of Moorish Spain

racess long before there was such a thing as civilization, and is still practiced by them to-day. This is what I now wish to speak about, for much of it is curious and interesting.

Men had first to learn how to make fire before they could make pottery, for their pots had to be well burned before they could be used. If simply dried in the sun they would soon have crumbled to pieces. But they had learned how to make fire by

Home Life in All Lands

rubbing two pieces of wood together, very long ago, and pottery came after. Bits of it are found in very old graves, though not in the oldest of all.

Thousands of specimens of this old work have been gathered and put into museums, many of them finely formed and artistic, and millions of fragments are scattered in many places. In fact clay was one of the earliest substances used by man, and the use of it has gone on at a rapid rate ever since. When a barefooted savage trod into a bed of soft clay and drew his foot out, a foot-shaped pot or pan was left behind, one which would hold water. If he had dug around and under this carefully, and had drawn it out and dried it, he would have had a pot of which he could have made some use. Of course, to make it of much use it would be necessary to burn and harden it.

It is a little strange, therefore, that in some parts of the world the art of pot-making from clay has never been learned. The savages of Australia are ignorant of it and so are the people of the Polynesian race. These use gourds for drinking vessels and cook in open fires and in covered pits. But there are few other places where clay is to be found that it is not made into pots and other vessels.

The simplest use of it is that of the Eskimo lamp. This is usually made of the soft soapstone, which is hollowed out, filled with the oil or blubber of the seal or other animals, and a wick put in it. But in places where there is no soapstone, the Eskimo

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

women make lamps of clay, kneading it up with blood and hair. They do not burn the clay; its use as a lamp hardens it enough for their purposes.

The American Indians were active potters, and the relics of their art are found everywhere. The



A Fire Drill in South Africa

best of their work is found in the land of the Pueblo tribes, the southwestern section of the United States. Water was scarce there and often had to be carried from far away, and they had to make pots of some kind to carry it in.

In working clay for the making of vessels, it is stronger and less liable to break when mixed with

Home Life in All Lands

some other substances. This was soon discovered, and broken shells, mica and other materials were used. The Pueblo women mix sand and the pounded up fragments of old pots with their clay. In Southern Africa the white ants do the mixing, and all that is necessary is to use the clay found near ant-hills.



String Fire Drill, Madagascar

If now it be asked, how is the clay shaped into pots, we can learn this by going around among the uncivilized potters to-day. We may well understand that at first the soft stuff was simply shaped into rude vessels by the hands. We can see this going on in a hundred places. The women, who do all this work, merely take a lump of clay, shape it into a vessel with their fingers, make the rims and handles in the same way, and decorate it with raised ornaments if they have the artistic sense.

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

Another mode, very widely practiced, is that of moulding the clay into shape. A basket may be taken and spread thinly over the inside with clay, and then set on the fire, the basket being burned away and the clay hardened. In this case the outside of the pot thus formed will be covered with the marks of the basket. In other cases the clay may be plastered on the outside of the basket, or of a gourd or other article of suitable shape, and here the marks of the basket will be on the inside. Many old pots or bowls of this kind have been found, their basket patterns showing us exactly how they were made.

There is another way of making pottery which certainly was not the first in use, for it shows advanced powers of invention. Yet it came into common use, and most of the old pottery now found, at least in America, was made by this process. It is the method of coiling, that is, of forming vessels by using long rolled ropes of clay, wound round and round until the vessel is finished.

We would find it very interesting to see the work of such a native artisan. We would notice how he took up a lump of clay, rolled it out into a long, slender cord or fillet, half an inch or less in thickness, and then took the end of this cord in his fingers and began to wind it round and round like a coiled snake. He would keep this at first flat, to form the bottom. Then he would begin to bend it upward, to form the sides. When his first cord of clay ran

Home Life in All Lands

out, he would roll another, join it with his fingers to the end of the first, and continue this until the vessel was finished. The rim would perhaps be made of a



Flailing Grain in Peasant Cottage

broad strip of clay, turned over a little at the lip.

When the pot was finished in this way we would see another specimen of his art. Leaving the outside as it was, he would carefully press and smooth out

Primitive Arts of Manufacture

the clay on the inside, using perhaps a smooth piece of wood, perhaps his fingers. On some of the old pots in museums finger marks are plainly to be seen on the smooth inside. The work of making these vessels is done so carefully that they are as strong along the lines of winding as anywhere else, and will break across them as easily as along them.

In some parts of the world the work is not all done by coiling. It may begin by hollowing out and shaping a lump of clay on the bottom of a bowl-shaped basket, and keeping on until the edge of the bowl is reached, after which it is coiled in a spiral shape until the whole work is done. Then the smoothing out of the marks of the coils finishes the work.

The primitive potter was not long satisfied with crude ware, as plain as our common flower-pots. He soon began to think how to improve the looks of his ware by decorations and color. Some kind of design might be made on the surface of the vessel by the aid of the finger tips or a pointed stick. Bits of clay could also be added to make raised figures on the surface. Colors were next put on and finer clay used to give a surface finish.

From the simpler modes of ornament more artistic and elaborate ones developed, until very handsome vases came to be formed. And the vessel itself might be shaped into the form of men or animals. Some of these are grotesque and some quite artistic. The human face was not beyond the art of

Home Life in All Lands

the potters, and was often very neatly imitated, and they grew to be expert in the making of human and animal figures.

The art of the potter distinctively belongs to the household. Nearly all his work is intended to be used in the house, as an aid to the comfort or enjoyment of home life. His pots and bowls are for use in the kitchen, his plates and cups for the table, and his vases and other decorative forms for the reception room, their purpose being to add to the beauty of the house furnishing.

Going through a modern house in the realms of civilization we see that a wonderful advance has been made in the art, of which we have just been observing the primitive forms. The potter's wheel enables him to shape the clay far more rapidly and neatly than can be done with the hands, the arts of glazing, of coloring, painting, and ornamenting in general have been greatly developed, and the finely finished porcelain of our day ranks among the most beautiful and artistic objects wrought by the hand of man.



VIII

HOW THE WORLD AMUSES ITSELF

We all like to have a good time, every one of us, little and big, boy and girl, man and woman. Work is very well in its place. We cannot get along without it, and I fancy we all enjoy it—the most of us at least—if there is not too much of it. Too much of anything, of play as well as of work, is apt to grow tiresome, and the best kind of life is that in which the two are well mixed and mingled.

There is a good old saying: “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” It is not only an old one, but is a true one. There have been times in the world’s history when men and women had to work so hard and long to make a living that they had no time nor spirit for play. They tumbled wearily into bed at night, and dragged early to work in the morning.

Those were the times when the working people did not laugh. Fortunately those times are past, and there are few in our day and in our land who cannot find the chance for some share of enjoyment. It may be in out-door games or in in-door sports, in the dance, the play, the concert, the book, the family

Home Life in All Lands

gathering. The means of enjoyment are too many to name them all here; all that is needed is the spirit; that given, the means are easily found.

Men called themselves civilized in the days when the poor were made to work so hard, but it was a low sort of civilization, one in which the rich were often



A Shepherd Boy Piper

very cruel to the poor. If we go farther back, to the times when there was no civilization at all but all the world was in what we call the barbarous or the savage state, we shall find that the people did not work nearly so hard, and had plenty of time for what enjoyment they could get. In fact, we do not need to go back at all. We need only to go abroad, to the tropical lands which lie on one side

How the World Amuses Itself

of the empire of civilization, or to the frigid lands which lie on the other side, and we will find there plenty of barbarous or savage people still keeping among them the notions of work and of pastime of their far away ancestors. Let us set out, then, on another journey, and look upon these uncivilized people at their play.

One thing we will find wherever we go, which is that the men of the savage tribes are not very fond of hard work. They will hunt or fight, for they look on these as noble occupations, suited to beings of their dignity, but the household work, the drudgery of gathering wood or food, the labor of carrying their belongings when on a journey, all these are left to the women. The man is the aristocrat, the woman is the drudge, and we may see the man of the family stalking along, pipe in mouth and with empty hands, while his wife drags on behind him, baby on back and a big load of burdens on shoulders or in hands. Yet the household labors of savagery are light, house-cleaning time never comes round, washing day does not trouble them,—where they have any clothes to wash,—and men and women alike find time enough for gossip or such sports as come their way.

DANCES OF SAVAGE PEOPLES

Dancing seems to be a universal pastime. Everybody likes it. The savage loves to caper about and twirl his feet as much as the sons and daughters of

Home Life in All Lands

civilization, and in the heats of summer as well as in the chill of winter. But the dances of savagery are very different from those seen on our polished dancing floors, so a few of them may be described.

The natives of our own country, the Indians of former days, were great dancers. Everything set them capering, war, peace, weddings, even funerals,



The Devil Dance of the Congo

for they had solemn as well as gladsome dances. Every tribe had its own, and they were so many and so varied that the best we can do is to tell in a few words about a small number of them.

The first fall of snow was celebrated by the snowshoe dance. It was a solemn, religious ceremony, to give thanks to the Great Spirit for the return of the season for tracking game. Dressed in their winter garb of furs, and bearing their hunting weapons,

How the World Amuses Itself

the warriors danced in a decorous fashion around three lances stuck in the ground and bearing at top snow-shoes and eagles' feathers. They rarely put on their winter clothing until this time. To do so was deemed a display of weakness.

They had their harvest dances also, for many of the tribes were farmers as well as hunters, and among the most interesting of them all was the green corn dance. When the corn first showed signs of ripening in the field, women were sent every day to pull and bring in some ears to the medicine-man, whose privilege it was to strip off the first leaves. When he announced that they were ripe and promised a good crop, word was sent to the members of the tribe to gather at sunrise in the principal village and give thanks for this bounty to the Great Spirit.

When they assembled on the village green they found there a large pot of boiling water filled with the fresh plucked corn. It hung from four poles about ten feet high, which met at top, and were adorned with twelve ears of maize, while twelve wooden bowls were ranged around them.

Four medicine-men, painted white and representing the four seasons, danced round the boiler, beating time on its edge with a racket, and holding a cornstalk in the other hand. The leading warriors, also painted white and holding stalks, danced around them, singing hymns of thanksgiving.

Another commendable occasion was that of the poor or charity dance, given by the well-to-do young

Home Life in All Lands

men in favor of widows, orphans, and the old and feeble. While the medicine-man lustily beat his drum, the dancers, dressed only in crows' feathers, and brandishing their lances, pipes, knives, and tomahawks, circled around him, uttering loud shrieks, and looking upward as if to solicit the favor of the Great Spirit. When the dance ended the



Hawaiian Dancer

medicine-man went round and gathered gifts from the spectators, which were at once divided among the needy, much to their delight.

Less agreeable was the beggar's dance of some northern tribes. This was performed by the beggars themselves, who made every effort to display their misery and crave for alms. These were given in the Indian coin of tobacco, knives, tools for building wigwams, clothing, pipes, food, and other needful articles.

How the World Amuses Itself

The calumet-dance of peace was a peculiar ceremony, especially as danced by the Assiniboins. In the centre of the village green sat a drummer and an old warrior singing and smoking the red pipe of peace, while the young men lay in a circle around them. A signal being given, one of the young men sprang up and whirled about in a fantastic fashion. Then, singing and dancing on one foot, he leaped into the circle, made wry faces and threatening movements towards the old drummer and smoker, and, catching one of the group by the arm, forced him to rise and dance, and to imitate all his movements. The latter in turn dragged up a third, and this continued until the whole party were dancing, yelling at the same time with all the power of their lungs.

Another dance was the sun dance, common in parts of the west, in which the dancers whirled around a fire over which were kettles full of boiling meat. As they made their gyrations, they drew bits of smoking hot meat from the boilers and swallowed them without a sign of pain. When all the meat was eaten they splashed the boiling broth over their shoulders, crying out: "Oh, how cool is this water! What soft, sweet dew!"

Less agreeable than their dances of peace were the fierce war-dances of the savages, in which they whirled their weapons over their heads, gave vent to piercing war-whoops, and did their utmost to make the scene one of terror. More repulsive still

Home Life in All Lands

was the scalp-dance, performed on the return of a successful war-party. A number of young women stood in the centre, displaying the horrible trophies brought home by the warriors, who circled around



A Pole Dancer in Ceylon

them, jumping, bounding, yelling, brandishing their arms, making faces and contortions, and seeking to show in pantomime the process of scalping. This dance was performed at night, and was kept up every night for a week or more.

How the World Amuses Itself

Of the same horrible nature is a favorite dance of the head-hunters of Borneo, who brandish their ghastly trophies as they whirl round in various contortions. They have also a sword dance, in which two men indulge in sword play as they make their evolutions, parrying, advancing, retreating, as if they were engaged in a real deadly contest.

These are merely a few examples of the great variety of dances practiced by the natives of different regions of the earth. It would take a book to describe them all and point out their differences from the decorous dances of civilization. It is interesting, however, to learn that there are some nations whose people are too dignified to dance. We might find this, for instance, among the grandees of the Mohammedan nations of Turkey and Persia. They prefer to sit and smoke their long pipes, while seeing professional dancing girls gyrate before them. On seeing Europeans whirling round on a dancing floor they are apt to express their surprise that any one should go through such violent exercise for amusement, saying that they pay people to do that for them. Yet they have their dancers in the whirling dervishes, religious fanatics who work themselves into a complete frenzy as they whirl round and round.

GAMES AND CONTESTS OF SKILL

There are others of our civilized amusements besides dancing of which savages are fond. Wrest-

Home Life in All Lands

ling is one of these. This has long been a favorite amusement on the Polynesian islands. Let us see how it is done in Tahiti.



MacQueen and Dutkewich Expedition. Copyright 1909 by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

The Ngoma Khu, the National Dance of Zanzibar

Here the wrestlers of one district will challenge those of another, or the contest may be between natives of different islands. The test of skill is usually preceded by a feast, the wrestlers not begin-

How the World Amuses Itself

ning until nothing is left to eat. A ring will then be formed round the wrestlers, a number of whom enter the lists at once. The wrestlers walk around the ring with the left arm bent across the breast, striking the right hand violently on the left, and the left against the side, sometimes so fiercely as to bring the blood. This is their form of challenge.

When the challenge is accepted the antagonists grasp each other by the shoulders, each exerting all his strength and skill to throw the other. This is all that is necessary: the one who falls is defeated. Silence reigns during the contest, but the moment it ends the spectators shout, the drums strike up, the women and children of the victor's party dance and sing in derision around the fallen wrestler, while the opposite party yell defiance and predict that the glory of the victor will soon be overthrown.

Wrestling is not confined to the men, the women often taking part and even wrestling with men. Persons of the highest rank may take part, and a sister of the queen has been seen wrestling with a young chief in the midst of a ring composed of thousands of her sister's subjects.

Boxing is also practiced, but is less in favor than wrestling. The lower orders mostly engage in it. Here is no wearing of boxing gloves, no time spent in sparring or fencing. The men strike at each other with straight-out blows, and the one who falls, or even stoops to avoid a blow, is declared beaten.

While the men of savage tribes thus have the

Home Life in All Lands

same pastimes that are seen among us, so have the children. There is the flying of kites, for instance. The young folks of New Zealand send up their kites, made just like ours, and raised in the same way. And this art was not taught them by white people, since it was practiced long before they ever saw the whites. The youthful New



An African Wrestling Match

Zealanders have also others of our children's sports, such as the whipping top, and even the "cat's cradle," played with a string between the fingers.

Contests of skill in throwing are common everywhere, and some savages become wonderfully expert in the casting of weapons. But these are less sports than preparations for war, and their games of ball come more under the head of sport. The Indians of old were very fond of ball throwing, and though

How the World Amuses Itself

in looking at them we would have seen nothing like our favorite base-ball or foot-ball, cricket or golf, we would have found much to interest us.



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Children Playing Hop Scotch, Cashmere

I shall have to ask you to visit with me a Choctaw village and see how the Indians of this tribe play ball. Two famous players may challenge each other to a game. The first thing to do is to gather their respective parties. Each sends out an agent carrying

Home Life in All Lands

an ornamented ball-stick, who goes from village to village in search of good players. After calling out the names of the champions and the time and place of the game, the agent names the players he prefers. If willing to accept they signify it by touching the end of the ball-stick.

When the time arrives nearly half the whole tribe may have gathered to see or take part in the contest. Four old men are chosen to act as umpires, the ground is cleared, and the combatants pitch their tents. Each party walks in opposite directions two hundred and fifty paces from the middle of the field of play and drives two poles into the ground, six feet apart, and stretches across them a pole sixteen feet long. Thus each side has its goal. While this is going on many of the spectators are making bets, just as in a white man's game. You may see that human nature is much the same in red men and white. Some of the Indians will wager everything they possess in the excitement of the contest.

The articles thus wagered are placed before the umpires, who watch them all through the night, sitting in stolid content behind their pipes and occasionally singing hymns of appeal to the Great Spirit to give them a fine day for the game. There is much singing and dancing among the players and spectators also, the women taking part, and very few think of sleep until the night has passed.

When the sun shows itself in the east the rival parties gather for the sport. The game begins by

How the World Amuses Itself

one of the umpires throwing the ball into the air. In a moment there is a scene of turmoil and confusion, as the rival players seek to catch it.

When caught, it may not be held for a moment, another player snatching it from the player's hand



The Game of Valadoe

and throwing it towards the gate. Before reaching there an alert player may catch and send it back, and thus the game keeps on, the only rest being when the ball has passed the gate and awaits to be thrown back again. The party that throws the ball through its opponent's gate a hundred times is the winner, but so alert and skilful are the players that the sun

Home Life in All Lands

may set before this is accomplished. There is much rough work, many are trampled under foot, but they usually keep their good temper throughout.

Very likely most of you have read of a famous and fatal instance of Indian ball play, which took place during the Pontiac conspiracy, after the French and Indian War.

Before any one knew of the treacherous purpose of the Indians, a party of warriors gathered before the fort at Mackinaw and began a game of ball. The gate of the fort was open and the officers stood outside, watching the game, without a thought of treachery. Finally, as if by accident, the ball was driven towards the gate and the Indians followed hot-foot after it. In an instant they seized the officers, rushed into the fort, drew their deadly weapons, and the work of slaughter began. It was a frightful massacre masked under the guise of a friendly game of ball.

COCK AND CRICKET FIGHTING

In our journeys through savage lands we will see many games of strength and skill, including foot and horse races, mock fights, and other sports in which the people take great delight. These do not differ much from those we have among ourselves, and it must suffice to speak of certain modes of amusement which are more especially home sports.

One of these is cock-fighting, in which the islanders of the Pacific take great delight. This is a sport

How the World Amuses Itself

which the Malay peoples have enjoyed for many centuries and which is still one of their chief pleasures. They take the greatest care of their fighting birds, feeding them by hand and making finely carved perches for their use. They are mainly fed on bits of bread-fruit rolled up in the hand like paste, and the bird is taught to drink from the hollow of its master's hand.

When two rival cocks of fame are matched against each other in a prize contest the people of the whole district may gather to see the fight. These battles take place as soon after dawn as possible, that the heat of the day may not distress the birds. They wear no artificial spurs, as in similar contests among ourselves—for civilized peoples as well as barbarians indulge in this cruel form of sport. The game ends as soon as one of the birds runs from the other or avoids its blows. The lookers-on raise a shout of *vi* (beaten) and the birds are separated.

In our own section of the Malay country, the Philippine Islands, this is the favorite sport of the people, and one in which they take the most intense delight. Poor is the cottager who does not own at least one game-cock, which we might often see him carrying under his arm, caressing it and talking to it as if to a child.

These birds are not left to depend on their natural spurs, as in the other islands, but on the left leg of each, in the event of a fight, a keen gaff, two inches or more in length, is tied, so that the chance of a

Home Life in All Lands

fatal or disabling blow with this has as much to do as skill in deciding a combat.

The natives love their birds more fondly than they do their wives and children. The cock eats, crows, and sleeps in the arms of his master, while it is an



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A Filipino Cock Fight

insult for any one else to touch it without asking permission. Songs are written in honor of a favorite bird, and no money could buy him from his master, who takes him everywhere, even to the church door, fastening him to a bamboo plug outside during the service. The traveller in that land

How the World Amuses Itself

is not apt to grow fond of the game-cocks, for he is often obliged to sleep in the same room with them, and as they begin to crow about three o'clock in the morning, sleep becomes impossible after that early hour.

One evil feature of cock-fighting in the Philippines is the gambling to which it gives rise. The natives are inveterate gamblers, and this passion has its fullest vent on the occasion of a cock-fight. They will wager all their possessions on the skill of their birds. No person, indeed, is permitted by law to bet more than fifty dollars on a fight, but little heed is paid to this law by the excited people. If you were there you would be surprised to see a Filipino, after making a bet, fling the money into the cock-pit. This is the custom there. After the fight they pick up their money and their winnings. No one claims money he has not won. If he did he would be in danger of a knife-thrust from his hot-headed antagonist.

I do not think it necessary to describe the fighting of these trained game-cocks. It is the same all over the world and is a cruel form of sport which is forbidden by law in our own land. I do not say that it never takes place here, but if so it has to be done secretly, out of sight of the officers of the law. A much more curious thing is the fight of trained crickets, which is practiced by the natives of the island of Java, and is an odd form of amusement which I am sure you will like to hear about.

Home Life in All Lands

An interesting part of this story is the mode of educating the crickets. They are wild creatures, hard to tame, and disposed to fight for their liberty. When a native of Java catches his cricket he puts it in a little bamboo cage. But he must take care that the wood be hard and close grained or the prisoner will gnaw its way out. When it finds that gnawing will not serve, it batters the wall with its



An Italian Dancing Party

horny head, and keeps this up until it falls stunned.

Now comes the time of its captor. He takes it from the cage and throws it into a basin of water, letting it struggle there till it is half drowned. He then takes it out, holds it in his hand, and strokes it gently with cotton-wool on a stick. Afterwards a hair is tied to one of its legs and it is hung on a nail in a cool place till it revives. This done, the captor warms it in his hand and puts it back in the cage.

How the World Amuses Itself

It has learned its first lesson ; it does not try to escape again.

When it has thus fully quieted down its education begins. Its master tickles its head, side, and back with a fine brush made of grass blossoms. The hot-tempered little insect does not like this, and shows its displeasure by an angry "cricking" and snapping at the brush. After a time it flies at the brush, seizes it in its strong jaws and clings fast.

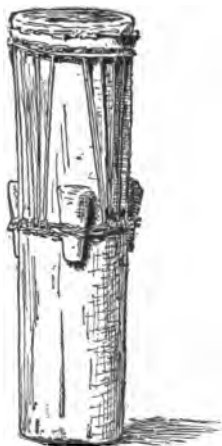
For some days after this it is fed on rice sprinkled with cayenne pepper, to give it new fighting vim. Its education now finished, it is ready for the combat. Two crickets are taken, tickled with the grass blossoms until they are thoroughly angry, and the cages are opened. Immediately they rush at each other and fight with the fury of two game-cocks. The fight is decided when one of the combatants is thrown or acknowledges defeat by turning to flee.

Great glory comes to the victor, and the Javanese bet as large sums on their fighting crickets as the Filipinos do on their fighting cocks. In fact, they become so excited over the contest of their insect warriors that they may fight out the battle themselves. Is not this whole affair a curious example of man's love of sport and disposition to gamble? Among our own people we see the same thing over a game of cards, which sometimes leads to fighting and pistol shooting among the players and betters.

Home Life in All Lands

PRIMITIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

In all these sports, especially that of dancing, music is a feature. Much of their singing might seem to us mere howling, and their instruments of music might seem rude noise makers, but they think they are doing something very fine, and listen with



A Dyak Drum

pleasure to the sound, or with awe if the music is part of a religious ceremony.

The drum, in some shape or other, is in use among all the primitive tribes. It takes many forms and makes a variety of noises. In the South Sea islands the drums are of various shapes and sizes, but each of them is made out of a block of wood, solid at one end, hollowed out at the other, and covered with a piece of shark's skin, which is stretched tightly over the opening.

How the World Amuses Itself

The drums used in dances and other entertainments are small and are beaten by the bare hand instead of a stick. The sacred drums in their temples, used only on some solemn or important occasion, are much larger, and yield a deep, impressive sound. When beaten at midnight, sleepers are



Tahitian Drum

wakened by the dull, deep, thrilling roll, and filled with fear of the gods or of some impending disaster.

The sound of their trumpet is still more impressive. This is made of a large sea-shell, sometimes more than a foot long and seven or eight inches wide at the mouth. A hole about an inch in width is made near the apex of the shell and a bamboo cane, about three feet long, inserted in this and firmly fastened,

Home Life in All Lands

gum from the breadfruit tree being used to make the junction air-tight.

These shells are blown when a religious procession takes place, a chief is inaugurated, or a tax imposed in the name of the gods. The sound is very loud, but its tone is so monotonous and dismal as to give one a chill, and in connection with the drum is calculated to impress its hearers deeply.

These instruments are spoken of here as if still in use, but it would be hard to find them to-day outside of museums. The temples of the gods have vanished from these islands, their kings and chiefs are deposed, white men are in control, and the music and religion of the whites have largely replaced those of the pagans.

A far more musical and agreeable instrument is the flute, or *vi'vo*, as it is called in Tahiti. In making a flute they take a section of the bamboo cane, about an inch thick and a foot or eighteen inches long. The joint of the cane forms one end of the flute. The aperture for blowing into is near the end, and there are usually four holes, three in the upper side for the fingers and one below for the thumb.

This simple instrument is often ornamented by burnt-in designs, or is wound round with strings of braided hair alternating with others of cocoanut fibre. The odd thing about it is that it is blown, not from the mouth, but from the nose. The player closes one nostril with his thumb, puts the aperture of the flute to his other nostril, and blows into it,

How the World Amuses Itself

making the notes by placing his fingers on the holes. Few notes can be made, but the music is soft and pleasant.

Going around the realm of savagery we will find many other musical instruments, of which we can here describe only a few. The drum is found everywhere, of different shape and material. Thus among



A Loango Drummer

the cannibal Fans of Africa it is a hollow wooden cylinder about four feet long, its ends, one about ten and the other seven inches across, being covered with deer or goat skin.

But the most interesting instrument of the Fans is one which we would not expect to find in so rude a people. It is called a *handja* and is made in the following manner: A light frame, three feet long

Home Life in All Lands

and one and a half feet broad is made of reeds, and in it is set and fastened a series of hollow gourds, each covered with a strip of hard wood.

The gourds, usually seven in number, are of different sizes, and graduated so as to yield a series of notes. Each has a small hole in the side covered with the skin of a spider. In playing, the performer sits down, lays the instrument across his knees, and strikes the strips of wood lightly with a stick. He has two sticks, one hard and the other soft, so as to vary the tone. The music is clear and pleasing, and their rude and simple airs are played with much skill.

I might go on speaking of various other musical instruments possessed by the lower races of the earth, many of them the rude beginnings of the wind and string instruments we have to-day, but there are too many of them to deal with here, and I shall only speak further of a peculiar form of the drum, used for a different purpose than that of music or ceremony. It is what has been called the signal drum.

This drum consists of a hollow log or tree, which is split open and hollowed out. The player beats with a stick or two sticks along the edges of the slit, which now gives a long or a short rattle, now a grinding sound. It is used to send signals from point to point, each variation in sound having its meaning. The sounds of the drum can be heard for a long distance and a simple conversation kept up

How the World Amuses Itself

on it, so that by its aid messages of few words may be telegraphed from village to village.

As an instance, we are told that once, when a personage of importance was returning late in the evening to his camp in a village of the African



Signal Drums of the New Hebrides

Basako district, he had orders sent in advance by the drum telegraph to keep his supper ready. He reached the village a few hours later and found the meal awaiting him. The message, which had been received long before his arrival, was to the following effect: "Bula Matadi come evening; don't eat all up."

Home Life in All Lands

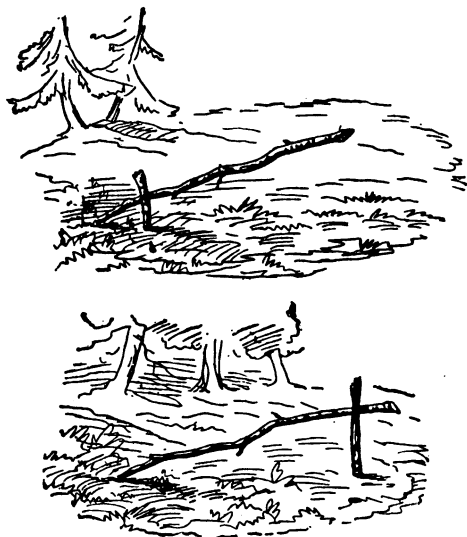
These signal drums are found in use in widely separated parts of the earth. The power of sending messages by them is most developed in the western part of equatorial Africa, but we find them widely in use in the Pacific Islands north of New Guinea, and also in America, where they are known in Mexico and widely through the valley of the Amazon. The Northwest Indians also possess them.

Of course, they differ widely in shape and size, in some the standing tree being used, in others a small, split piece of wood hung round the neck. They may even be attached to the hunter's bow, as a little bit of hollowed wood. With this, as we are told, the African natives can send messages to one another in the forest by means of slight taps made by striking the apparatus with an arrow or small stick. This drum is certainly a very ingenious form of primitive telegraph.

We see from what has been said that the natives of the earth have a language of sounds aside from those used in speech. They have a sign language as well, about which a few words may be said. This sign language is, in its first form, a picture language, each picture telling certain things. A modern finger post, with a hand or an arrow pointing in some direction and the distance marked below, is only a development of the Indian signal, which may be a short stick thrust into the ground and a long one fastened to it. If the short end of the longer stick is stuck into the soil it means: "I have gone in such

How the World Amuses Itself

a direction, but not far." If the long end, it means: "I have gone a long way in the direction in which the stick points." If there be five posts to which the long stick is tied, it signifies: "I have gone in the direction indicated by the stick and shall be away for five days."



Indian Finger Posts

You should know that this picture language is the beginning of written language. And it is very interesting to learn that some of the best picture makers are the lowest savages, such as the Bushmen of the South African deserts and the "black fellows" of Australia. They are at the beginning of language and need to make a complete picture.

Home Life in All Lands

Higher savages have gone beyond this and are content with a few lines which suggest a picture. These have come to possess a fixed meaning to them, and it is not necessary to complete the drawing. In still more advanced cases they reach the stage of mere signs, which have very little resemblance to any object. When we get thus far we are at the stage of hieroglyphic language, such as was practiced in ancient Egypt and some other countries. Later on the Egyptians, who began with pictures of objects, got to signs which had no pictorial meaning, yet which meant words to them. At a later date the Phœnicians took some of these signs for the letters of their alphabet, and from this came all the alphabets of the world. Thus from the picture-making of the past grew up the writing of the present.

THE SMOKER AND HIS PIPE

From the active enjoyments of the earth's people let us now come to the passive ones. And chief among these is that of the smoker, who, pipe in mouth, forgets his toils and troubles, and lies back, lost in the quiet charm of the "weed." Tobacco, with the potato and Indian corn, were the chief gifts of America to the world. All of you probably have read the amusing story of Sir Walter Raleigh, the first smoker we know of in the Old World. While sitting, pipe in mouth, and blowing smoke from his lips, a servant entering with a tankard of ale imagined that his master was on fire, and dashed the ale

How the World Amuses Itself

in his face, thinking to put out the flame. I fancy that Sir Walter did not approve of that way of "taking his ale."

It would need a good many tankards of ale to put out the fire of tobacco to-day, for the love of smoking has spread all over the world, and we may see the pungent fumes of the Indian weed rising in all lands, from Patagonia to Alaska, from the Cape of



Congo Musicians with Signal Drums and Wooden Pianos

Good Hope to Siberia. America was the original home of it, however, and to the Indian it meant so much that it became a religion to him as well as a pastime, and we feel drawn to say something about the Indian and his pipe.

In his view tobacco was a gift from the gods. Long ages ago, when the gods at times visited the earth, a powerful spirit who was taking a stroll on

Home Life in All Lands

our planet lay down beside his fire in the forest. While he was fast asleep his mortal foe came along and saw the chance to work mischief. Softly approaching, he rolled the sleeper towards the fire till his head lay in the embers and his long hair was ablaze. Roused by the roar of the flames the spirit leaped up and ran in a fright through the forest. As he did so the wind carried away his singed hair and scattered it broadcast over the ground. Wherever it fell it took root, and grew up into the tobacco plant.

That was the Indian way of explaining this mystery. You should know that it is a common habit among savages to explain a mystery by a tale. Here is another which describes the origin of the pipe. The Indian always smoked his tobacco in a pipe; he never descended to the cigar or the cigarette; therefore the pipe became a sacred object to him.

Many years ago the Great Spirit called all his people together before the Red Pipe-Stone Cliff. Standing on this, he broke a piece from the cliff, kneaded it in his hands, and made of it a great pipe, which he smoked before them, turning to the north, south, east, and west, until the air was filled with its fragrant fumes.

He then told them that this red stone was their flesh and that of it they should make their pipes of peace. It belonged to all men, and on this ground the war-club and the scalping-knife must never be

How the World Amuses Itself

used. He talked to them till the pipe reached its last whiff, and then a cloud rose round his head, and in an instant the surface of the rock was melted and glazed for several miles around. Two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women, the guardian spirits of the place, entered them in a blaze of fire.



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Congo Religious Music; Made by Blowing into Gourd and Empty Bottles

They are there yet, and the medicine-men consult them when they visit this sacred place.

This locality has become famous as the Pipe-Stone Quarry. It lies in Minnesota, about three hundred miles west of the Falls of St. Anthony, on the summit of the ridge which divides the Missouri from

Home Life in All Lands

the St. Peter River. Here is a wall of quartz rock, twenty-five to thirty feet high, and at its base a level prairie, under which lies the red stone. The Indians dig it up, and have done so for many centuries, if we may judge from the many old diggings and the great number of graves near by.

It is said that the Indians obtained all the material for their pipes from this place, so that the red stone must have been a great article of red-skin commerce. Catlin says that he visited about forty tribes, living over thousands of miles of country, and found all their pipes made of this stone; and Clarke, who made the first journey to the Pacific, says the same thing. There is, however, a similar red stone in Oregon from which the tribes of the Pacific region make their pipes.

Now let us return to the Indian smoking habits. In addition to their common pipes, every tribe had its sacred emblem, known as the "medicine pipe-stem." This was ornamented in various ways and was used only on the most solemn occasions. A pipe-stem carrier was elected every four years, like our President, and like the latter he found the office a very expensive one. He could not take it unless he was well-to-do or had friends willing to help him. His chief expense was to pay the former carrier for his emblems of dignity, the value of which might amount to fifteen or twenty horses, a large sum for an Indian.

These emblems, or insignia of office, consisted of

How the World Amuses Itself

a highly ornamental skin tent, in which the dignitary had to dwell; a bear skin to receive the pipe when taken out of its many coverings to be used; a medicine rattle to be handled in their sacred dances; a



Checker Playing in Algiers

wooden bowl from which the carrier always took his food, and which he had to carry about him, often in his hand or on his head; and so many other articles that it took two horses to carry them all when the tribe was in motion. The pipe-stem was usually carried by his favorite wife, and it was a

Home Life in All Lands

very bad omen to let it fall to the ground. Many ceremonies were needed to abate this evil.

The pipe-stem carrier was so important a person that all had to treat him with great respect. It was a great indignity for any one to pass between him and the fire in the centre of his tent. He was not permitted to cut his own meat, but it was cut for him by one of his wives and put in his sacred feeding bowl. He dare not even scratch his own head, without the use of a stick for that purpose—and the creeping insects on an Indian's head called for frequent repetition of this practice.

The pipe-stem always hung in a large bag on the outside of the lodge, it being never taken inside, and never uncovered when any woman was present. It was wrapped in leather and other coverings, which could only be removed on some very special occasion, such as a council of war, a sacred pipe-stem dance, or a quarrel within the tribe, when the rivals were required to smoke the pipe of peace as a sort of arbitration ceremony.

One observer thus describes the mode of using it. After various preliminary ceremonies, the carrier filled a bowl with tobacco, and, taking the stem from its covering while singing a solemn song, he inserted it in the bowl, lighted the tobacco, and inhaled a mouthful of smoke. Then turning his face upward, he blew out a long stream of smoke, while calling on the Great Spirit to give his tribe success in war, to aid them in taking scalps, and to

How the World Amuses Itself

confer various other benefits. Then he turned the stem towards the earth, blew out another puff of smoke, and begged the ground to produce abundantly of plants and buffalos for the coming season. This done, he handed the pipe to the person next him, and it passed from hand to hand around the lodge, each inhaling its sacred fumes.

You may see from this that smoking on these occasions was a solemn and sacred business with the Indians, one not to be indulged in lightly. Such is not the case in the rest of the earth, over all of which the use of tobacco has spread since the discovery of the plant in America. We know all about the art of smoking as it is now practiced in this country, the original home of the custom, but in some other parts of the world it is indulged in to excess and under peculiar conditions.

One instance of this, coming from Damara Land, South Africa, is the following: A small quantity of water is put into a large antelope horn, and a little clay pipe, filled with tobacco, is fixed into its side near the narrow end, a small hole leading to the interior. The chief man of the party has the honor of the first pull of the pipe. He holds the horn to his lips and draws in deeply, swallowing the smoke, little of it escaping from his lips. A serious effect soon appears. His eyes grow glassy, his features are contorted, froth flows from his lips, his body is convulsed, and in a brief time he falls insensible to the ground.

Home Life in All Lands

To bring him back to his senses water is thrown over his body, his hair is pulled violently, his head thumped with the hands of his friends. This generally brings him to his senses in a few minutes, but not always, for there are cases where smokers have died from filling their stomachs in this way with the poisonous fumes.



A Dance in a Swiss Inn

This example must suffice as an extreme case of over-indulgence in tobacco. More moderate use of it is now common all over the world, smoking being supplemented by chewing and snuffing, and the use of the Indian weed has become one of the chief vices of mankind.

How the World Amuses Itself

TALES BY THE TRIBAL FIRESIDE

The pipe is a soother of the nerves, and under its influence many agreeable hours are passed around the circle of the family fire. Tale-telling is one of the favorite enjoyments of these restful hours. As we have said, savages are great tale-tellers. Their imagination seems active, to judge from the many curious traditions and stories of the gods and spirits they possess. That is their way of describing some natural event. When we see the lightning flash from the cloud, the billows break on the seashore cliff, the sun set in the glowing west, and the like, we seek to explain them as the results of natural causes. Not so your savage. He knows nothing of science, but is full of ideas of spirits, and is apt to invent some tale of magic to explain all such events.

These tales often have little or nothing to do with the things to which they relate, but they satisfy the savage's untaught mind. Two of them were given above in relation to the origin of tobacco and the pipe. Hundreds of others, more intricate and bringing in more of the human and animal element, might be told if we had the space to devote to them. But instead of this I prefer to tell you the story of an Indian who tried to tell the truth as he saw it, and in consequence fell into trouble as the greatest liar of his age. It is told by George Catlin, a traveller who lived for years among the Indians and grew very familiar with their ways. It relates to an Assiniboin Indian named Wijunjon (Pigeon's

Home Life in All Lands

Egg Head), who was selected, as a man of superior powers of mind, to go to Washington to settle some governmental business for his tribe.

As Wijunjon and a companion made their way through the white man's country he decided to take careful note of all he saw, and bade his companion join him in keeping count of all the houses on their route by cutting notches on their pipe stems. But these were soon filled, and so were two clubs which they cut for the same purpose. Then they went into the bushes and cut a long stick, upon which they copied all these notches. This, and others, were soon filled, and when they reached St. Louis, with its 15,000 inhabitants, they grew hopeless of keeping up their record and threw the sticks into the river.

When they got to Washington the envoy was quite overwhelmed by what he saw. His wonder grew at every moment. He visited other cities of the whites, saw their arts and manufactures, their forts, ships, steamboats and a multitude of other things strange to his eyes. When he returned to St. Louis Mr. Catlin joined him, and was surprised and amused at the transformation in the Indian brave.

Wijunjon had cast off his native costume and was dressed in a full military uniform—a coat of blue cloth trimmed with gold lace and with two great epaulettes on the shoulders; a shining black stock around his neck; a pair of high-heeled waterproof boots on his feet; on his head a high-crowned beaver hat, with a broad silver-lace band and a huge red

How the World Amuses Itself

feather, two feet high. Hanging from his neck was a large silver medal, from his belt depended a broad sword, his hands were covered with a pair of white kid gloves, while one of them held a blue umbrella and the other a large fan.

You may imagine the surprise of the members of his tribe when this queer figure came among them.



Turks Enjoying a Holiday

They listened eagerly to his stories of what he had seen, but, accustomed as they were to swallow wholesale stories of the gods and of magical deeds, these marvels of real life were too much for them. They were not ready to believe their envoy.

"He has been," they said, "among the whites, who are great liars, and all he has learned is to come home and tell lies."

Down went the credit of poor Wijunjon, and as his stories grew more marvellous his disgrace deepened. His fame for political wisdom vanished and

Home Life in All Lands

the chiefs shunned him as a lost soul, the greatest liar of his nation. Yet the wonder of the other members of the tribe was raised and the tales of Wijunjon were eagerly listened to.

As for his finery, it rapidly disappeared. The tails of his frock coat became a pair of leggings for his wife and his silver-lace hat-band served her for garters. The remainder of his coat was soon seen on the shoulders of his brother, buttoned above his buckskin leggings. He had brought a little keg of whiskey from Washington, and, warmed by its contents, he soon distributed the remainder of his finery, and in a day or two he was seen parading around with the keg under his arm and the sword dragging like a rudder between his staggering legs. Finally nothing was left him but his umbrella, which he clung to till the last.

As the days went on he continued his stories, simple and plain narratives of what he had seen, yet seeming like sheer fable to his wondering hearers. His companion had died on the way back, so that he had no one to support him in his tales. These were of the forts and the great ships he had seen; the splendor of the cities he had gone through; the bridges, the wonderful machines, the numberless marvels. But as for believing them! His hearers could not do that. Such things could not exist, and Wijunjon was soon looked upon as "the greatest liar in the world."

All this was comedy, but tragedy followed. While his remarkable powers of invention (as they were

How the World Amuses Itself

thought) were winning him the admiration of the women and young men, the chiefs of the council began to think it wise to get rid of him as a dangerous example of "lying medicine."

This feeling in time spread through the tribe, they grew to dread him, it was decided that he must die, and a young man was deputed to perform the act. Yet it was felt that Wijunjon was such great medicine that an ordinary bullet would not hurt him, and the chosen murderer was in a quandary what to do. In this dilemma he had a dream, in which he was directed to loiter about the fort near the village and watch his opportunity to steal an iron pot, the handle of which would have the virtue he needed.

The pot stolen, he spent a whole day in the woods hammering the handle so that it would go into the barrel of his gun. Finally he crept up behind Wijunjon, with the gun concealed under his robe, and, placing the muzzle close to his ear, blew out the poor fellow's brains.

"Thus," says Catlin, "ended the days and greatness of Wijunjon, the *Pigeon's Egg Head*, who had travelled eight thousand miles to see the President and all the great cities of the civilized world; and who, for telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, was, after he got home, disgraced and killed for a wizard."



IX

AMONG THE WORLD'S WORSHIPERS

Queer people with queer ideas are many of the savage tribes of the earth. Where they got many of their notions from no one can tell, but they are often as odd and fanciful as notions well can be. You do not need to be told this, for those who have read thus far must have seen it for themselves. But they have another set of ideas to which we have as yet paid little attention. These are their religions, their strange fancies about the gods and spirits.

Going into their wigwams or huts, or whatever we may call their simple homes, we will soon see them making idols of the queerest objects, praying in their way to sticks and stones, and if we ask them about their beliefs we will often be told tales as fanciful as any fairy story we ever read. We must not laugh at their idols and their stories, for these are all they know about the gods and their doings and what is funny to us may be very solemn and sacred to them.

What would you think if you should see a village of these people, every man or woman of which had a god of his or her own, and this deity no more

Among the World's Worshipers

than a thing picked up from the ground, a stone, a shell, a feather, a stick, some bit of household ware, perhaps a carved image or idol, for these things are the first stage leading up to the worship of idols. These simple objects their owners look upon as sacred. Larger things are often used, such as trees,



A Fetish from the Gold Coast, Africa

streams, rocks, and in some places animals, but the beginning is with the small things named.

These objects, sacred to them, we call fetiches, and this primitive kind of religion is known as fetich-worship. Their owners look upon these things as holy treasures, which will bring them good fortune. But if ill luck should come instead of good

Home Life in All Lands

luck, the owner may burst into a fit of temper, kick his fetich or fling it disdainfully away, and look around for another one to take its place. He has no use for a household god that cannot help him when in trouble.

But these things are not picked up by pure chance. It is when good luck comes to a person, and some object seems associated with it, that he views this object as the source of his happy fortune, and looks upon it as his spirit guardian. The fetich may belong to one person, a whole family, or an entire tribe. In the latter case it is likely to be a less simple object, and may grow into the idol worshiped by the tribe.

THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION

All this may seem absurd and nonsensical to us, but these simple-minded savages are not such idiots as you may think. We must get down to the workings of their minds to learn the meaning of their acts. When we look upon the things around us, the animals, the plants, the rocks, clays, sands, waters, etc., we divide them into two classes, the living and the non living. We and the animals are the living; the rocks and waters the non-living; the trees and plants midway between the two, with something of life and more of not-life.

Please figure to yourselves now that the savage makes no such distinction. He sees only one class, the living. The life, the thought, the spirit which

Among the World's Worshipers

he feels within himself, he fancies to exist in all things. Every object around him has a spirit of its own in his simple science. And it may have feelings and passions like his, may seek to help those who take care of it and to injure those who neglect or injure it.

You can see from this that there is some meaning in savage worship. The simplest object, as he thinks, possesses a spirit which may have power to help or to harm, and any object that seems to bring good to a person may be a "great medicine" to that person and be well worth cherishing as a powerful friend.

We find this fetich worship wherever a low tribe abides, in Africa, in Australia, in Asia, in America. It is a natural deduction from the psychology, or mind-science, of the savage, and never fails to show itself. One form of it is the totemism of the American Indians, in which each tribe, or each clan of a tribe, takes some animal—the turtle, the eagle, the wolf, the deer—as its special guardian, its sacred object to be cherished and revered, while all other animals may be treated as vermin or game. In other lands other things are cherished and revered.

This is not the whole story of primitive religion. There is something else which many students believe to have much to do with the religious fancies of the savage. This is the dream. All of us frequently wonder at the queer dreams which come to us. In

Home Life in All Lands

them we at times meet with persons whom we know to be dead and buried, yet who seem living again, walking and talking with us.

We tell our friends of these dreams, and may



The Holy Banyan Tree

say: "Wasn't it queer? I saw my father just as he looked in life, wearing his old clothes, and talking just like himself."

Now the savage knows nothing about the science of dreams. He cannot dismiss these strange visions

Among the World's Worshipers

as easily as we can. To him it is not a phantasm of the brain, but the actual person, that he sees in his sleep. But there is something dim, elusive, flitting about this image. It comes and goes at odd times and in odd ways. It is a vague shadow of the person he saw laid in the grave, its ghostly image, its freed spirit.

From visions of this kind is apt to arise the belief that the spirit survives after the body has perished, and some vague conception of future existence is gained. These spirits are not like those of the fetich stick and stone. They are free to come and go. We cannot handle and rarely can see them. From their visits may arise the idea of higher and greater spirits dwelling in the winds, the clouds, the sun and moon.

Such, in the opinion of many scientists, was the beginning of religious belief among the lowest races of mankind. The idea that all things have spirits leads to fetich and idol worship; the images seen in dreams lead to a belief in the survival of the spirit of man and of great spirits free from connection with earthly objects.

I hope you do not find this account of the religious fancies of savages tiresome. It is what we are told by learned men, who have visited the villages of savages and studied them at home. Yet these are only the beginnings, even with the lower races. Savages think as well as ourselves, though their thoughts are apt to be fanciful. They gain

Home Life in All Lands

ideas about the way things came to be, but many of these ideas take the form of stories or odd notions about the doings of the gods. As you may enjoy some of these I will tell you a few.

PRIMITIVE RITES AND TRADITIONS

If we should visit the Pacific islands we would come across many of these strange conceptions. Here is one of them. Many of the people of Polynesia believe that their gods have a strong liking for the red feathers of a small bird found in certain islands or for the beautiful long tail-feathers of the man-of-war bird. No more valuable offering could be made to their deities, and in making this offering many ceremonies were observed in past times. The *palatna* was one of the chief of these ceremonies.

In performing this the images of the gods were all brought out of the temple, their sacred coverings were taken off, they were bathed with scented oils and exposed to the sun. These idols being generally hollow, the feathers were put inside them. But many idols were solid wooden images, covered with finely braided sheets of cocoanut fibre, and to these the feathers were tied.

To those who gave these feathers to the god two or three of the same kind were returned, taken from a former offering to the idol. These were thought to retain some of the god-like properties and to possess a supernatural influence. They were care-

Among the World's Worshipers

fully wound round with very fine cinnet, or cocoa-nut fibre, only their ends being visible. The gods were prayed to, asking them to abide in these red feathers, and these, as powerful fetiches, were placed in small bamboo canes, from which they were taken when prayed to. If they brought good fortune to their owner, they might be put in a new idol



Baptising a Barge

and a temple and altar be erected for them. But this idol had first to be taken to the large temple, that the great idol might sanction its being made an object of worship.

Not only feathers, animals, fruits, etc., were presented to the idols, but to these was often added the horrible rite of offering human sacrifices to the wooden images. Captives taken in war were usually

• Home Life in All Lands

sacrificed, or persons whom the chiefs or the priests disliked. The victim was generally killed without warning of his fate, and his body put in a long basket and carried to the temple. At the great festivals large numbers might be thus slain.

In many places we find fanciful tales of the creation. The Dyaks of Borneo have four chief spirits: Tapa, who created and cares for men and women; Tenahi, who made the earth and causes it to flourish; Iang, who taught men the rites of the temples; and Girong, who presided over birth and death. Tapa created spirits as well as men, and at first man and the spirits were equal and fought with each other. But on one occasion the spirits gained the better of man and rubbed charcoal in his eyes. Since then he has not been able to see them and they can do what they choose to him.

The Dyaks believe that when a man dies his spirit dwells in the jungle. Others think that when the dead body is burned, the spirit of a good man ascends to the sky in the smoke from the funeral pyre; but if the man has been wicked only the smoke rises, the spirit sinks to the earth and goes through it to the regions below. In other versions, the spirit may haunt the place of burial or burning. The ghosts of those who have been killed in war live in the jungle and have the power of taking the form of headless beasts or men. They are vicious and love to terrify or work mischief to men.

The Samoans have various curious traditions,

Among the World's Worshipers

one of which resembles the Bible story of the deluge. Once, they tell us, only the heavens were dwelt in, the earth being covered with water. Tangalao, the great god, sent down his daughter in the form of a bird called Turi (the snipe) to search for a resting place. She flew about for a long time and at last found a rock rising above the water. Turi



The Assyrian God Nergal

flew back and told her father that she had found but one resting place. He sent her down again, and she brought back the news that the dry rock was extending on all sides. He now gave her some earth to cover the barren rock and a plant to set in it. She continued to visit the earth and return to the skies, bringing fresh tidings. One time she reported the plant growing and spreading; the next time it was withered; the next it swarmed with worms. Her final report was that the worms had become men and women. A strange story of the creation, is it not?

Home Life in All Lands

Another of their stories tells of the heavens falling, so that the people had to crawl about. After a time the arrow-root and another plant like it grew and pushed up the heavens. Or it was lifted by strong men, as others say. The footstep of one of these giants, six feet long, is still pointed out in the rocks. One man made his way to the heavens and found plenty of people there, who treated him kindly, giving him taro to eat. He brought this plant down to the earth and thus was a great benefactor of mankind. When the taro tree fell its trunk and branches extended for nearly sixty miles.

Various similar stories could be told from the Samoan traditions and many from those of other Polynesian islanders, but we shall now seek our own country and see what the Indians have to tell about the gods and the after life. Hundreds of stories might be told if we sought the archives of all the tribes. There is a curious one about the origin of thunder. Some of the tribes believe the eagle to be the god of thunder, and when a thunderbolt strikes a tree they fancy that the thunder has shot his fiery arrow at a serpent and in an instant dragged it away; also that the thunder dwells on a high mountain in the west, where it lays its eggs and hatches its young, like the eagle, and whence it flies about the earth in search of serpents.

The story runs as follows: An Indian, at the risk of his life, visited the abode of the thunders, ascending the mountain with the greatest difficulty.

Among the World's Worshipers

On reaching the top he was surprised to see the nest of the old thunders, in which a brood of young thunders had been reared. Bones of serpents lay all around, the young having been fed on their flesh; and the bark of the cedar trees was peeled off, the young thunders having been trying their skill with arrows on it, before going abroad to hunt for serpents.

Another tradition thus varies the story: A party of Indians who were travelling on a wide plain came upon two young thunders lying in their nest, covered like young birds with down. The old thunders were absent, and some of the party touched the eyes of the young thunders with their arrows. In a moment the weapons were shivered, as if a thunder arrow had struck them.

The wisest of the party now bade them cease their folly, or they might suffer for it. The young men would not listen to his warning, but continued to tease and finally killed the young thunders. Quickly a black cloud appeared, rushing towards them. The thunder soon began to roar in its depths and wild flashes poured out. Evidently the old thunders were enraged at the killing of their young, and at length, with a tremendous crash, the fiery arrows of the thunder god fell upon and killed the foolish young men. But the wise and good old man escaped to tell the story. Thus is virtue rewarded even in savage tradition.

The Chippewa tribe, from whom this legend

Home Life in All Lands

came, have plenty of others, some of them very curious. You have just read a Samoan legend of the deluge. Stories of this kind are spread far over the earth, and you may be interested in the queer form taken by the deluge legend among the Chippewas. Here is a brief account of it.

Before the deluge there lived two monstrous creatures, each of mighty power. One was a great swollen toad; the other a huge animal with a long horn in its head. The toad was in charge of all the waters of the earth, and kept them within its body, giving out enough only to feed the streams and water the soil.

Between these monsters a quarrel arose and a fight ensued. The toad tried to swallow its antagonist, but the latter rushed upon it and pierced a great hole in its side with his mighty horn. Out poured the water in a deluge, soon overflowing the whole earth.

At that time Nanahbozhog, the Chippewa Noah, lived on the earth and was forced to flee to the highest mountain for refuge from the fast rising waters. The flood followed him and he selected a large cedar tree to climb beyond its reach. Many animals and birds had fled to the same place of refuge, and before ascending the tree he caught a number of these and put them in his bosom. As he climbed, he broke off the branches of the tree and thrust them into the belt that went round his waist.

He reached the top of the tree, but the waters

Among the World's Worshipers

followed, and he now sang, beating the time with his arrow on his bow. As he did so the tree grew, and for a long time kept its top above the swelling water. Nanahbozhoo at length grew tired of this, and, taking the branches he had plucked, he made a raft from them and put himself on it with the birds and animals. For a long time he floated around,



Entrance to the Temple of Dambula

until all the mountains were covered and all life on the earth was destroyed except that of himself and the animals and birds he had saved.

As the old world was destroyed and the ocean spread everywhere Nanahbozhoo thought about forming a new one, but could not imagine how it was to be done, till the idea came to him that if he could get a little of the soil that lay under the water

Home Life in All Lands

he might do so. He then took the loon, one of the birds with him that was a great diver, and sent it down to bring up some of the earth; but the water proved too deep and the loon came up dead. Nanah-bozhoo, however, had only to blow upon it and it came to life again. Next he sent down an otter, and afterwards a beaver, both coming up dead.

When all these diving animals had failed he sent down the muskrat. It was gone a long time, and like the others came up dead. But when Nanah-bozhoo took it up he found to his joy that it had reached the bottom and had some of the soil in its paws and in its mouth. Full of joy, he brought the animal to life again by blowing on it, and blessed it, saying it should never become extinct while the world he was about to make should endure.

He now took the earth from the muskrat's paws and mouth, rubbed it to fine dust between his hands, and then placed it on the waters and blew upon it. At once it began to spread, stretching out in all directions till he could not see its limits. Anxious to know its size, he sent a wolf to run to the end of it and then return to him. The wolf's first journey took just one day; the second took five days; the third ten; then a month, a year, five years, and so on. In the end a young wolf that could just run was sent out, but the world had become so large that the wolf died of old age before it could complete its journey.

Nanahbozhoo now said that the world was large

Among the World's Worshipers

enough and bade it to cease from growing. He then set out himself to view his new earth, and as he went he created various tribes of Indians and placed them in different parts of it, giving them special religions, manners and customs. This Indian creator now sits at the North Pole, from which he oversees all the doings of the people he has created. According to the northern tribes he always sleeps during the winter, but before going to sleep he fills his great pipe and smokes for several days. It is the smoke coming from his pipe which gives rise to that hazy period which is called "Indian Summer."

If any of my readers wish to get an idea of the imaginative power of these untaught people, they may compare these Samoan and Indian tales with the story of Noah, as given in the Bible. It looks as if they all came from the same source, but the variations are striking. The Chippewas also have a story which seems based on that of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, but differs from it in a remarkable manner. It is too long to give here, so I shall tell a shorter one of how an Indian fell into a trance and his spirit journeyed to heaven.

"I started," he says, "my soul or spirit in company with a number of Indians who were traveling to the same spirit land. We directed our footsteps towards the sun-setting. On our journey we passed through a beautiful country, and on each side of our trail saw strawberries as large as a man's head.

Home Life in All Lands

We ate some of them and found them very sweet; but one of our party who kept loitering behind, came up to us and demanded ' Why we were eating a ball of fire? '

" We tried to persuade him to the contrary, but the foolish fellow would not listen to our words, and so went on his way hungry. We travelled on until we came to a dark, swollen and rapid river, over which was laid a log vibrating in a constant wavering motion. On this log we ventured to cross, and having arrived at the further end of it, we found that it did not reach the shore; this obliged us to spring with all our might to the land.

" As soon as we had done this, we perceived that the supposed log on which we had crossed was a large serpent, waving and playing with his huge body over the river. The foolish man behind was tossed about until he fell off, but he at length succeeded in swimming to shore. No sooner was he on land than a fierce and famished pack of wolves fell on him and began to tear him to pieces, and we saw him no more. We journeyed on, and by and by came within sight of the town of spirits. As soon as we made our appearance there was a great shout heard, and all our relatives ran to meet us and welcome us to their happy country. My mother made a feast for me, and prepared everything that was pleasant to eat and to look upon; here we saw all our forefathers, and game and corn in abundance; all were happy and contented.

Among the World's Worshipers

"After staying a short time, the Great Spirit of the place told me that I must go back to the country I had left, as the time had not yet arrived for me to dwell there. I accordingly made ready to return; and as I was leaving my mother reproached me for wishing to leave so lovely and beautiful a place. I took my departure, and soon found myself in the body and in the world I had left."

This curious story of an Indian who visited heaven in a trance was told by one of the tribe to Mr. Jones, a native minister. It will serve to show the ideas in this tribe of the future life. Peculiar ideas of life in the land of spirits are held all over the world, except among those people so low in intellect as seemingly to have no conception of a future life.

In the Fiji Islands very strange ideas were entertained before Christianity invaded those islands. The soul on its journey from earth to heaven finds a much harder task before it than in the case of the Indian spirit. Its first duty is to throw a whale's tooth, which was placed in the hand of the corpse at burial, at a spiritual pandanus tree. If it hits the tree it can go on; if it misses it must remain in this place. Farther on it is ferried across a stream in a canoe, as the souls of the Greek dead were carried across the river Styx. A paraquet announces the approach of the spirits in the canoe, crying once, twice, and so on, according to their number, or chattering if there is a large number.

Home Life in All Lands

Next a city is passed through of which a part is visible and is inhabited by ordinary mortals, a part is unseen, and here dwells a spirit family that holds an inquest on departed souls. The cry of the par-aquet is to warn these ghostly inquisitors, and also to give notice to the people to open their doors, that the spirits may have a free passage through. As they move straight forward the houses have doorways opposite each other, so that the soul may meet with no obstructions.

The next difficulty of the spirit is with a god or demon known as the Killer of Souls, who lies in ambush until the spirit comes near, and then appears to give battle. He first asks: "Who are you, and whence do you come?"

Now the Fijians have a bad habit of lying and like to make themselves out of more importance than they are, and their spirits are apt to carry this weakness into the next world. If our travelling spirit does so, Samu, the Soul Killer, calls him a liar and fells him to the ground. If he be killed in the contest he is cooked and eaten by Samu and his brothers.

The next adventure is at the brink of a high precipice, with a deep lake beneath. From the precipice a great oar extends outward, under the charge of Ndengei, the spirit inquisitor. The spirit is questioned as to his position and behavior in the world. If his answer does not satisfy the god the answer is:

Among the World's Worshipers

"Good, good. Take a seat on the broad part of this oar and refresh yourself in the cool breeze."

Yet no sooner is he seated than the handle of the oar is lifted and he slides down the sloping blade to fall into the deep waters below, through which he passes to Murimuria, the abiding place of the wicked. If his answer is satisfactory he is invited to sit beside the oar, and after a short repose is sent back to the place he came from, whence he enters the abode of the blessed.

If now we make our way to Africa, a land inhabited by a large number of savage and barbarous tribes, we shall meet there with a multitude of religious customs and ceremonies, differing in every section, and of stories of the type of those above given. But enough of such stories have been told, and it seems well to go on to the religious habits and ideas of races of higher cultivation.

THE RELIGIONS OF CIVILIZATION

In civilized lands to-day there are four great religious systems. There used to be another, in fact two others, very interesting ones in their way, though they do not belong to the story of modern life. These were the old religions of the family of mankind to which we belong, and which is known as the Aryan Race. We find them in the history of the Romans, Greeks and other peoples of Europe, and the Hindus and Persians of Asia, though they long ago ceased to exist.

Home Life in All Lands

One of these systems is that known as Mythology. Under it the sun, moon and planets, the ocean, the winds and clouds, the mountains, streams and for-



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Buddhist Temple at Kyoto, Japan

ests, each was the abode of a god or spirit. At first they were looked upon as gods themselves, and the worship of the sun as a great god spread far over

Among the World's Worshipers

the earth. Then they became separate from the elements of nature and were worshipped as distinct and personal deities. The Romans called theirs Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Juno, Venus, Minerva, and by many other names, while the other Aryan peoples had gods under different names, much like these in character. The stories of these gods and their doings are as many and as ridiculous as those of savage peoples and the whole of them would make a large volume in itself.

The second system spoken of was that of the house spirit or the hearth spirit. In addition to these great outdoor gods, each family in past times had a deity of its own, which dwelt in the house and of which the family hearth was the altar and abiding place. In reading the history of religion we find much about the great national gods of mythology and little about these family gods, yet they were worshiped as much as or more than the great tribal gods, each family putting its chief faith in its own home spirits.

The growth of the Christian religion in Europe and of other systems of religion in Asia has banished these old ideas and fancies, which are now found only on the pages of books. It has also banished the much older system of worship of ancestors, once wide-spread, but now chiefly to be found in China, in which great empire no fewer than four religions exist side by side and in perfect harmony.

Now if we come to the four great modern sys-

Home Life in All Lands

tems spoken of, they are those known as Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Hinduism. These systems to-day divide the world between them, the chief country in which heathenism now prevails being the continent of Africa, many of whose tribes still dwell outside the reach of the light of civilization. Hinduism is confined to India, in Southern Asia, but the other systems are widespread over the world. Buddhism does not extend beyond the continent of Asia and its islands, yet it has more believers than any of the others. For this reason it may be desirable to say here something about the Buddhists and their ideas and ways.

First originated many centuries ago in India by a great religious thinker named Gautama, but usually known as Buddha, it has been driven out of India by the Hindus, but is spread over China, Mongolia, Japan and elsewhere, and has many hundreds of millions of believers. Its great centre is in the mountain country of Thibet, in Southwest China, where lives in state its great high-priest or pope, known as the Dalai-Lama. From his title Buddhism is now often called Lamaism.

Would you like to know something about the beliefs and customs of this great religious sect? The leading idea in their creed is that of reincarnation, or transmigration of souls. To put this in simpler words, when a person dies, his soul does not go to heaven, but enters into some new-born baby and begins a new life on the earth. If he has been

Among the World's Worshipers

very wicked his soul may go into the body of a snake, toad, spider, or any of the lower animals, or may descend to the lower regions and enter the body of a demon. Only when he has been very good and has developed his spirit by religious exercise can his soul rise to the heavenly regions.



Bronze Image of Buddha

Is not this a very odd idea? Yet it is astonishing what a host of people believe it. What I wish to speak about here is the mode of selecting a new Dalai-Lama when the old one dies. Those who have this in hand seek for the child into whom the soul of the dead Lama has passed. There are several ways of discovering this.

Thus the child chosen must have some peculiarity

Home Life in All Lands

of body, such as the lack of a knee-cap. If they find several children thus marked, the right one has to be found by drawing lots. This is supposed to be directed by the higher powers, the golden jar from which they are drawn having rested for a week on the altar of the chief temple of Lhassa, the capital city of Lamaism, and thus gained a sacred character. The name that first comes out three times is held to be that of the child into which the soul of the dead Lama has entered.

He is usually a boy of about five years of age, and is put to other tests before the decision is final. Thus he must show that he remembers the toys and other articles used by the dead Lama when a child. The choice when made must be confirmed by the Emperor of China, and this is usually done if the child comes from a loyal family.

All the priests of Buddhism are called Lamas and there are great numbers of them. Chinese writers tell us that for every family in Thibet there are three Lamas, so many of these must come from other countries. They live in huge convents, one of which may hold as many as four thousand of them, and their control over wealth, marriage and burial gives them great power.

The religion is a lazy one, and that may be the reason there are so many Lamas. They must pray a great deal, it is true, but praying with them is a very easy process. Prayers are not spoken, but are offered by attaching slips of paper on which the

Among the World's Worshipers

prayers are written to a wheel and giving this a whirl round, or, if this is too much like work, the wheel may be so fixed as to be turned by running water or by the wind. A fine stock of merit may be laid up by taking advantage of a windy day. Prayers may also be cut in the face of a rock, and left to speak for themselves.

Is not all this very absurd? It is machine religion in the fullest sense. Here is another instance of it. Great virtue is shown by reading the one hundred and eight volumes of the Thibetan scriptures, and this does not need to be done by the party himself. Thus rich men gain credit in heaven by paying lamas to do this reading for them. It is thought to be quite as pious an act and to benefit them as much in a spiritual sense as if they did the reading themselves. Very likely it does. As for the Lamas, we can well understand their share in the business. The money payment is the pious inducement in their case.

The whole of this is certainly very ridiculous as a system of religious practice. We talk of our age as the age of mechanics, of our country as the land of invention, and are apt to look upon the East as a realm of slumber so far as thought or invention is concerned. We do not give the Asiatics proper credit. They have invented the art of praying by machinery, of appealing to God by aid of wind and water power. Here is an art we have not learned, and in this they may claim to be ahead of us. As

Home Life in All Lands

for the good which these machine prayers bring them, that is another question.

The Mohammedans are also great prayers, far more so than the Christians, but they do their praying in person, and have not learned how to do it by machinery. There are five periods every day when they are required to pray, and from the top of the high minarets which rise above their mosques or temples the Muezzin calls the faithful to this duty. Those who are able respond to the call, kneeling upon their prayer mats, which they carry with them wherever available.

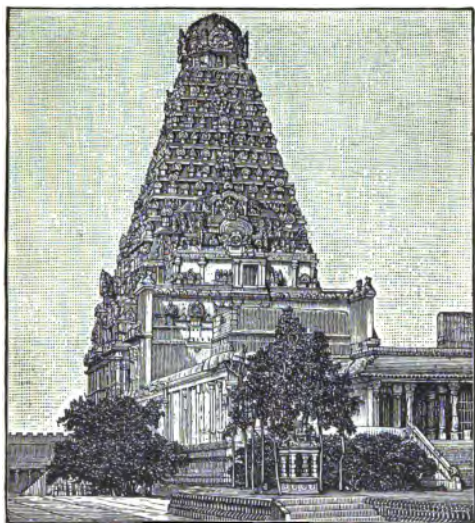
And the devout Mohammedan must be clean when he appeals to Allah, his God. He is bidden to bathe his face and neck, his arms to above the elbows and his feet and legs to above the knees. But many of the Arabs are desert wanderers, dwelling where water is as precious as gold, and when on their journeys the best they can do is to pretend to wash, using sand instead of water, or where nothing else is to be had they may even rub their face, arms and legs with a stone, as the nearest they can come to a real washing.

This is not machine prayer in the Buddhist sense. There is a real attempt to pray. But we may imagine how much devoutness there is in these five daily prayers, given with as little thought to religion as our three daily meals. The only prayers that can serve any one are those of the really devout, given only when there is felt to be need of prayer.

Among the World's Worshipers

TEMPLES OF THE BUDDHISTS AND MOHAMMEDANS

The temples of the Buddhists are often very splendid structures, going beyond Christian churches in costliness. And their statues of Buddha are at times of enormous size. If, for instance, we should go to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, which is a



Pagoda at Tanjore

Buddhist country, we could see there temples whose spires are plated with gold. The one in which the king worships has doors of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl and one room in it has a carpet of woven silver. In it is an image of Buddha a foot high and eight inches wide made of gold and jewels. When it was made sapphires, rubies and diamonds were

Home Life in All Lands

stirred into liquid gold and the hair and collar were wrought of this precious material. Around its neck a little silk scarf is tied, and it is the duty of the king to change this three times a year.

Making our way now to Rangoon, the capital of Burma, we may see there the famous Golden



Chinese Pagoda of Thirteen Stories

Pagoda, one of the most splendid to be seen anywhere. It consists of a vast stone platform, rising in huge rings, which grow smaller as they ascend. The upper section is a great gilded tower ending in a golden spire, above which rises a golden umbrella studded with jewels. It is exceeded in height only by the Washington monument.

The tower is really of brick, but it is plated with gold, and shines in the sun as if it was of solid gold.

Among the World's Worshipers

Below, as we are told, two bones of the great Buddha rest in a splendid casket. This adds much to the holiness of the temple, and it is often thronged with worshipers bearing offerings of rice and flowers, the air growing sweet with the perfume of roses.

Grand temples to Buddha are found in other lands, many of them in Japan. These are often of great extent and decorated with gorgeous carvings and paintings by the Japanese masters. Some of them have rooms papered with gold leaf. The town of Nikko, beautifully seated among the hills, is one of famous tombs and great temples, which excel in prodigal magnificence, silk and gold abounding, and exquisite decorations in wood. In the groves near by rise graceful pagodas, with towering monuments of stone or bronze.

In China also are many pagodas, lofty edifices in successive stories, sacred to Buddha. The most celebrated of these, the great Porcelain Tower of Nanking, was long esteemed one of the wonders of the world, it being covered with porcelain, green, red, yellow and white in color, while lamps hung from the projections at the top of each story. The architects of the world deplore its loss, as it was blown up by the rebels in the great outbreak of 1856.

The Mohammedans, too, have their temples, and beautiful ones they often are. We may see them in all Mohammedan countries of the present and past,

Home Life in All Lands

there being very beautiful ones in Spain, built when the Arabs were masters of that country. They differ from the massive temples of other lands in their lightness, grace, and beauty of design, some of them being so light and airy that they seem as if they only needed wings to fly away. They have



From Persia; *The Awakening East*, by W. P. Cresson

A Mohammedan Multitude at Prayer

beautiful twisted columns, graceful, open-work lattices, the crescent or horseshoe arch, turban-shaped domes, and tall, spiral shafts or minarets. There is nothing more light, rich, graceful and beautiful in the architecture of the world than these splendid temples of the Mohammedans.

Among the World's Worshipers

There is one thing to be noted in all of them. No idols or statues are to be seen, and no figures of men or animals are visible in their decorations. This was forbidden by Mohammed, so that all the decorations are of scroll work or other ornament of lines and curves, which we find in profusion.



Dai-Buts, the Japanese Buddha

This is not the case in the realm of the Buddhists. There images of Buddha are to be seen everywhere, statues great and small, all seated in the squatting way of the East, in which no chairs are used, and all with a mild look of deep inward contemplation on the face. Some of these statues are of enormous size, and we cannot pass by these huge idols—if we may give them this name—without describing the most enormous and famous of them.

Home Life in All Lands

Chief among these is the colossal solid bronze statue at Kamakura, the ancient capital of Japan, once a city of a million souls, now a mere fishing village. Yet while its glory as a city has departed, its fame as a centre of pilgrimage remains. Here one passes through an avenue of tall and stately trees, now inhabited by multitudes of jet-black crows, which replace the people of the vanished city. This avenue leads to the shrine in which the great statue rests in solitary glory, the Mecca of pious pilgrims from all parts of the empire.

The great bronze god is represented as seated in the Japanese fashion in the cup of a lotus flower, his hands folded before him; his vast placid countenance lost, as it seems, in deep reverie upon things beyond human reach; his eyes of pure gold, cast down in earnest thought, with an expression of profound sweetness and gentleness. Nowhere is there a more beautiful example of colossal art.

Now for its dimensions. The statue is fifty-three feet high, loftier than an ordinary four-story house, on its head being 830 curls of bronze, each nine inches long. The ears are six feet long, the mouth over a yard wide, and the golden eyes nearly as wide; the thumb three feet round and long and strong enough for two men to sit on it. The distance between the knees is nearly twelve yards.

In short, the whole statue is of unrivalled dimensions, unless we compare with it that of the sleeping Buddha at Bangkok, which also may claim to

Among the World's Worshipers

be one of the largest in the world. This is also a squat figure, one hundred and fifty feet long, its feet measuring eighteen feet from toe to heel.

IDEAS ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE

Very odd stories are told of the location and character of heaven by the various sects of the world. We have given some of the ideas of the barbarian races. Those of the semi-civilized peoples are as curious. I am sure you will be interested, and probably amused, by an account of the Buddhistic and Mohammedan fancies, for they are nothing else. A few words will be enough to give you an idea of the Buddhists' universe.

Their writers tell us that in the centre of the universe rises the mighty Mount Meru, on whose celestial slopes dwell the angels and demigods. If we were given the privilege of ascending this mountain we would pass through heaven after heaven, each more beautiful than the last and the home of more perfect beings. The higher we go the less of the earth-life remains, until we reach the seats of the blessed who have no earthly passions left.

Around Mount Meru extend seven ranges of mountains, and beyond these is a stormy sea which no mortal can cross. The whole is surrounded by the crystal walls of the world. In the sea are four great islands, three of them being the abodes of immortals who suffer no pain, while the fourth—the southern island—is the earth, the abode of man,

Home Life in All Lands

the home of pain and sorrow. To this island of sin and suffering come the Buddhas, at long intervals, descending from the highest heavens to teach man how he may lift himself to a better state. Beneath the earth lie a series of hells, in which the wicked are tormented until their sins are atoned for by suffering.

At periods very far apart the doom of destruction falls upon all this. The earth and the hells below it are destroyed and with them all the lower heavens on Mount Meru, only the higher ones escaping. Chaos reigns long over the realm of life, but at length a mighty wind divides the waters of the sea from the waters overhead, the ocean waters draw aside and the islands emerge, and the great drama of creation begins again.

If we come now to the Mohammedan idea of heaven, we find nothing of the active imagination of the Hindus. To a dweller in the desert, to whom a cup of water is at times more precious than a mountain of gold, a paradise through which flow plentiful rivers of pure, cool water, and in which damsels of heavenly beauty dwell in delightful mansions, is all their fancy demands.

The chief oddity of fancy in their theology is that of the road to heaven, which lies over a bridge vastly more difficult to cross than the twisting snake trodden by the Indian pilgrim spirit. The bridge of Al Sirat, over which all souls must pass, is as thin as the finest cobweb or the edge of the sharpest

Among the World's Worshipers

scimitar. Those who are not held up by the power of piety, or the hands of angels, are sure to fall, and as the abyss of hell lies below, a hell of terrific torment, the doom of the sinner is far from agreeable.

These are some of the ideas now held in the non-Christian world regarding the future life, the home of the human spirit as compared with that of the body. There are many other fancies concerning the joys and beauties of heaven, which we might pick up if we went on around the world, but those given will do for examples. It is enough to say further that the Christian world no longer attempts to say what heaven is like, and is satisfied to feel that it will be a place of bliss.

Here it may be well to stop. In our investigation of the home life of man we have been led to follow him through many of his manners and customs, his doings in house and village, his methods of government, his marriage and burial ceremonies, his weapons and ways of war, his games and amusements, and all the various things which go to make up his daily life. From these we have followed him into the higher life, that of religious ideas and worship, and ended by giving a few examples of the fancies he entertains about the home of the spirit, when it has left the body and seeks a resting place elsewhere. We cannot take him farther, and shall therefore stop here, leaving him in as happy a state as his preparation for bliss in the spirit realm can make him.

INDEX



A

Adobe houses, 229.
Alphabet, the, 268.
Amazons of Dahomey, the, 19
Armor, defensive, 196.
Arrow, use of the, 197.
Asia, crime in, 70.

B

Ball games, Indian, 250-254.
Bark canoes, 170-172.
Bark cloth, 217.
Basket making, 218.
Bastinado, the, 73.
Battle, a Caffre, 188.
Battle axes, 192.
Blacksmiths, African, 216.
Boat, Eskimo, 175.
Boats, round, 170; outrigger, 176.
Boats of rushes, 173.
Body, mutilation of, 128.
Books made of clay tablets, 230.
Boxing, Tahitan, 249.
Boys' initiation into manhood,
99-103.
Bride, the rice, 105-107.
Bridge, a Thibetan, 160.
Bridges, cable, 157-160.
Buddha, great statues of, 313.
Buddhism, 304.
Buddhist heaven, the, 311.
Buddhist temples, 309.
Buffalo, the water, 165.
Building, clay used in, 229.
Bull boat, the, 171.
Burden bearers, 142-146.
Burial, Australian, 30; Saharan,
134.

C

Caffre courtship, 94.
Camel, use of the, 163.
Cangue, the, 71.
Canoe making, 170-173.

Canoes, bark, 170-172.
Capture, marriage by, 82, 86.
Carrying, methods of, 142-146.
Chiefs, African, 13; Makelolo, 23;
Australian, 29; Indian, 41;
Sacredness of, 67.
Child carrying, 115-117.
Child murder, 111.
Children, Samoan, 112; Indian, 114.
China, life in, 32.
Cities, floating, 178.
Clan, the Indian, 42.
Clay, usefulness of, 228.
Clay books, 230.
Climbing, methods of, 151-154.
Cloth making, 217.
Club, use of the, 191.
Cock fighting, Malay, 254; Philip-
pine, 256.
Coracle, the, 170.
Court customs, Chinese, 34.
Courtship, Caffre, 94; Dyak, 96;
Patagonian, 97-99.
Courtship in Uruguay, 76; in New
Zealand, 83; by women, 86, 93.
Cradle, Indian, 114; Russian, 115.
Cradle era, the, 110-113.
Creation, Samoan story of the,
291; Indian, 294-297.
Cricket fighting in Java, 257-259.

D

Dahomey, kings of, 19-22.
Dances, Indian, 242-247; Bornean,
247.
Dancing, love of, 241.
Dead, preserving the, 135.
Death penalty in China, 72.
Defense, methods of, 198.
Deluge story, Samoan, 291; Indian,
294-297.
Doctors, primitive, 119; Dyak, 120;
African, 122.
Donkey travel, 165.

Index

Dreams, ideas about, 285-287.
 Drum, the primitive, 260-263; the
 signal, 264-266.
 Duel, an Australian, 185.
 Dyak courtship, 96.

E

Embalming the body, 135-138.
 Eskimo boat, 175.
 Eskimo sledge, the, 167.
 Etiquette in Abyssinia, 25.

F

Feathers, sacred, 288.
 Festival, a Madagascar, 28.
 Fetiches, 283.
 Fijian wedding, a, 87-89.
 Finger sacrifice, 127.
 Fire making, 216.
 Flute, the, 262.
 Foot covering, 146; travel, 141.
 Future life, Buddhist ideas of the,
 315.

G

Game laws, African, 55.
 Grief, savage display of, 127, 129.

H

Hammer, the stone, 215.
 Handshaking, modes of, 14.
 Hawaiian embalming, 137.
 Head-hitting Australians, 185.
 Head hunters, Pacific, 201; For-
 mosan, 202; Bornean, 203.
 Head shaping, 112.
 Hearth spirit, the, 303.
 Helmet, the, 196.
 Hieroglyphics, 268.
 Horse, use of the, 162.
 House spirit, the, 303.
 Human sacrifice, 289.

I

Idols, primitive, 282.
 Implements, human, 209; Anda-
 man, 210; Eskimo, 211.
 Inca of Peru, the, 44; home life of
 the, 45.

India, royalty in, 34.
 Indian tale teller, an, 277-281.
 Indian warriors, 182.
 Indians, government of the, 40.
 Initiation of boys, 99-103; of girls,
 103; Australian, 104.

J

Java, customs of, 31.
 Jinrikisha, the, 150.

K

Kago, the, 147.
 King, inaugurating, a 22; anointing
 a, 25.
 Kings, West African, 13-17; Da-
 homey, 19-22.
 Kite flying, 250.
 Knife, the primitive, 213.
 Kow-tow, the, 33.

L

Lama, selection of the, 305.
 Lamas, prayers of the, 306.
 Lamp, the Eskimo, 232.
 Law, savage 48; South African,
 53-56.
 Litter, the, 147.
 Llama, the, 164.
 Loom, invention of the, 224-226.
 Love making, 75.

M

Madagascar, the queen of, 26, 28.
 Marriage by capture, 82, 86.
 Marriage customs, Russian, 77;
 Persian, 78, 86.
 Mat making, 219.
 Medicine Man, the, 117; Indian,
 119; African, 121.
 Medicine pipestem, 272-275.
 Men, carrying of, 146; occupations
 of, 241.
 Mohammedan temples, 311.
 Money, African, 21.
 Moro pirates, the, 31.
 Mourning customs, African, 129;
 Indian, 131-133.

Index

Mummies, 135.
Mutilation of the body, 128.
Mythology, 302.

N

Natchez Indians, customs of, the 42.
Needles, bone, 227.
Net making, 227.
Nomads, habits of, 139.

O

Oar, invention of the, 174, 175.
Old, Samoan burial of the, 123;
Fijian, 125-127.
Ordeal in Europe, the, 48-50; in Africa, 52.
Outrigger boats, 176.

P

Paddle, invention of the, 173.
Palace, West African, 14-16; Madagascar, 26.
Palanquin, the, 148.
Palisades, village, 199.
Patagonian courtship, 97-99.
Path making, 156.
Peacock throne, the, 37-39.
Peking, city of, 33.
Persia, Shah of, 36.
Peru, royalty in, 44-46.
Pipe, use of the, 268.
Pipe-stem carver, the, 272, 274.
Pipe-stone quarry, the, 271.
Play and work, 239.
Porter's knot, the, 145.
Pot making, 232-238.
Pottery, the art of, 231-238.
Prayers, Lamas', 306; Mohammedan, 308.
Pueblo Indians, the, 43.
Punishments, Chinese, 71; Persian, 74.

Q

Queen of Balonda, 24; of Madagascar, 25.

R

Rajahs of India, 34.
Razor, the Mexican, 213.
Reindeer, the, 166.
Religion, early ideas of, 284.
Religions of civilization, 301.
Religious ideas, origin of, 287.
Rice bride, the, 105-107.
River crossing, 170.
Road, the primitive, 155.
Roads, wagon, 161.
Russian funeral custom, 134.

S

Sachem, the Indian, 41.
Sacrifice, human, 289.
Sail, development of the, 176.
Savage laws and penalties, 48.
Savage worship, 285.
Sedan chair, the, 148.
Sewing, primitive, 226.
Shah, treasures of the, 36-39.
Sheik's two treasures, the, 80.
Shield, the, 195, 196.
Ship, development of the, 177.
Sign language, Indian, 266.
Signal drum, the, 264-266.
Sinews, use of, 222.
Skulls, superstitions about, 204-206.
Sledge, Eskimo, 167.
Smokers, South African 275.
Smoking, the practice of, 268.
Soldier, the, 181.
Spear, the, 194.
Spindle, the, 223.
Spinning, early methods of, 222-224.
Spirit journey, Indian, 297-299;
Fijian, 299-301.
Spirits, ideas about, 290.
Stilts, travel on, 151.
Stone Age, the, 210.
String making, 221.
Sultan of Bornu, the, 28.
Sun worship, Indian, 42.
Superstitions, 109.
Suspension bridges, 157-160.
Swimming in Hawaii, 157.

Index

T

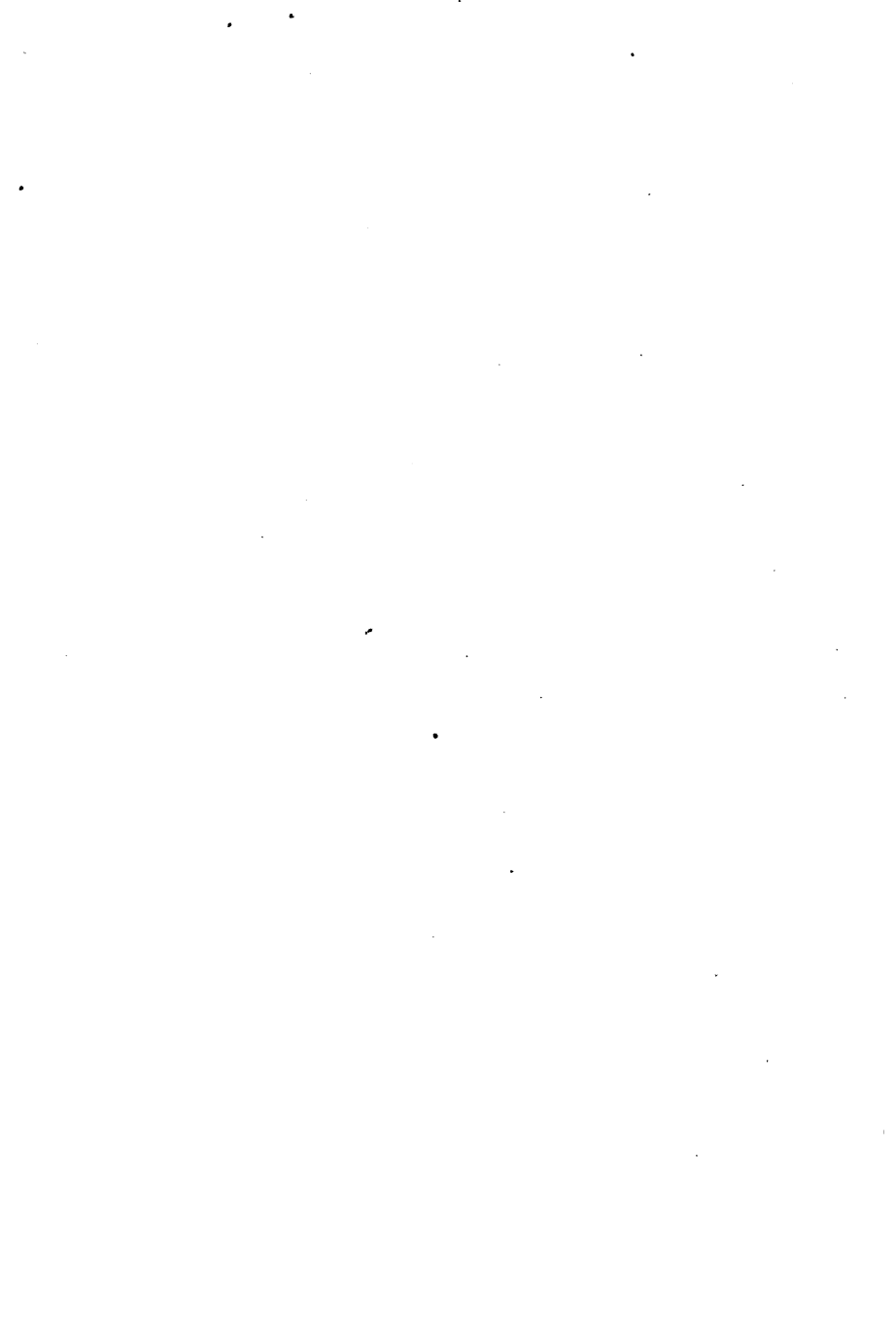
- Taboo, the, 64-70; the boys', 99.
- Tabooed man, a, 66.
- Tale teller, a, 277-281.
- Teheran, the streets of, 36.
- Temples, Buddhist, 309; Moham-
medan, 311.
- Thunder legends, Indian, 292.
- Thread spinning, 222-224.
- Thibet, bridges in, 160.
- Tobacco hogsheads, transportation
of, 167.
- Tomahawk, the Indian, 193.
- Tools, primitive, 214-216.
- Torture in China, 71; in Persia,
74.
- Trail, the Indian, 155, 161; follow-
ing the, 184.
- Travel, modes of, 140.
- Treasure house, the Shah's, 37-
39.
- Tree trunk canoes, 170.
- Tree trunk wheel, 167.
- Trial, an African, 56-58.
- Truth, drink of, 52; fire of, 53.
- Tying, methods of, 212.

V

- Vehicles, variety of, 167-168.

W

- Wager of battle, the, 50.
- Water dwellers, 178.
- Water travel, 157, 169.
- War, horrors of, 180.
- War chief, the, 182.
- War methods, Indian, 183; Samoan,
184; Australian, 185; Caffre, 187.
- War path, the, 183.
- War-party, a Bornean, 206.
- Weapons, variety of, 189-195; pri-
mitive, 180.
- Weaving, primitive, 220.
- Wedding customs in the Friendly
Islands, 90.
- Wedding in Fiji, a, 87-89.
- Wheel, invention of, the, 154.
- Wheelbarrow travel, 149.
- Wheels, primitive, 167.
- Widows, cruel treatment of, 133.
- Wife buying in Africa, 92.
- Witchcraft, African, 58-62; Abys-
sinian, 63.
- Witch doctor, the, 122.
- Witch finder, the, 60-62.
- Witch test, the, 59.
- Women, occupations of, 241.
- Work and play, 239.
- Work in savage lands, 241.
- Worship, savage, 285.
- Wrestling in Tahiti, 248.



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